

news

Pill controversy: A London health clinic struggles to cope as patients panic in wake of Government warning

Frightened women in search of answers

GLENDY COOPER

The telephone lines were jammed and the queue never shortened yesterday at the Margaret Pyke centre in central London, as worried women tried to find out if they were at risk from their Pill.

Telephonists and advisers at the family planning clinic had been doubled to cope with demand; the centre stayed open late yesterday and even considered opening over the weekend to help frightened callers.

Danielle Jones, 20, had been

due to restart her pack of Mercilon, (one of the Pills named) on Thursday evening. The television news changed her mind.

"I was scared out of my life and my mum was panicking too," she said. "All this stuff about blood clots. I was meant to start a new packet but I didn't."

Danielle's action was just what Ann Sampson, the clinical specialist, had been dreading. She had spoken to several women who had not taken their Pills since Wednesday: "We're saying to them, don't put yourself at risk of pregnancy. Take your Pill now and use condoms

for the next seven days," she said. "Women are terrified about thrombosis. They don't realise the risks are so small - The risk in pregnancy is much greater."

Ms Sampson took her first call at 9.10am yesterday morning, her second at 9.12am and her third at 9.18am. In three hours she dealt with nearly 40 calls as well as seeing anxious women face to face. The clinic usually sees 600 to 700 women a week. This week it estimates it will see 1,000.

Jane Ward, a 26-year-old PR assistant, sat miserably in the pastel waiting room, worried about her brand, Marvelon. "I know it's only meant to be a small risk," she said nervously. "But I thought it was worth coming in to seek advice on it. It seems such a shame because this Pill was meant to be so wonderful."

Rachel, 21, a tax clerk, was more sanguine: "I suppose there are always Pill scares going on. When you look at a 30 in 100,000 chance compared with the risks associated with taking other medicines, it's hardly anything."

Seventeen-year-old Demelza

Woodbridge thought it had been handled wrongly. "I've read all the papers but it just seems a little bit silly to me. The way it was broken on the news there'll be a lot of women panicking and getting upset and stopping taking their Pills."

Sarah Raynor, deputy services manager at the clinic, said there had been "annoyance" among family planning specialists: "It's generally thought... that this reaction has been somewhat premature. None of the senior family plan-

ning consultants or doctors have seen, in total, any of the findings in any of the papers and so have not been able to comment fully." She added: "There has been so much confusion. I've heard of a doctor who prescribed one of the named

brands yesterday and when the woman went to the chemist they refused to give her the Pill. If the woman hadn't been able to get back to the doctor and sort it out, she would have been at risk of getting pregnant."

For all their fears, women

Critical: Demelza Woodbridge waiting at the Margaret Pyke centre. 'There'll be a lot of women panicking,' she said

Photograph: Geraint Lewis

Committee's action based on unpublished reports

The three Pill studies which forced the Committee on Safety of Medicines to issue its controversial advice on seven of the most popular oral contraceptive brands, are as yet, unpublished.

Two of the studies have not been "peer reviewed" - referred by independent experts - and there is confusion over whether some of the results are final or interim analyses only.

But at the heart of this fierce controversy is one question: was this data enough for the CSM, ahead of every other country with the same information, to advise 1.5 million women that they should consider changing their Pill brands to reduce risk of blood clots?

The Department of Health thinks so. "We were in receipt of three reports which made it imperative to act. All were final analyses. We are not in a position to hold on to such information," a spokesman said yesterday.

Other bodies, including leading scientists, family planning experts and GPs, international drug regulatory authorities and the drug manufacturers, think the CSM was premature, verging on the irresponsible.

The three epidemiological studies were comparing the risk for cardiovascular side-effects, venous thromboembolism (blood clots in the veins), heart attacks and strokes, for women taking "second-generation" oral contraceptives with "third-generation" Pills. The former contain synthetic progestogens, a female hormone called levonorgestrel, norethisterone. The latter, the newly identified higher risk Pills, contain progestogens known as gestodene and desogestrel. These had been shown to have less effect on fats in women's blood

than the older Pills, and therefore deemed safer.

It was preliminary data from a World Health Organisation 17-nation trial, issued in July to all drug regulatory authorities, that the CSM says initially alerted it to an increased risk of blood clots in veins in the legs (known as deep venous thrombosis or DVT) associated with the third-generation Pills. The risk for third-generation Pills was twice that of the second-generation Pills.

The second study was the Transnational (European) Study, by Professor Walter Spitzer, conducted in five countries including the UK.

Early results from the Transnational trial indicate, according to Professor Spitzer, that "all low-dose oral contraceptives continue to be associated with an increased risk of venous thromboembolism. Preparations containing third generation progestogens appear to have a slightly stronger

association... than other low-dose preparations".

The final study, which the Department of Health says was the trigger for the CSM's decision, was that of Dr Hershel Jick, associate professor of Medicine at Boston University Medical School, and his team.

The team has access to up to 2,100 GP data bases in England and Wales. In May it began analysing data on the cardiovascular risks of third-generation oral contraceptives following media reports of problems. It extended its investigations to venous thrombosis and related deaths in July, after the WHO study.

LIZ HUNT
Health Editor

IMRE KARACS

The German pharmaceutical company Schering, which markets Femodene, reacted with anger yesterday to the British blacklist of its top-selling drug.

"This is a very isolated action by the British authorities," stressed Ralf Harenberg, Schering's spokesman at its Berlin headquarters.

But the British committee's "surprising and unreasonable action", as Schering put it, is not without precedent in the drug's country of origin. Following a report by Professor Peter Schönhofer in 1989, which first identified Femodene as a side-effect, the German press kept score stories running for more than a year. In the ensuing panic, Schering's market share in Germany collapsed.

The government drugs licensing agency, however, has never taken action as drastic as that by the British authorities.

Germany's official position is that the evidence against the "third-generation oral contraceptives" singled out in London is still sketchy.

At the peak of the Femodene scare in 1989, the German health authorities instructed doctors to repeat the drug's side-effects. Professor Schönhofer's findings were later refuted by other scientists.

But the upturn in Britain may yet change the German authorities' relaxed position. Yesterday, the government was engaged in feverish talks with the pharmaceutical companies concerned, and an announcement was due after the weekend.

Meanwhile, the pill remains by far the most popular form of contraception. Oral contraceptives are available on demand from the local GP and, while some apply an age limit, in practice anyone who wants to go on the pill can do so without parental consent. Unlike in Britain, the charities have little

role to play in this form of family planning.

If there is a debate in Germany about contraception, it is more of an ideological kind. After reunification in 1990, the East inherited an abortion-on-demand policy from communist days when the West, particularly the Catholic regions, found hard to stomach. The East has finally been brought in line and women there have taken with gusto to the pill denied by the inefficient health system of old.

This situation will not change even if the German authorities were to follow the British line. After the débâcle of 1989-90, German women switched from "third-generation" brands, and the drug companies merely reshuffled their product range. Schering claims it can now do the same in Britain, where its top drug Femodene earned DM35m (£15.76m) last year.

IN BRIEF

Hostages seized in armed robbery

Three men were being held in police stations in Nottingham last night after the armed robbery of a security van in which security guards were taken hostage and shots were fired at the police.

The cash delivery van was hijacked in West Bridgford. An off-duty police officer alerted the force, which gave chase through Nottingham. The gang, who shot at the police vehicle, swapped their van for a stolen car, which crashed in Riddings, Leicestershire.

Fire strike called off

Merseyside firefighters called off their strike action after an offer of unconditional talks. The Fire Brigades Union sent out an urgent appeal to the 300 members to turn in for a shift due to start at 6pm last night which was to have marked the start of three 24-hour strikes over job losses and shift patterns.

Soldiers killed

Two soldiers died and four were injured, two seriously, in a car crash near Llanbrydd, Powys. The men, serving with 5 Airborne Brigade based at Aldershot, Surrey, were returning to the Army's training camp at Senhydwyd in the Brecon Beacons.

Murder charge

The husband of Eve Howells, 48, who was found battered to death at her home in Huddersfield seven weeks ago, appeared before magistrates charged with her murder. David Howells, 47, was remanded in custody until next Tuesday. Two brothers, 14 and 15, have already been charged with her murder.

Drug prices review

An agreement which allows drug firms to set minimum prices for over-the-counter medicines could be abolished. The Office of Fair Trading said it feared consumers were getting a bad deal.

Caroline Gielnik

In an article in Section Two on 19 October we suggested that Caroline Gielnik was a stress expert at the Institute of Directors. In fact she works for the Industrial Society. We apologise for the error.

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British action 'based on sketchy evidence'



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'Observer' staff in dispute over pay
MARY BRAID
Observer journalists have gone into formal dispute with the newspaper's management, which they accuse of attempting to "derecognise the union by stealth".

A row broke out at the end of annual pay negotiations involving the editor, Andrew Jaspan, and the managing editor, Stephen Pritchard. Staff representatives were informed that a 3.82 per cent agreed rise would not apply to journalists who joined the paper recently under new contracts. In effect, 20 per cent of the journalists would no longer be covered by collective bargaining by the National Union of Journalists.

Last night journalists were predicting industrial action if Mr Jaspan and Peter Preston, the paper's editor-in-chief, did not reverse the decision. "No-one can believe what is being attempted. This is the *Observer*, great liberal newspaper and champion of human rights," said a staff member.

■ The appointment of new editors at the *Daily Telegraph*, *Sunday Telegraph* and *Spectator* continued to reverberate through senior ranks yesterday.

Media watchers predicted that Veronica Wedley, the *Daily Telegraph's* number two, who left after the appointment of Charles Moore as editor this week, would soon either emerge as deputy to her old boss, Max Hastings, at the London *Evening Standard*, or become number three on the *Daily Mail*.

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James Bond once epitomised British style, but when the new 007 movie opens next month, the look will be decidedly foreign. David Lister reports



Dressed to kill, by Italian designers

The name is Bond, Signor Bond. Or perhaps Herr Bond. Or Seamus O'Bond. Or maybe good ole Jimmy Bond.

James Bond, once the epitome of the suave, sophisticated Englishman will be decked out in foreign gear when the latest 007 film opens next month.

Played for the first time by an Irishman - Pierce Brosnan - he will be wearing a Brioni designer suit (Italian), checking his assignments on an Omega watch (Swiss), and drinking Smirnoff vodka made by the old enemy. Previous Bonds - Sean Connery, George Lazenby, Roger Moore and Timothy Dalton, pictured top from left to right - were resolutely British.

But all is not lost. For those big-screen, wide-angle shots of Bond in his car, you will notice that his Clark's shoes remain defiantly British.

However, don't get swept away with patriotic excitement. Those British soles will be pressing down upon the German pedals of a BMW. Gone is the vintage Aston Martin from which Sean Connery once ejected unwelcome guests skywards.

Even the office of M, the head of the secret service, has undergone technical and sociological changes. M is played for the first time by a woman - Judi Dench. And all Miss Dench's computer equipment is made by IBM (American).

The films that once showed the world that Britain excelled in everything from Savile Row suits to sexy sports cars are no longer a showcase for British products. Sean Connery's suits were by Anthony Sinclair, his accessories from Morlands of Burlington Arcade.

The new Bond film, *GoldenEye*, has, like its predecessors, made a good amount of pre-release money by licensing rights to private firms to show

off their products and because of their association with 007 give the message that they are inherently stylish, successful and powerful. It is just that the producers no longer see those qualities as British.

"We commissioned the Italian designer, Brioni, to make Pierce's suit as a trendier version of *Savile Row*," said Gordon Arnell, director of marketing for the British production company Bon which is in charge of the new film. "Bond is known for high style, after all."

There is some good news for Britain, though. The Russian spy Xenia, played by the 30-year-old Dutch actress Famke Janssen, will star as a human mink-cracker, crushing her enemies between her thighs. But beneath those killer thighs are shoes from Jimmy Choo, who supplies the Princess of Wales. And when Xenia ventures out of doors, her hats will be by British designer Phillip Somerville.

The biggest and most far-reaching news for Britain, though, is that the makeshift studio where *GoldenEye* was shot - a former Rolls-Royce aircraft assembly plant in Leaden, Hertfordshire, is likely to become one of the permanent British studio.

Though Rolls-Royce had wanted to turn it into a golf course and business park, Hertfordshire County Council is considering plans by a new company, Third Millennium Studios Ltd, to make the site a film studio as large as Pinewood, with what would be one of the biggest "backlots" - the areas for shooting external scenes - in the world.

In the matter of clothes too, the British have been outstripped by the Italians. Colin Woodhead, who is co-writing a book on Bond's style over the years, said yesterday: "It wasn't really the intention to use British clothes. The suits are tailored in Italy to be as British as the right time."

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Clocks go back as row rages on

STEVE CONNOR
Science Correspondent

British Summer Time (BST) gives way to Greenwich Mean Time (GMT) tomorrow morning at 2am when clocks go back an hour in order to make the mornings lighter and the evenings darker.

Lobbyists - such as the CBI, the tourist industry and road-safety campaigners - are in favour of abolishing BST through winter and having double BST in summer. They want Britain to come into line with the rest of Europe, which is an hour ahead of the UK for much of the year.

According to Peter Andrews, of the Royal Greenwich Observatory in Cambridge, there is no scientific reason for changing the clocks. "It is purely a social and economic phenomenon to do with shifting daylight hours to make life easier."

Those in favour of putting the clocks forward an extra hour throughout the year believe it will cut road deaths, save energy, and increase the amount of leisure time by making evenings lighter. British business would also be on the same time as European companies.

However, those against the change argue that because Britain is further west and north than the rest of Europe, the Euro time would not suit people living in northern Scotland where dawn would break at 10am in the middle of winter.

BST was first introduced in 1916 as an energy-saving measure to move daylight hours from the morning to the evening, Dr Andrews said.

An added complication is that countries on Central European Time put their clocks back a month earlier than Britain. In an attempt to move towards co-ordination, tomorrow morning's extra hour has come a week earlier than in previous years. Dr Andrews said there is an attempt to ensure Britain changes its clocks on the same day as other countries.

Law Society chief strikes new blow in battle of sexes

STEPHEN WARD
Legal Affairs Correspondent

The solicitors' leader Martin Mears was embroiled in a new political correctness row last night when he told women in his profession to put their families ahead of their jobs.

His latest attack came in a letter to a group of young women lawyers who had sent him a survey showing that most senior jobs were still going to men.

Mears told them it was not because of discrimination: "I do know a number of women solicitors with families and, in general, they don't wish to elbow and push their way forward in the way that their male colleagues feel compelled to do. In any event, in my view, it is entirely right that women should put their families first."

His wife was a solicitor, he

told them, and she had never experienced discrimination.

Mr Mears, 55, has already been involved in a series of attacks on political correctness since his campaign in the first contested Law Society presidential election for 40 years.

In his inaugural speech in July, he half-jokingly described his defeated feminist opponent Eileen Pembridge as "the most dangerous woman in Britain". Then eight days ago, in his speech to the solicitors' annual conference, he said the Equal Opportunities Commission and the Commission for Racial Equality had "outlived" their usefulness.

At a private Law Society committee meeting this week he questioned the value of an annual equal opportunities award given by the society, and was later forced to pledge that he

would always make it clear when he was expressing views which were his own, and not those of the Law Society.

Mr Mears' correspondence with the Young Women Lawyers group started in July, when they sent him a copy of their survey showing that only 25 per cent of new partners in solicitors' firms last year were women, despite the fact that nine years ago 44 per cent of new entrants to the profession were female. The average time it takes to become a partner is nine years.

Mr Mears replied: "My own wife is a personal injury solicitor in a large firm and she has worked in other firms."

"She has never experienced discrimination. In her last firm she was offered a full equity partnership but turned it down for domestic reasons. You may

not like it, but I think it is a fact that many women solicitors do, in fact, put their families before their careers."

He said he expected the structure of law firms to adapt "in the natural course of things".

He added: "A firm will, in its own interest, offer part-time work to a good employee if that is the way to satisfy her."

The two leaders of the women lawyers, Clare McGlynn and Caroline Graham, replied to Mr Mears: "We continue to believe that anecdotal evidence is of secondary importance to researched data."

"Naturally, the experiences of individuals are important to the debate, but for each example of a woman solicitor who does not find her sex to be an impediment, there are many who hold the opposite view."

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Mr Mears replied: "My own wife is a personal injury solicitor in a large firm and she has worked in other firms."

"She has never experienced discrimination. In her last firm she was offered a full equity partnership but turned it down for domestic reasons. You may

not like it, but I think it is a fact that many women solicitors do, in fact, put their families before their careers."

He said he expected the structure of law firms to adapt "in the natural course of things".

He added: "A firm will, in its own interest, offer part-time work to a good employee if that is the way to satisfy her."

At a private Law Society committee meeting this week he questioned the value of an annual equal opportunities award given by the society, and was later forced to pledge that he

would always make it clear when he was expressing views which were his own, and not those of the Law Society.

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news



Swanning in: The conductor Viktor Fedotov, making his debut with the Royal Ballet, opens the new season at Covent Garden today with *Swan Lake*. Photograph: Laurie Lewis

Self Assessment

It's time to tidy up your tax affairs.

Are you getting your house in order, ready for Self Assessment?

If you are self-employed, the changes will certainly affect you. For instance, if you own a business which employs others, are in a partnership (including husband and wife partnerships), a one person business working from home, or self-employed in one job and employed in another.

It will also apply to everyone else who normally receives a tax return including higher rate tax payers, company directors and some pensioners.

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That may seem a long way off but you'll need to get your tax affairs up to date well before then. If you have any outstanding tax business, don't keep putting it off, sort it out. Or if you're not clear about your tax situation, get in touch with your tax office or accountant to find out exactly where you stand. It will make the change-over to Self Assessment that much easier.

And remember, you must keep adequate records. It's a good idea to have a tax file and keep everything together that might be useful such as receipts, dividend vouchers and other important documents.

Failing to comply with the new rules could cost you interest and penalties. To help you avoid this, there'll be a clear timetable setting out exactly what you need to do and by when.

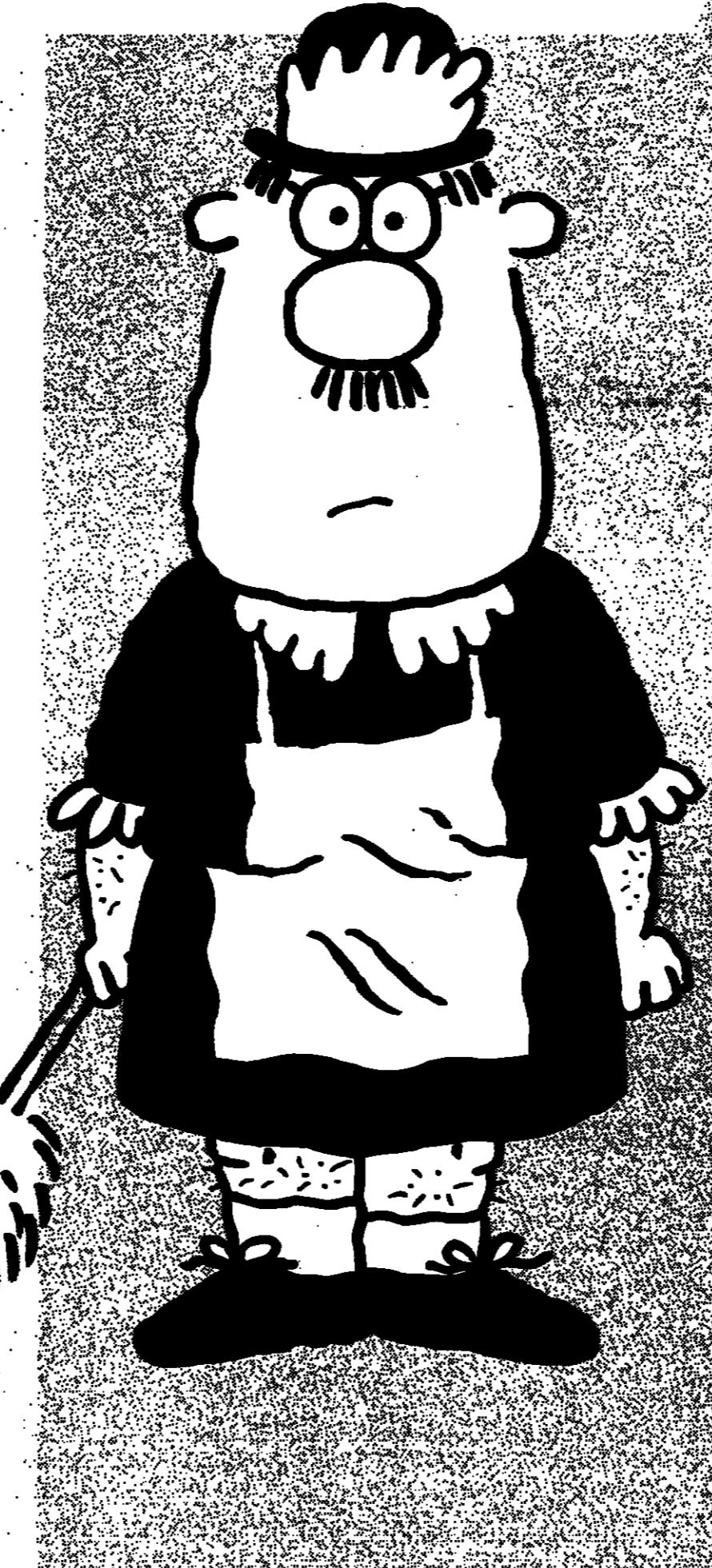
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Rosemary West trial: Eldest girl was made pregnant at the age of 15

Daughter tells of incest and brutality

WILL BENNETT

Frederick West, who was idolised by his eldest daughter, made her pregnant when she was 15 years old. Winchester Crown Court was told yesterday.

Giving evidence, Anne Marie Davis said her stepmother Rosemary West regularly assaulted and humiliated her, and on one occasion laughed and sneered at her after Mr West had kicked her in the mouth with steel-capped boots.

Mrs Davis told the jury about her brutal childhood on her second day in the witness box.

Mrs West, 41, denies murdering 10 girls and young women whose remains were found at the Wests' house, 25 Cromwell Street, Gloucester, and at their previous home in the city. Mr West, who was charged with 12 murders, was found dead in his prison cell on 1 January this year.

Cross-examined by Richard Ferguson QC, for the defence, Mrs Davis told the court: "When I was young I used to tell my dad that I would marry him." She said Mr West regularly had sexual intercourse with her and made her pregnant when she was 15. The court was later told that she had suffered a miscarriage.

Mr Ferguson said: "You were devoted to your father." Mrs Davis replied: "Yes, I did love my father."

Mr Ferguson asked: "You would have done anything for him." She replied: "I would have done anything for both Rosemary and my father."

Questioned by Brian Leveson QC, for the prosecution, she said that when Mrs West became part of the family she felt that a wedge had been driven between herself and her father.

The trial was adjourned until Monday.

adding: "Rosemary would make sure that me and my father did not have time together."

Mrs Davis said her stepmother repeatedly assaulted and humiliated her. She would punch and kick her and hit her with implements including a saucepan, a broom and a belt.

"She would call me names and just hit me for no reason and she would do things to me. I remember on one occasion I was made to undress when the children were young and they had fingerpaints and they were painting on my body." Mrs West also drew on her, and she was made to stay in that condition until Mr West came home.

On another occasion, when Mrs Davis tried to intervene in a family row, her father knocked her to the ground and kicked her in the mouth with steel-capped boots. She recalled: "I looked up and she [Rosemary West] was laughing and said, 'That will teach you to try and be so cocky'."

Mrs Davis admitted having a contract with a newspaper, for which she had been paid £3,000, and an arrangement for a book about her life. She said that when she was first approached she thought the cash was "blood money".

Mr Leveson told the court that Mrs West had been interviewed by detectives during a separate police inquiry in 1992.

Questioned about the disappearance of her eldest daughter, Heather, whose remains were found at 25 Cromwell Street in 1994, she told police: "She has not disappeared, she has made a conscious decision to leave." She added: "Heather was a lesbian and she wanted a life of her own."

The trial was adjourned until Monday.



Anne Marie Davis giving evidence yesterday, watched by her stepmother Rosemary West. Illustration: Julia Quenzler

Police may have copyright claim to West tapes

MARIANNE MACDONALD
Arts Reporter

Gloucestershire police force could claim copyright of the Fred West police interviews held as part of his estate, it emerged yesterday.

The transcripts and 132 police tapes of the interviews, together with West's 100-page autobiography, were inherited by his widow, Rosemary, and his eight children when West changed himself.

Peter Harris, the Official Solicitor, is acting as executor because West died without a will. To maximise the profits in the estate, he has commissioned a "definitive" biography of West from a former *Times* journalist, Geoffrey Wansell.

The controversial portrait will be based on exclusive access to the West archive which has been sold to Hodder Headline for a six-figure sum.

But a specialist in intellectual property said yesterday that Gloucestershire police would own copyright in the tapes of the police interviews as sound recordings because they had made the arrangements for them to be made.

Robert Anderson, a partner in the leading City law firm Lowell White Durrant said it could also be the case that Gloucestershire police had joint ownership of copyright with West in the words spoken during the interviews - and would own copyright in the transcripts themselves if they were typed by an employee of the force.

That scenario would prevent Mr Wansell from quoting large extracts of the police interviews without police permission and would seriously reduce the commercial value of the book due to go on sale next year.

The ownership of copyright in police interviews is thought never to have been explored in the courts.

The Official Solicitor has taken advice on the copyright issue from another City firm, Taylor Joynson Garrett. By last month he had incurred fees of £40,000 - thought now to be nearer £60,000 - which will swallow up a portion of the money West's children will make from his story.

Douglas French, the MP for Gloucester, has written to the Lord Chancellor, Lord Mackay of Clashfern, arguing that it is "wholly inappropriate" for the Official Solicitor to enter into such a deal. The letter says: "I am well aware that the Official Solicitor has a duty in law to act in the best interests of the beneficiaries of the estate. It appears, however, that he believes that the best interests are to be seen solely in terms of the highest price... In this case, I do not believe that to be true."

The deal has also exposed the bizarre legal situation by which police material given to a defendant to prepare his case can pass to his or her family on his death and then be sold by them. Mr French's letter adds that the transcripts were not released to be "peddled on the international publishing circuit".

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Daughter
tells of
incest and
brutality

David Hart's influence over defence is considerable, writes Chris Blackhurst

It is hard on one level to take David Hart seriously. He looks like Lord Lucan, has a son whose middle name is Bimbo, writes novels, one of which is dedicated portentously to you, Citizen, hunts and shoots, and smokes impossibly long cigars.

Yet listening to some on the Labour benches, among the higher reaches of the Ministry of Defence and in the boardrooms of Britain's biggest defence manufacturers, you would think he was their number one bogeyman.

Mention his name and a torrent of bile emerges: dangerous, sinister, far right, upstairs, CIA links, determined to slash the armed forces, friend of US defence contractors, *eminence grise* to Michael Portillo.

Last week, Labour was at it again, with the party's defence spokesman, David Clark, using the occasion of the defence debate to challenge an impulsive Mr Portillo about the security clearance of his close friend – or to give Mr Hart his official title, “independent adviser”.

Following the debate and Mr Portillo's stoic refusal to be drawn, a series of parliamentary answers forced out of the Secretary of State for Defence by Labour have shed some light on his role.

“Mr David Hart is currently providing advice to me on the following equipment projects: EF 2000, Astor, Phoenix, Tornado F3 Upgrade and Long Range Conventionally Armed

Stand-Off Missile.” Plus, said Mr Portillo, he had also discussed “various aspects of the situation in the former Yugoslavia with Mr Hart”.

Not a bad list for someone who has never worked in the defence industry, never fired a gun in active service and spends most of his time developing property and farming his estate in Suffolk.

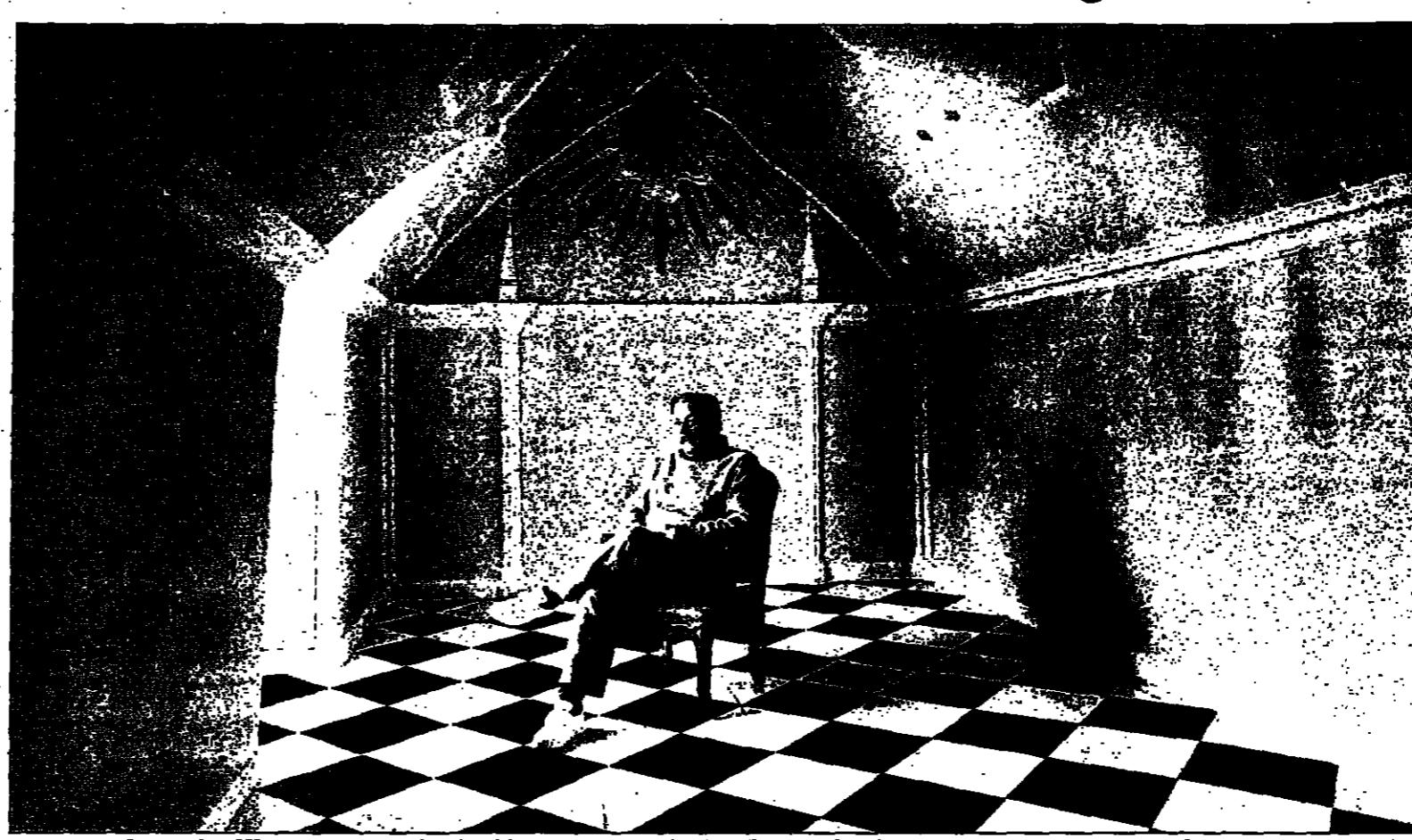
And despite the hard-nosed instinct for a deal he has shown in the past, his valuable services to government come free. As he insists: he serves Mr Portillo, and before him, Malcolm Rifkind, out of a sense of duty and an overriding love for his country, nothing more, nothing less.

According to Mr Portillo, his friend has a pass for the MoD and is subject to the provisions of the Official Secrets Act. However, his answer does not make clear that he has signed the Act. “In addition, he owes me a personal duty of confidence.”

As for any possible conflict with his private interests, Mr Portillo declared that the onus is on Mr Hart himself to declare it.

Such freedom for one with undoubtedly access to affairs of enormous commercial and strategic confidentiality is unheard of; say those close to the MoD. It is precisely because he is a close friend and he is working for nothing, they say, that such latitude is tolerated.

Fuelling the air of mystery,



Bogeyman: Opposition MPs are concerned at David Hart's role within the Ministry of Defence

Photograph: Dario Mitidieri

Mr Hart, for all his bluff exterior, doesn't give much away. He does not appear in *Who's Who* and he does not give interviews. He is an Old Etonian who inherited a fortune from his father, the founder of Henry Anscher, and first shot to

public prominence when he popped up advising Ian MacGregor on the 1984 miners' strike. He was chairman of the Committee for a Free Britain, a right-wing pressure group, and once ran an agency publishing Russian dissidents' work in the West. Beyond that, few hard facts are known.

The listing of his businesses at Companies House is a textbook case in how to comply with the law and make all the right declarations, without actually saying much at all.

He is 51, lives at Chadacre House, near Bury St Edmunds, and is at present a director of 15 companies. Several are property vehicles set up to develop parcels of land or office blocks in a town or city, so you have Arcadia Land (Liverpool) and

Arcadia Land (Amersham). None of them, critics note, show any sign of his exploiting one of his pet MoD projects and buying up surplus army houses or bases. Several relate to his farming.

Some appear less conventional. One was called Gorky Park Developments Limited. Another, Federal Aviation, is in the aircraft business. Most of them take full advantage of the rules governing limited disclosure for tightly held companies and say nothing about their sales and profits figures.

Their registered offices are frequently given as an address in Finchley Road, north London. Ownership of one of them, Marathor Properties, is concentrated in Federal Trust Corporation in the impenetrable British Virgin Islands.

Two articles in the *Spectator* magazine have come to be seen as declarations of policy. One argued that if we intervened in the former Yugoslavia it should be to back the Serbs. The other discussed the shortcomings in our armed forces and our procurement programmes – in particular, questioning the EF 2000 Euro-fighter project and the Vickers Challenger II tank.

One tale clearly illustrates the problems of dealing with Mr Hart. During the battle to win the army attack helicopter, Westland, which owns the Bristow Heliport, became concerned about landing and take-off fees owed by Mr Hart. For a while the company did not know what to do: should it contact him direct and risk upsetting the prospects for its bid, or should it say nothing and risk being accused of favouring the Defence Secretary's adviser if it ever got out? After much hand-wringing, he was eventually contacted and the money was paid. Westland need not have worried – they got the order.

Future of £1.5m Scottish estate hangs in balance

JOJO MOYES

A group of villagers and environmental campaigners who joined forces to try to secure the future of their remote Scottish estate decided not to bid for it, just hours before the sale deadline yesterday, as the Government announced plans to sell off Scottish land to local crofters.

Offers for the Knoydart estate in Inverness-shire, Britain's most remote Highland estate, closed yesterday at midday. The agents, Strutton Parker in Edinburgh, who are handling the £1.5m sale, declined to say yesterday whether a credible offer had been received.

The recently formed Knoydart Foundation, which includes residents, local authorities, the John Muir and Brasher trusts, and the theatre impresario Cameron Mackintosh, decided not to bid after it received the results of a feasibility study.

“We had a meeting yesterday and the foundation considers it needs more time to consider the

study. It is therefore not putting in a bid to purchase the estate today,” said Nigel Hawkins, a member of the steering group of the Knoydart Foundation and a trustee of environmental group the John Muir Trust.

“But it does not rule out the possibility that it may try and buy the estate at a later stage. It may not be sold today after all. And it has changed hands every few years recently.”

According to the feasibility study, running costs on the 16,000-acre estate are around £200,000 a year. This is partly because the estate, while physically linked to the mainland, has no road. Everything has to travel by boat. There is a history of friction between the 50-strong community and a succession of owners. Residents complain that lairds have neglected the 16,000-acre peninsula, which overlooks Skye.

Mr Hawkins stressed that the decision not to make a bid for the estate did not mean the foundation's *raison d'être* was

defunct. “The foundation was set up to look after the interests of local community and environmental interests ... We'll work in partnership with whoever becomes the owner.”

The Government said yesterday it was considering plans to hand over 250,000 acres of state-owned land in northern Scotland to local people. The Secretary of State for Scotland, Michael Forsyth, visiting the Highlands to meet the Crofters Commission and the Assynt Crofters Trust, said he would issue a consultation paper on the creation of further crofting trusts.

Three years ago crofters in Assynt banded together to form a trust to buy their entire crofting land from the private landowner. They now have a number of projects under way.

“The transfer of power and responsibility to local communities is a key plank in the Government's philosophy and the crofters in Assynt are to be congratulated,” Mr Forsyth said.

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Prison drama provides little to cheer

Heather Mills looks at the events leading up to this week's stand-off

HEATHER MILLS
Home Affairs Correspondent

It was a bizarre and complex drama involving a general, a disgraced prison governor, an unpopular Home Secretary and the prisons boss he sacked.

Television series have been written with more meagre raw material than contained in this week's "trial" of Michael Howard, which ended with him seeing off (yet again) attempts to sabotage his political career. But some questions remain.

It started on 3 January, when three lifers – two killers and an arsonist – put into action Colditz-like preparations and went armed through a fence and over the wall from Parkhurst top security prison on the Isle of Wight.

What made the escape so embarrassing for the prison authorities and the Government was that it happened only three months after the breakout of five armed IRA inmates from Whitemoor, Cambridgeshire, another supposedly impregnable jail. There was public and opposition outrage.

Losing five dangerous men from one supposedly secure jail maybe fax. Losing another three, so soon afterwards – and following a security audit – looks like negligence. There were calls for the heads of the two men responsible for the prisons, Michael Howard, the Home Secretary, and Derek Lewis, the director general.

But a week after the escape, after the men's recapture and after a short inquiry, Mr Howard announced to the Commons that John Marriott, the prison governor, was to be the only fall guy. He would be removed from his duties immediately and would not govern a jail again. The words "scapegoat" and "passing the buck" were used in Mr Marriott's defence.

Mr Howard also announced an inquiry into events at Parkhurst and into security at all jails. It would be carried out by Sir John Learmont, the former quartermaster general.

Nine months later on Monday this week, Sir John dropped his bombshell. His inquiry report was an indictment of the service from top to bottom. It was, he said, "a chapter of er-

rors at every level and a naivete that defies belief." The fallout was swift, dramatic and quite unforeseen.

Mr Lewis was summarily sacked by Mr Howard. The Home Secretary, anxious to acquit himself of the blame, went out of his way to tell the Commons the buck stopped with Mr Lewis and the prison management.

But the former television executive was not prepared to become a sacrificial lamb. He fired off a broadside accusing the Home Secretary of interference with the running of the service and blurring the demarcation lines of responsibility. In other words, if Mr Lewis was to blame so was Michael Howard.

It was fodder for Labour. Coming so soon after Lord Taylor, the Lord Chief Justice, had launched his extraordinary attack on Mr Howard's penal policy, Mr Howard's credibility was seriously undermined.

Mr Lewis swiftly followed up his advance with a writ for unlawful dismissal, detailing 12 incidents of political interference including in the removal of John Marriott. Two highly respected non-executive members of the Prison Board resigned in protest over Mr Lewis' treatment – and to cap it all Mr Lewis and two board members also questioned the validity and accuracy of the Learmont report.

An outside observer might well think it reasonable for a Home Secretary to consider the removal of the man in charge of a jail from which three category A prisoners had escaped. Similarly a Home Secretary might be entitled to seek the resignation of the man whose management of the service had been thoroughly undermined by the Learmont report. For that matter, they might expect that a Home Secretary responsible for law and order and criminal justice policy, could and should be involved in such a sensitive and important part as prisons.

But what Mr Howard has done is to build an artificial wall between himself and the service, so that he could take refuge behind it when events turned nasty. He says he is on one side of the wall is responsible only



Back on the beat: Michael Howard visiting Bournemouth, where he launched a CCTV security scheme yesterday

Photograph: South Coast

for policy and Mr Lewis over the other is responsible for operations. Had he and his policies been found at fault by the Learmont inquiry, he would have gone, he says. Crucially, he reiterated this distinction in Parliament before the Home Affairs select committee – in particular he denied any involvement in the removal of John Marriott.

That was what was really at the centre of this week's drama. Mr Howard was on the end of a hook he himself had baited. The Opposition and Mr Lewis were seeking to prove that Mr Howard's wall was built without foundation – and crucially that he had been "less than frank" about the division of responsibility for the Prison Service to the Home Affairs select committee. That is a potentially sacking offence for a minister

even if prison escapes were not.

Hence the hints of "smoking faxes" and "smoking minutes" in the media leading up to Thursday's debate – did the evidence exist to prove Mr Howard had been "economical with the truth"? Labour, clearly thought it had with the minutes of the meeting between the Home Secretary and Mr Lewis when Mr Marriott's removal was discussed.

Mr Howard had told the select committee he had "no need to discuss" the transfer of any staff because it was operational and governed by the disciplinary code. In fact he clearly had discussed it, but under

shadow Home Secretary Jack Straw's lacklustre cross-examination in the Commons he was able to side-step repeatedly the main allegation that he, Mr Howard, had insisted that Mr Marriott was removed that day against Mr Lewis' wishes – in other words that he involved himself directly in operations.

That was the admission the opposition were chasing and they did not get it. Labour, out-classed and outmanoeuvred, let Mr Howard off his own hook. They failed to pursue the bulk of Mr Lewis's other claims and they missed entirely the wider questions of who runs the prisons, the relationship between government and the semi-independent agencies, and, indeed, what, on the ground, is being done in response to the Learmont report.

Mr Howard, meanwhile, secured the backing of the Commons in a 280-231 vote and he secured his tenure at the Home Office by a robust and adept performance. But should a master as delicate and important as the management of prisons and prisoners be decided by who performs best at the dispatch box and who shouts loudest from the benches. Starting with a dramatic escape, ending in yobbish political farce, neither the public nor the prison service are any better off.

As many as nine shadow junior ministers have been sacked to make way for promotions and a new influx of 1992 intake through the whips office. Over the weekend Mr Blair is expected to appoint 10 new whips – four of whom will be women – who are likely to include: Angela Eagle, vice-chairwoman of the centre-left Tribune Group; Alan Milburn, chairman of the backbench Treasury committee; and John Denham, "soft left" MP for Southampton Itchen.

A bad week for Labour was sealed with an opinion poll exposing the party's continuing weakness on the issues of inflation and tax.

A Mori poll for yesterday's Sun gave the Tories a 3-to-1 advantage over Labour as the party "most likely to control inflation" (49 to 26 per cent), and a smaller edge as the party "most likely to reduce overall tax" (38 to 32 per cent).

'I would have resigned' **'He has no scapegoats left'**



MICHAEL HOWARD

"On Thursday I comprehensively rebuked the unfounded allegations made against me by Tony Blair."

"General Learmont's report into prison security was highly critical of both John Marriott – the former governor of Parkhurst – and senior prison service management."

"In accepting the broad thrust of that independent report, I concluded that Derek Lewis's position as Director General of the Prison Service was untenable."

"Had such criticisms been made of me I would have resigned."

"I am responsible for prisons policy. The Director General for the day-

I was not entitled to issue instructions. I did not."

"It is now time to look forward. I want to concentrate on the important work being done by the Prison Service: mandatory drug testing; curbing the abuses of home leave; and ensuring that privileges are earned, not handed down as of right."

"As the Learmont report makes clear there are many excellent people working in the prison service who want to do a good job."

"I hope the changes I have announced this week will help them achieve that goal."

"This week's events have blown apart the Home Secretary's claim not to be responsible for operational matters in the prison service."

"The distinction between operations and policy was always a bogus one. It conveniently allowed Mr Howard to take the credit when things went well but to say 'Don't blame me I'm not in charge', if things went wrong."

"But on Thursday Mr Howard was forced to admit that, in the aftermath of the Parkhurst escape, he was deeply involved in operational decisions."

"It was he who pushed for the Gov-

ernor to be suspended. It was he who was worried that anything short of that would be seen as a 'fudge'."

"And it was he who refused on seven occasions to deny having taken the crucial decision that John

Marriott would be removed on the day of his statement to the Commons."

"The damaging impression has been left of a Home Secretary who has something to hide."

"Caught between a rock and a hard place, he could not admit the full truth because of the responsibility which he would then have to accept the blame for the overwhelming crisis now facing the prison service."

"The problem for him now is that he has run out of scapegoats."

"Next time something goes wrong there will be no one else to blame."

Clarke finalises tax cut scope at Budget summit

PATRICIA WYNNE DAVIES
Political Correspondent

Kenneth Clarke, the Chancellor, set about crystallising the scope for Budget tax cuts yesterday at a meeting of Treasury ministers and advisers at his country residence, Dorneywood, in Kent.

While some analysts say the case for cuts is weak because the public sector borrowing requirement is running ahead of treasury forecasts, there were growing expectations yesterday that the necessary scope for a cut of up to 2p in the basic rate of income tax, or its equivalent in other taxes such as inheritance or capital gains tax, could be found.

Mr Clarke is holding out hope that spending could be cut to below this year's control total of £263bn, but Gillian Shephard, Secretary of State for Education and Employment, Stephen Dorrell, Secretary of State for Health, and Peter Lilley, Secretary of State for Social Security, are fighting against cuts in their budgets.

Ministers will assess the likely receipts from next April's sell-off of Railtrack, while the spending cut axe is likely to be wielded heavily over Whitehall running costs. Mr Clarke is also expected to attempt to breathe more life into the Private Finance Initiative to reduce capital public spending.

Blair 'low'
after poll
snub and
Howard's
triumph

JOHN RENTOU
Political Correspondent

Tony Blair was reported to be "very low" yesterday after one of his most testing weeks since becoming Labour leader, as the inquest began into what several Labour MPs described as a "disastrous" debate on prisons on Thursday, and his front-bench reshuffle was delayed after running into difficulties.

Mr Blair's spokesman did not comment on the suggestion that the Labour leader blamed home affairs spokesman Jack Straw for handing Michael Howard, the Home Secretary, a parliamentary triumph. "Tony Blair's view is that the key questions remain unanswered and the public remain appalled by Howard's refusal to answer them," he said.

Thursday's debate, called by Labour to demand the Home Secretary's resignation for interfering in "operational" Prison Service matters, came the day after shadow cabinet elections in which Labour MPs delivered a sharp rebuff to Mr Blair's favoured candidates and plumped instead for "old Labour" stalwarts.

Mr Blair had intended to announce all his front-bench changes on Thursday, but instead named only his shadow cabinet posts after running into resistance from disappointed colleagues. Publication of the full list of appointments was yesterday postponed until Monday, although deputy leader John Prescott's team was announced.

Peter Mandelson, MP for Hartlepool, and Mr Blair's close ally, was promoted from the whips office to the team, which includes Richard Caborn, returning to the front bench from the chair of the Commons Trade and Industry Select Committee, as Mr Prescott's deputy, and Derek Foster, the former chief whip, who retains "ex-officio" membership of the shadow cabinet.

As many as nine shadow junior ministers have been sacked to make way for promotions and a new influx of 1992 intake through the whips office. Over the weekend Mr Blair is expected to appoint 10 new whips – four of whom will be women – who are likely to include: Angela Eagle, vice-chairwoman of the centre-left Tribune Group; Alan Milburn, chairman of the backbench Treasury committee; and John Denham, "soft left" MP for Southampton Itchen.

A bad week for Labour was sealed with an opinion poll exposing the party's continuing weakness on the issues of inflation and tax.

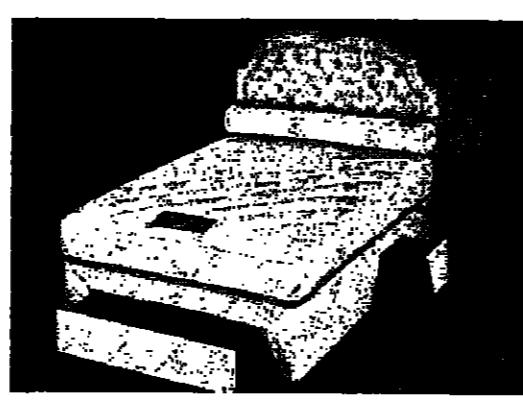
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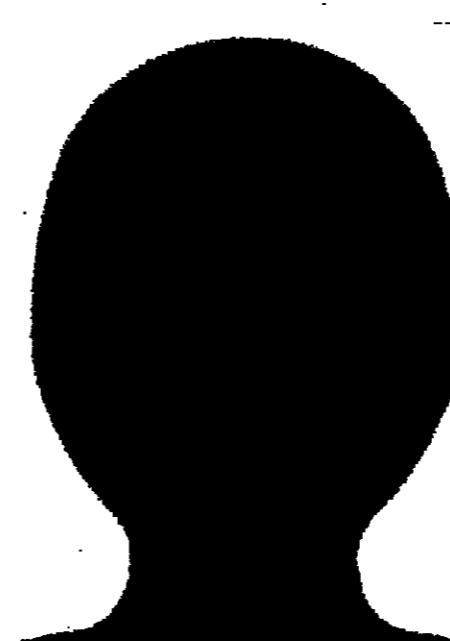
ALENKA MIRKOVIĆ,
A JOURNALIST
CAMPAIGNING ON
BEHALF OF THE
"DISAPPEARED".



Mustafa was abducted by armed men, forced to drink alcohol (because it was against his Muslim religion) and then made to dance to a Serbian folk tune whistled by his captors. He was taken away and has "disappeared".



Adinir worked as a post office electrician in a town in northern Bosnia. He "disappeared" after being abducted by an extreme Serb nationalist paramilitary unit which called itself 'The White Eagles'. They have not been brought to book.



Nineteen year old Vahida was one of a group of young women (some schoolgirls of fourteen) dragged off a bus at gunpoint by men who reportedly said, "We'll make some fine Serb babies with these girls". The girls "disappeared".



When her home town was attacked, Marija and her mother hid in a cellar, praying they wouldn't be found. But armed men dragged them out and took them away. Neither woman has been seen or heard from since.



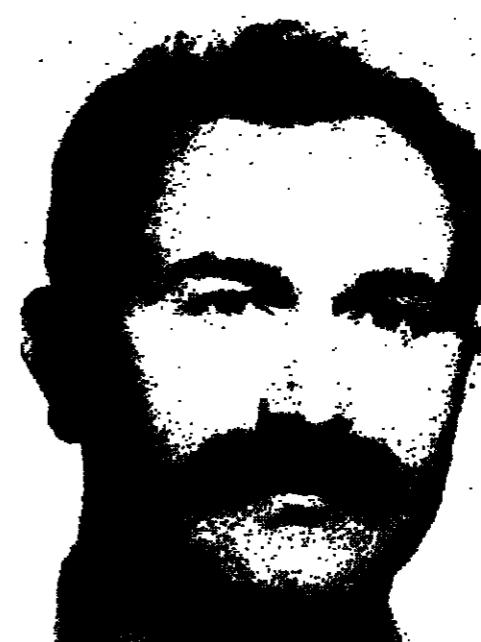
Musrafa's home and shop were burned to the ground. His escaping family was ambushed. He was dragged from his wife and children. They could hear men being beaten, but they never saw him again. He was the village chess champion.



Zdravko was a secondary school teacher. He was not politically minded and was on good terms with the majority community in his town. This did not save him from being detained by armed men and marched away, never to be seen again.



Goran was detained by Serb paramilitaries and "disappeared" in November 1991, thus becoming one of the first people in former Yugoslavia to experience the nightmare of "racial hatred". He never lived to tell the tale. Or did he?



Bogdan was a Serb in a Croatian town. He was an ordinary man who led a quiet life, loved his wife and got on well with the neighbours. Unfortunately this did not save him from a fate worse than death: "disappearing" without trace.

"The people who did this say they are Serbs. I am a Serb. I have nothing in common with them. I don't want to live where there are only these people." NENAD RADOJČIĆ

"It is not possible for someone to disappear. Either they are under the earth, or on it - in prison." CASLAV NIŠIĆ

"We decided not to have children until the war was over, and then look what happened. Three years and no news. I miss my husband." HAJRIJA KAHRIJANOVIC

"If they are alive then they are alive. If they are dead, well it's a war and you have to accept that, but we want the truth." SEDJIDA MENIĆ

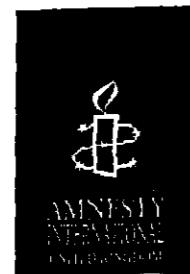
"While I write this I am not even aware of the tears that flow down my tired and haggard face, tears of grief and powerlessness. They suffer there in Bosnia and I suffer here and I ask myself will there ever be an end to it?" SISTER OF HUSEIN HOTIĆ

"At least now I have a grave to visit. In some ways it is easier to bear than the terrible uncertainty of those nineteen months without any news." LJUBICA BUTIĆ

Help us stop the sinister conjurers who make living people "disappear" into thin air.

Can you imagine what it would be like if someone you loved very much vanished one day without a goodbye, never to be seen or heard from ever again? Can you imagine a pain that would never leave you, or a hope that would in the end become a poison, keeping the agony alive?

PHOTOGRAPHS: AMNESTY ARCHIVES.



To a victim's family, "disappearance" is the cruellest weapon of political repression.

The loved one is arrested by soldiers, police or armed paramilitaries.

After which, silence. The authorities deny all knowledge and the "disappeared" person is never seen again.

Not knowing the truth is an agony that never ends. Even after years, a wild hope keeps flickering. Although, in their heart of hearts, the family knows their loved one is probably dead, they're denied the solace of mourning. Not knowing the truth means agony never lifts, grief never dies, wounds do not heal, the picture on the wall brings no peace.

But it isn't always easy to find the truth. In former Yugoslavia, thousands of people

have "disappeared", never to be seen or heard from again. A few of their pictures appear above. In each case, no-one has ever found out what happened to them.

The war has caused huge dislocation. When millions of people are on the move, to get news of individuals is a daunting task. In Srebrenica alone, as many as 8,000 people "disappeared" in July of this year.

But the "disappeared" have not really vanished. Someone knows what happened to them. Someone knows who abducted frightened women off refugee buses and which prisoners of war are in detention camps. Somebody knows where the bodies of the dead lie.

For everyone who has "disappeared", there is someone who decided their fate.

Even if there is a military or diplomatic end to the war, peace won't magically appear. There must be respect for human rights, justice and openness.

Amnesty International has taken up the cases of hundreds of "disappeared" people.

Talking to their families, time and time again we encounter the same terrible grief.

That's why we support their efforts to find out the truth and to ensure that the perpetrators face justice.

Right now the kidnappers, torturers and killers think they can get away with it because there never will be an outcry. After all, who can bring them to justice? Who can stop the disappearances and killings?

Who can stop it? You can.

Not by yourself, but working with the rest of us in Amnesty International, you can send a message to people responsible for making living people "disappear". They need you to tell them that the guilty must be brought to justice and the relatives allowed the solace of mourning.

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AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

news



Resurrection: The scrolls being prepared for exhibition at Seaby Galleries, London

Egyptian book back from the dead

DAVID KEYS
Archaeology Correspondent

A unique 2,000-year-old ancient Egyptian manuscript - a so-called Book of the Dead - has surfaced on the international antiquities market, after having disappeared from view for the past 70 years.

The "book" - a 23ft-long papyrus scroll - was removed from an unknown tomb in southern Egypt late last century and purchased by a prominent Victorian amateur Egyptologist, the Rev William MacGregor. For at least two decades it remained in Mr MacGregor's private museum in Tamworth, Staffordshire, until he sold it at auction in London in 1922 to the American millionaire William Randolph Hearst.

Hearst then kept it in one of his many mansions - or possibly in storage in New York - until 1942, when financial circumstances forced him to sell it. The book subsequently became the property of the Los Angeles Philosophical Research Society which, three months ago, sold it to the New York auction house Harmer Rooke, which then decided to put it on the market through Royal Athena Galleries in New York.

Back in the first century BC, the scroll was made for the funeral of a member of a priestly family - a wealthy Egyptian lady by the name of Ta-er-pet.

Research over the past few months by an American Egyptologist, Dr. Malcolm Mosher, has revealed that the book came from a pre-Christian



The afterlife: Ta-er-pet's Book of the Dead was made to help her soul merge with gods

Photographs: Geraint Lewis

cemetery near the ancient Egyptian city of Akhmim. It was probably removed illicitly by local treasure hunters in the 1880s around the time when the French archaeologist Gaston Maspero, an early director of the Egyptian Antiquities Service, was excavating the site.

The first Books of the Dead were produced *circa* 1450BC and production went on until around AD50.

Their function was to act as manuals for use by the dead in the afterlife. They included formulae which the dead person could use to merge his or her soul with those of the gods.

And this particular example also included a unique chart of images depicting 75 protective amulets - powerful talismans which would have protected the body and soul of the deceased. It is the only Book of the Dead to include such a chart.

Over 1500 years, thousands of Books of the Dead were produced by the scribes of ancient Egypt. Yet today only around 100 lengthy, complete examples survive.

Ta-er-pet's scroll - now cut into nine framed lengths - is one of only a dozen of complete examples from the end of production of the books.

However both the people who produced the scroll and Ta-er-pet's family appear to have had virtually no idea as to how the text actually read.

It had obviously been copied from a much earlier example and the scribe had made a lot of mistakes. Indeed parts of the text are completely garbled.

The Ta-er-pet Book of the Dead revealed a sort of religious revivalist conservatism - almost a religious antiquarianism - in which wealthy first century BC Egyptians, around the time of Cleopatra, tried desperately and somewhat pathetically to hark back to more

ancient times, as their real world became increasingly Hellenised and Romanised.

Now, the New York-based antiquities gallery, Royal Athena, and their London associates, Seaby Antiquities, hope to sell the book for US\$600,000 (£375,000). Both the Louvre and the Boston Museum of Fine Art are said to have shown interest, as has at least one top private collector in Europe.

■ Ta-er-Pet's Book of the Dead can be seen at Seaby Galleries, 14 Old Bond Street, London, weekdays 10am-5pm until 31 October. Free.

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Son 'gripped with panic' after tycoon disappeared

JOHN WILLCOCK
Financial Correspondent

The Maxwell Trial



Day 32

Kevin Maxwell described on his fifth day of giving evidence at the six-month-old Maxwell trial the panic following the news of his father's disappearance at sea on 5 November 1991.

Kevin told the Old Bailey: "It is very hard to explain the sense of panic. I consider myself to be quite a calm and solid individual and I found myself almost unable to control myself physically, and I realised that if I didn't get a grip that I would probably suffer some kind of breakdown."

"I realised that despite not knowing where my father was, that a hell of a lot depended on not losing control and I therefore sat down and thought as logically as I could what had to be done."

Questioned by his counsel Alm Jones QC, Kevin said he then made a "very urgent" check list of things to do. These included suspending the shares to prevent a "disorderly market" developing.

He also had to tell the company's stockbroker and the banks, the Stock Exchange and the company's lawyers. The brothers decided their mother should be flown out to oversee the search for her husband.

Kevin said he and his brother opted to stay in London because they realised the shock for the group of losing his father, even temporarily, would be "a hell of a piece of news and someone would have to stay and mind the shop".

Meanwhile Ian called a board meeting to inform the rest of the management about what was going on and to confirm Kevin as the new chairman. This was done to avoid a "rudderless ship".

It took three quarters of an hour to convince the Stock Exchange that the share price should be suspended. The Exchange said that such a move, based on the disappearance of a company head, was not in their "usual experience".

As the day unfolded a number of board meetings took place. Kevin said he was appointed chairman of MCC and Ian put in charge of Mirror Group Newspapers (MGN).

By this time, a large crowd of journalists had gathered outside the group's Holborn headquarters, in London, and there was "tremendous" pressure for a statement. "We agreed to accept the inevitability of my father's death and we gave a statement in the entrance hall of MGN," he said.

One of Kevin's priorities after his father's disappearance was to retrieve a certificate for the ownership of the Teva shares, which form one plank of the prosecution.

Kevin is accused of conspiring to defraud the pension funds by misusing the shares, the ownership of which has been called into question. Kevin asked his mother to go to the Gresham and search for the certificate. His mother found it on board and they were then flown in the company jet to London. It was pointed out to him that a £23m repayment was due on the MCC's jumbo loan within the next few days and he was extremely concerned that this should be paid on time because otherwise "in my view it was have sent a terrible and wrong signal to the banking community".

He told the court that in those days it was difficult to describe "the intensity of the meetings and phone calls and the amount of paper that was generated ... and the confusion".

Questioned by Mr Jones about the attitude of banks, Kevin criticised Lehman Brothers, who held some shares as security, as "exceptionally aggressive and hostile" with no concern other than their own self-interest.

By contrast NatWest was "enormously supportive ... supportive does not do adequate justice, they wanted to demonstrate a level of commitment and emotional support to myself and my brother".

He said his father had a 40-year connection with NatWest which had been a very successful and profitable relationship for both sides.

Kevin quoted from a handwritten letter sent to him by NatWest's deputy chairman, Sir Edwin Nixon, after his father's death, expressing sympathy. Sir Edwin went on to say Robert Maxwell's "reputation with the bank was as a man who always kept his word, we shall miss him greatly".

Kevin said he had personally received over 500 letters of condolence, and the family as a whole had received thousands. This year he had written about 150 letters to the people in the City who had written the letters of condolence asking them, in the context of the trial, to confirm the views of his father they held when he died. He received just eight replies.

He had written to Sir Edwin and the answer came back "from his lawyers saying he couldn't and wouldn't answer."

Fox to
hardline
1922 lead

news

Blueprint for Scottish parliament endorsed



Border view: Representatives of the Scottish Constitutional Convention yesterday at New Parliament House

The blueprint for a home rule Scottish parliament was unanimously accepted yesterday. The plan was endorsed by all sides of the Scottish Constitutional Convention, a cross-party group which has worked on it for more than six years.

About 60 representatives of the Convention met in Edinburgh at New Parliament House, which would be the base for a Scottish parliament.

Details of the plan were revealed this week and will be officially unveiled to the public on 30 November, St Andrew's Day. Under the scheme, the 129-member parliament would control most domestic issues and would have the power to vary income tax by 3p in the pound.

At yesterday's meeting the Convention heard of the need to get support for the parliament from the public and also to rebut the criticisms of the Conservatives and the SNP.

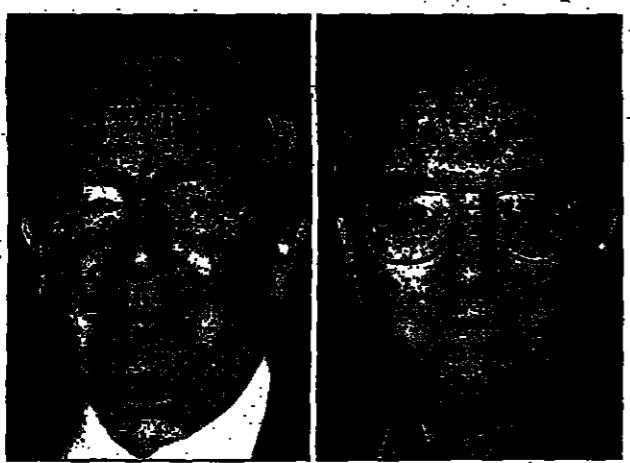
George Robertson, the shadow Scottish Secretary, said the parliament could change life in Scotland: "This is not just some dry document representing a

cold picture of a constitutional change. It is instead a message of hope that democracy is coming back to our country."

Canon Kenyon Wright, who chairs the Convention's executive committee, said they would now have to prepare for "a torrent of misrepresentation, myths and falsehoods" from the opposing political parties.

Responding to attacks by Michael Forsyth, Secretary of State for Scotland, about the cost of devolution, he said: "Be prepared for that entertaining work of fiction - the Forsyth Fables."

The Convention came under attack from the SNP leader, Alex Salmond. He renewed his claim for independence rather than devolution. "The SNP's independence message is that only a real parliament - an independent parliament - will have the real powers necessary to change Scotland for the better. What Scotland needs for the new millennium is not a puppet assembly which can talk, but a powerhouse parliament which can act."



Rivals: Sir Marcus Fox (left) faces a threat to his authority from right-winger Bob Dunn

Fox to fight hardliner for 1922 leadership

PATRICIA WYNN DAVIES
Political Correspondent

thing I can to support the Prime Minister," he said.

Mr Dunn, another northerner, but MP for Dartford in Kent, is a member of the 18-strong committee executive and believes his election as chairman would ensure continuity at a time when a number of fellow executive members are planning to retire from the Commons at the next election.

He would be viewed by many MPs as an effective champion of backbench interests who would not shrink from making their views clear to ministers and whips.

Mr Dunn, a leading member of the powerful 192 Group of right-wing Tories, has had a chequered political career. Margaret Thatcher declined his offer to resign as Minister of State for Education after Labour revealed in 1986 he had obtained his degree in politics and history not from Salford University, as he had recorded in Who's Who, but from Manchester Polytechnic.

Less genial than Sir Marcus and an outspoken critic of liberalism, he backs hanging and once denounced New Age Travellers as a "bunch of unwashed, benefit-grabbing socialist anarchists who deserve a good slap and a wash". On another occasion he demanded immediate overnight detention for children under 16 found on the streets after 10.30pm.

Despite recent criticisms, the equally straight-talking Sir Marcus proved his salt on earlier occasions, effectively stopping the controversial 1992 pit closure programme in its tracks by declaring: "It is not acceptable."

Inquiry urged into foreign blood sales

LOUISE JURY

Stephen Dorrell, the Secretary of State for Health, is to be challenged over the sale of British blood products abroad after an *Independent* investigation.

The Liberal Democrats are to demand a full inquiry by the Government and by the National Blood Authority which runs the blood service in England and Wales.

The *Independent* found the blood products made by Bio Products Laboratory, the commercial arm of the NBA, offered for sale in Turkey at four times the price paid by some British hospitals.

The finding shocked donors who received repeated assurances from the NBA that any surpluses were not sold for commercial gain.

David Alton, Liberal Democrat MP for Liverpool Mossley Hill, is to raise the matter with Mr Dorrell on Monday at a meeting previously arranged

to discuss proposals for amalgamating or closing some parts of the blood service. Mr Alton and Alex Carlile, Liberal Democrat health spokesman, are also to table an Early Day Motion in the Commons "deplored the trade and profiteering in blood" and contrasting this approach "with that of the donors who give generously and altruistically".

Sue Kihrc, a Liverpool donor, said yesterday that she had taken NBA reassurances that profits were not made from the sale to mean that no one profited.

"You want to help people when you give blood but if seems somebody else is gaining from it other than the people who should be," she said.

In several parts of the country yesterday, donors met to discuss plans for a campaign for "informed consent" by donors before blood products could be sold overseas.

Blood products include Factor 8 used for treating haemophiliacs and albumin used to treat burns. Little whole blood is now used in medicine.

The National Blood Authority has said that foreign sales bring income back into the service and that the alternative would be to burn surpluses.

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Guinness
judge faces
avalanche
of files

Climbers fear curbs on their freedom

Stephen Goodwin reports on a proposal to limit access to rock faces

British climbers will be watching anxiously to see that John Gummer, Secretary of State for the Environment, does not sign away half their rock playgrounds at the "Environment for Europe" conference in Sofia, Bulgaria, next week.

The British Mountaineering Council has forsaken its normally low profile to campaign vigorously against a proposal for climbing bans on cliffs of high biological or landscape value. It believes that about half of Britain's sea cliffs and inland crags could be threatened with sweeping restrictions.

The proposal is contained in just one sub-paragraph of a document entitled *Pan-European Biological and Landscape Diversity Strategy* due to go before ministers at the conference on Tuesday. It sets out more than 100 recommendations for improving conservation across Europe, mainly affecting forestry and farming.

However, while most of the proposals are couched in rather vague terms, paragraph 10.5 in the "mountain ecosystems" section is quite specific and would affect mountain bikers and skiers.

Lottery board to make £40m charity pay-out

MARIANNE MACDONALD
Arts Reporter

The National Lottery Charities Board will finally announce its first lottery grants totalling £40m on Monday.

The long-awaited announcement follows harsh criticism that the quango, set up to distribute lottery funds to charity, has spent too much on administration and has been too slow to pay out its much-needed cash.

But on Monday it is due to give its first grants to hundreds of charities, almost all community-based self-help groups.

The exception will be two pay-outs to medical research charities working in the breast cancer field.

Further grants to charities working to alleviate poverty and disadvantage—the theme of the first tranche of the board's lottery funds—will be made in November and in December. In all it will spend £160m.

Meanwhile, evidence of the huge disparity between lottery spending in the different counties of England emerged last night.

The research by the Director of Social Change on behalf of BBC *Newshight* shows that the county in the UK which has benefited the most from the survey of £535m paid out in lottery grants is South Yorkshire, which

has won almost £53m—or £49.46 per head.

At the other end of the scale Bedfordshire has benefited by just £54,072 since grants began in April—equivalent to 10p per head of population.

The top six counties to win lottery cash are South Yorkshire, Cambridgeshire (£42.15 per head), Hampshire (£28.84), Grampian (£25.02), Gwynedd (£21.38) and Greater London (£20.74). At the bottom are Cumbria (90p), Warwickshire (84p), Surrey (50p), Wiltshire (31p), West Glamorgan (20p) and Bedfordshire.

It also emerged yesterday that a one-day conference to explain how to apply for lottery money was charging more than £400 for admission.

The conference at the Copthorne Tara Hotel in west London on 8 November features a keynote address from Virginia Bottomley, the Secretary of State for Heritage, who has responsibility for the lottery.

It also features representatives of all five lottery distribution bodies including Jeremy Newton, director of the national lottery at the Arts Council and David Carpenter, head of external affairs at the Sports Council lottery unit.

But John Wood, chairman of the British Kodak Academy, a small London charity, said the conference would be "useful" but was too expensive.

Animal exports protest blocked

Angry demonstrators screamed abuse at police in Dover yesterday and tried to break through their ranks after a heated protest that was supposed to have been a peaceful memorial service.

About 60 of the 200 demonstrators, who gathered in Dover to mark the six months since the restart of live animal exports through the port, were demanding to lay bunches of flowers in front of the Eastern Docks, but they were denied permission by Kent police "for safety reasons". A police spokesman, Mark Pugh, said: "We can't just let lots of people go across the road. This is to prevent any accidents and danger to both motorists and the protesters themselves."

No arrests were made but furious protesters claimed they were being persecuted. One

said: "If they just let us lay these flowers it would all be over in a couple of minutes. The police provide escorts for the lorries carrying these animals but they won't escort us across the road."

Earlier, a cavalcade of more than 40 vehicles, organised by Kent Action Against Live Exports, had travelled around three lagoons where animals are kept at the villages of Capel, Petham and Shepherdswell. The tour passed off peacefully although the protesters angrily sounded their horns when a lorry filled with livestock left the lagoon at Petham.

St lorries loaded with sheep and calves passed through Dover at 9.30am, one of two cargoes expected through the port yesterday. The next convoy was expected at 12.30pm, and the planned memorial service was not allowed to go ahead.

After negotiations with police, demonstrators were finally allowed to go in pairs to lay flowers outside Dover Eastern Docks. Most of the protesters were unhappy with the compromise and responded by chanting: "Just like Noah's Ark – two by two."

The police maintained that to hold up the traffic for just a few minutes would cause "major disruption" in a busy part of town. But Mrs Jo Le Mesurier, widow of *Dad's Army* actor John, and one of the second pair allowed to lay flowers, said: "This is farcical. Why don't they let us go through in one fell swoop and get it over with?"

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JUPITER
action made by others

yesterday described the strategy as a "wish list" and said there would be wide consultation, "including with mountain people", before anything was concluded. A DoE spokeswoman said: "The document will not be the same when it comes out. The strategy will be seen at Sofia as a nice idea in principle but it needs to be workable and costed."

Climbers remain apprehensive, however, fearing that even agreement in principle could be used by landowners and conservation bodies to justify bans and restrictions.

Gill Kent, editor of the magazine *On The Edge*, said the prospect of the loss of a cliff like Gogarth was "absolutely unthinkable" and would have climbers up in arms. But the more likely threat was to smaller crags where access might be eroded without galvanising an "essentially laid-back community". She added: "We will be watching with concern for what comes out of the meeting. It could provide a perfect opportunity for anybody who has got a grudge against climbers and wants to turf them off a crag."

Mr Gummer's department



Upwardly mobile: Jeremy Barlow, conservation officer of the BMC, on Craig Gogarth, Anglesey. Photograph: Roger Payne

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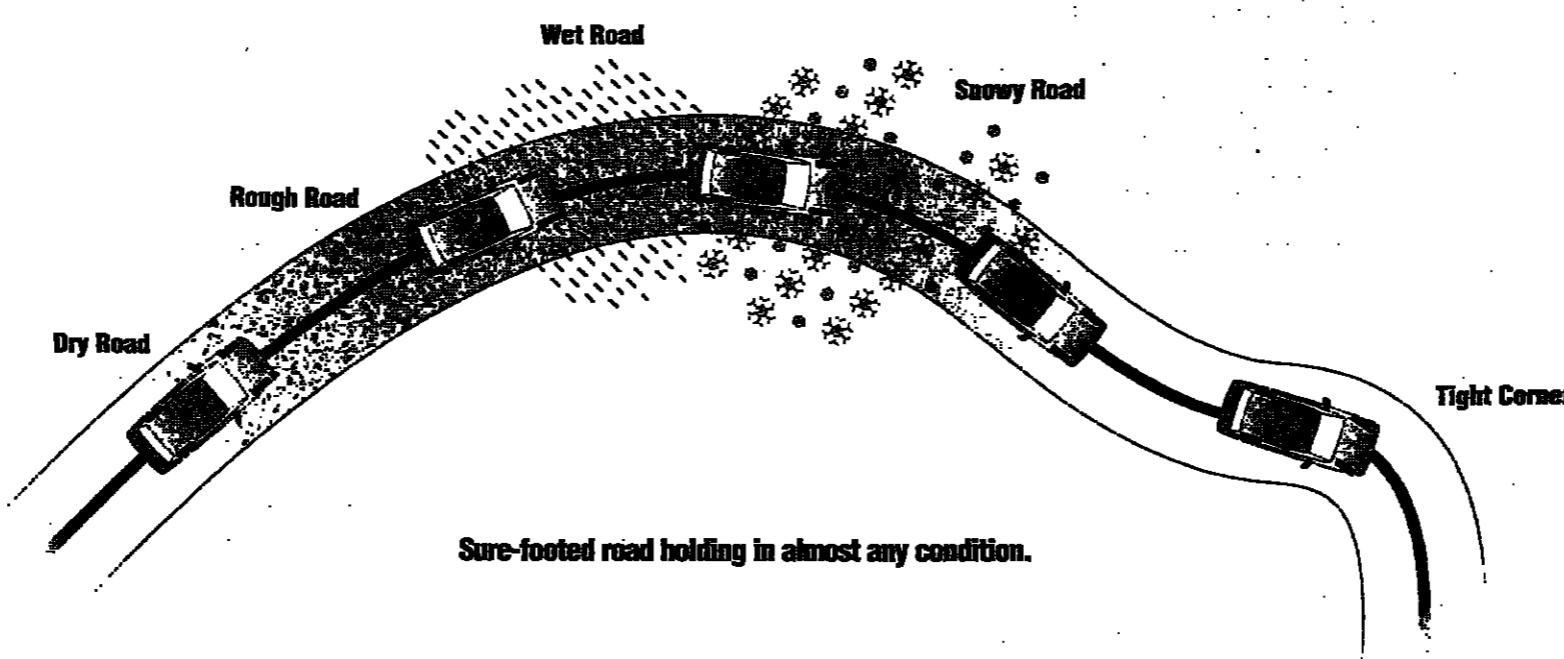
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international

Nato chief resigns: Race intensifies to succeed Secretary-General felled by bribes scandal Claes protests innocence to end

SARAH HELM
Brussels
MICHAEL SHERIDAN
London

Willy Claes resigned yesterday as Nato Secretary-General, angrily protesting his innocence, as the search intensified for his successor. In the succession race, Ruud Lubbers, the former Dutch prime minister, appeared to have gained some favour over Uffe Ellermann-Jensen, the former Danish foreign minister, but, according to Nato sources, other figures could still step in.

Mr Claes went down fighting. It was, he said, "political murder". He had had no opportunity to defend himself, he declared: the Belgian system of law was archaic and undemocratic, and the press had been biased from the start. "I am totally innocent. I am convinced I have been unjustly treated." No ordinary citizen would be so unfairly prejudiced — only a politician, he said, as he stepped down from the job he has held for only one year.

He opened his final press conference, at Nato headquarters, with an apparently heartfelt account of the achievements of the alliance in the past year. He focused on the immense task of the summer, when Nato forged its air-strikes policy in Bosnia, and spoke of the need to pursue Nato's enlargement plan, in which he had played an important role as broker. "I have been proud and privileged to serve the alliance, and be part of these endeavours."

But soon he was obliged to turn to the details of his downfall. As he did so, his eloquence



Read all about it: Mr Claes (centre) on his way to Nato headquarters in Brussels yesterday to announce his resignation

Photograph: AP

changed first to bitter accusation, then self-pitying rhetoric, before running on into a long, repetitive rant.

He started his self-defence by attacking the Belgian constitutional law, which he complained, had not been updated since 1831, and allowed a politician to be sent for the trial before an investigation had been completed. He repeated his

claim that the evidence against him contained "no facts, just a few statements" and he complained that he had been refused the right to confront his accusers.

He described the MPs who voted that he face trial for his alleged part in a Belgian government bribery scandal as "150 judges", most of whom had ganged up against him and

voted along party lines. As he spoke of the "personal tragedy" for himself and his family, any sympathy was fast ebbing. "I am an angry man. I do not intend to become a bitter man, despite the injustice to which I have been subjected."

There were moments when it was hard not to feel sympathy with Mr Claes. But at no stage did he concede that his

determination to stay in the job and save his skin might have unnecessarily strung the scandal out, damaging the image of Belgian politics and of Nato. In the end, Willy Claes left the Nato stage with little dignity. In the meantime, the deputy secretary-general, Sergio Belanzino, will stand in.

Britain praised Mr Claes for his service, but the Foreign

Secretary, Malcolm Rifkind, said Nato should move quickly to appoint a successor. Britain will be anxious to see continuity on three important policy themes: Nato intervention in Bosnia, relations with Russia, and expansion to eastern Europe. British officials said London has not given its backing yet to any candidate to succeed Mr Claes.

Few mourn as the blunt Belgian packs his bags

SARAH HELM
Brussels

By all accounts, Willy Claes was a good Nato secretary-general, as Nato secretary-general. He was an efficient administrator and good mediator. Some alliance leaders — particularly the Americans — were sorry to see him go, having lent him public support until the last.

But staff at Nato headquarters had no such sentiments. A blunt Belgian, Mr Claes was not a popular boss. Distant, unpredictable and charmless was

how he was described by many yesterday. In the eyes of proud Nato loyalists, his refusal to resign earlier besmirched the reputation of the alliance.

The Secretary-General has a largely administrative and brokering role. Under alliance rules, the job always goes to a European. The US always appoints the two Nato military chiefs, the supreme allied commanders for the Atlantic and for Europe. If the US can maintain its men at the military pinnacle, it is happy to let the Europeans run the bureaucracy.

The Secretary-General's job is not one that carries the kudos or political clout of some other top international postings, which is why few high-ranking politicians from big countries are interested in the job unless they are thinking of retirement, like Lord Carrington, Secretary-General 1984-1988.

It is often respected politicians from smaller countries who line up for the job, and this time round Uffe Ellermann-Jensen, former Danish foreign minister, and Ruud Lubbers, former Dutch prime minister,

are front-runners. The job clearly carried too little money (£175,000 a year) or prestige to lure Douglas Hurd, the British former Foreign Secretary.

Although 2,000 diplomats and staff work at Nato's Brussels headquarters, most answer to their national delegations. The Nato chief has only a small staff and not much role in initiating policy.

However, as an operational manager the Secretary-General is the linchpin and will play a key role in the task now facing Nato, setting up a peace-en-

forcement force in former Yugoslavia.

The Secretary-General's prime tasks are to act as chairman of the weekly meetings of the North Atlantic Council, the group of 16 Nato ambassadors who gather every Wednesday at the Brussels headquarters, and to heal divisions between member states by proposing compromise. Much Nato diplomacy is carried out directly between capitals, bypassing Brussels altogether.

But Nato headquarters is the only forum where all 16 coun-

tries are represented and regularly meet. The Secretary-General travels the world, mediating. Mr Claes should have been at the UN's 50th anniversary meeting in New York this weekend, where he might have brokered a deal over the command structure for the peace-enforcement force.

Instead, he will be packing his bags and moving out of his official residence on the exclusive Avenue Louise. The last deal he brokered yesterday was to be allowed to stay on in the house for a few more days.

Aids scare over infected surgeon

Paris — A Paris hospital said it had plans to test more than 5,000 people for the AIDS virus after learning that one of its surgeons had been infected for 13 years. The surgeon was unknowingly infected during surgery on a female patient in May 1983, but AIDS was not diagnosed until earlier this year.

Ex-wife to take half of Nobel \$1m

Chicago — Rita Lucas, ex-wife of Robert Lucas, this year's winner of the Nobel Prize in economics, is no fool when it comes to economics herself. Under a clause in their divorce settlement seven years ago, she will get half of her former husband's \$1m award. The clause was due to expire at the end of this month.

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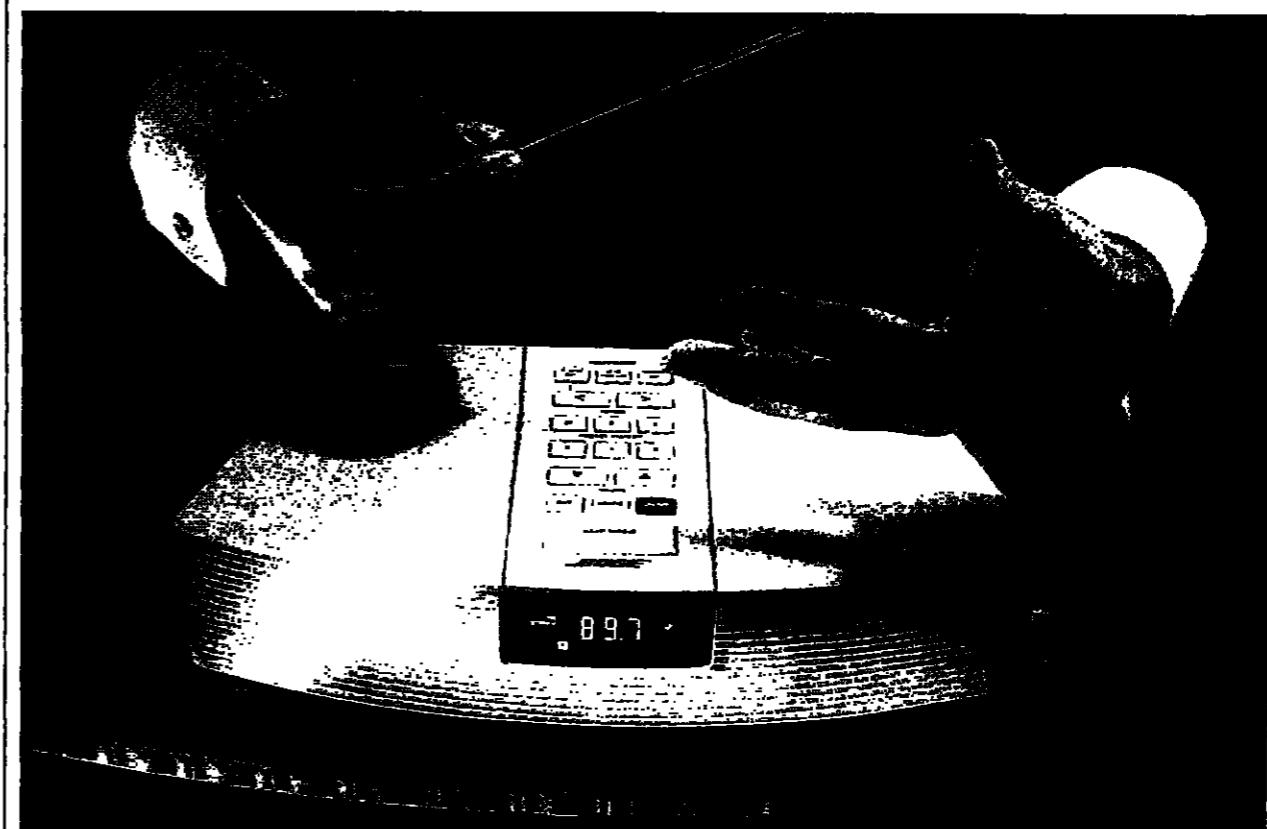
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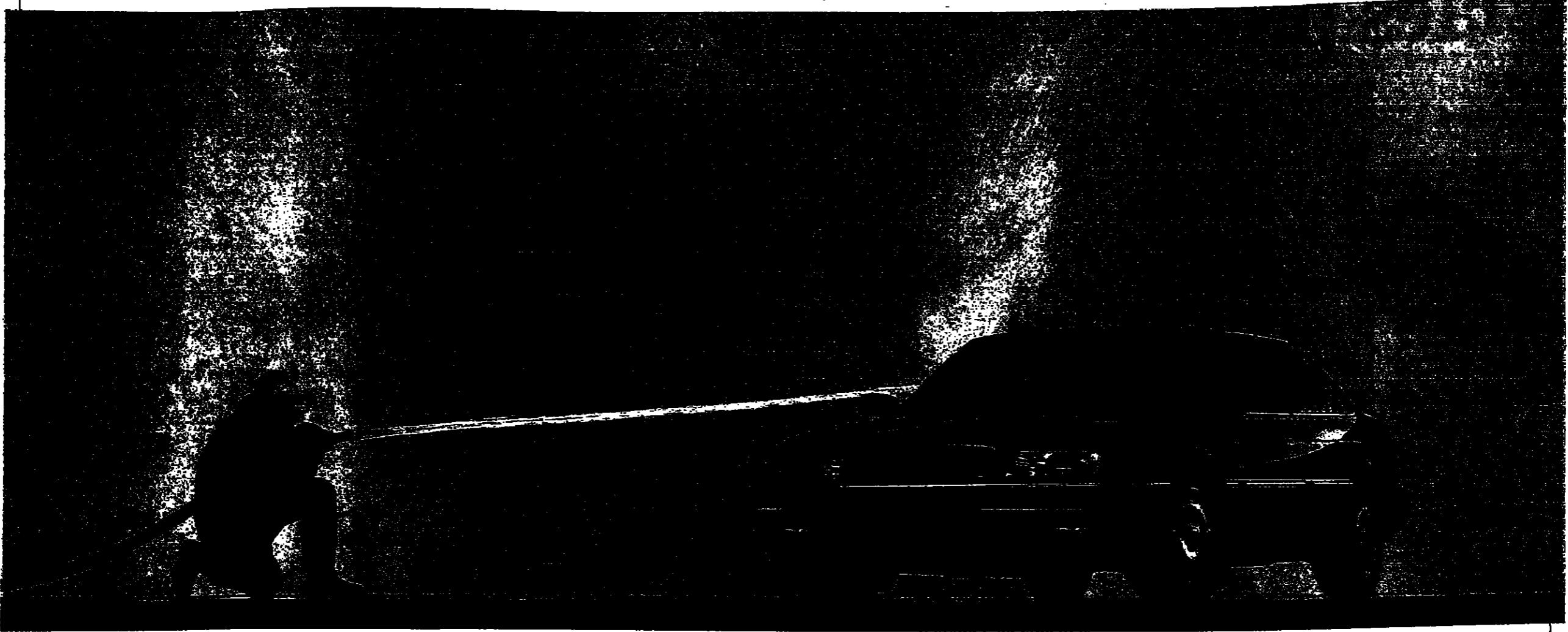
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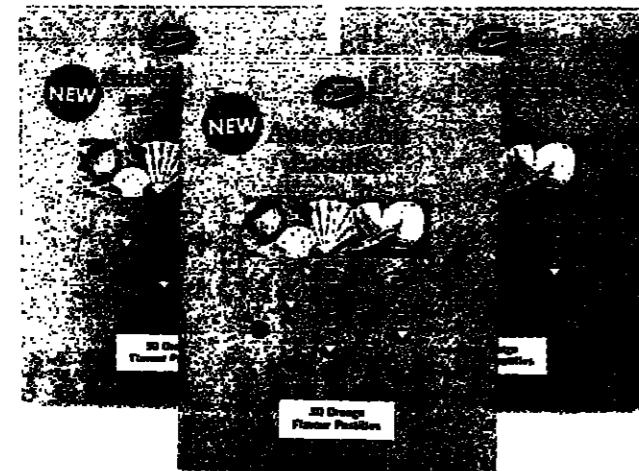
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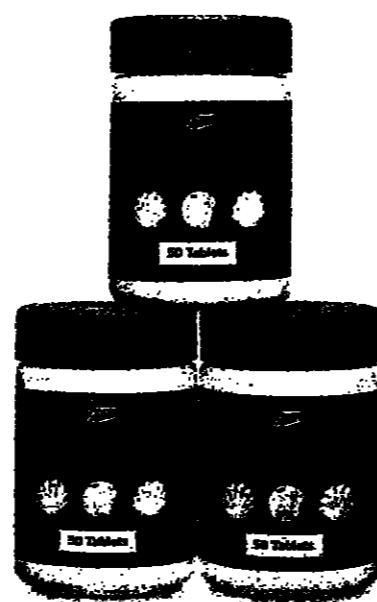


Mission of hope: The crew of the 'Columbia' at Kennedy Space Center, Florida yesterday preparing for the shuttle's seventh launch attempt

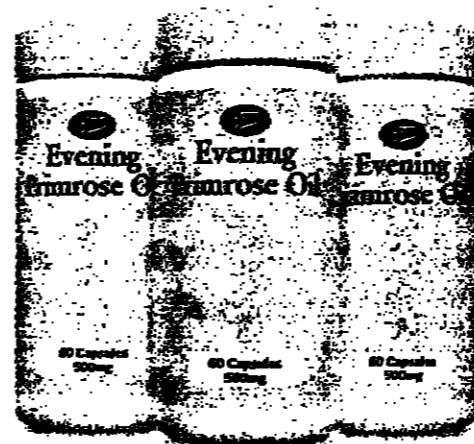
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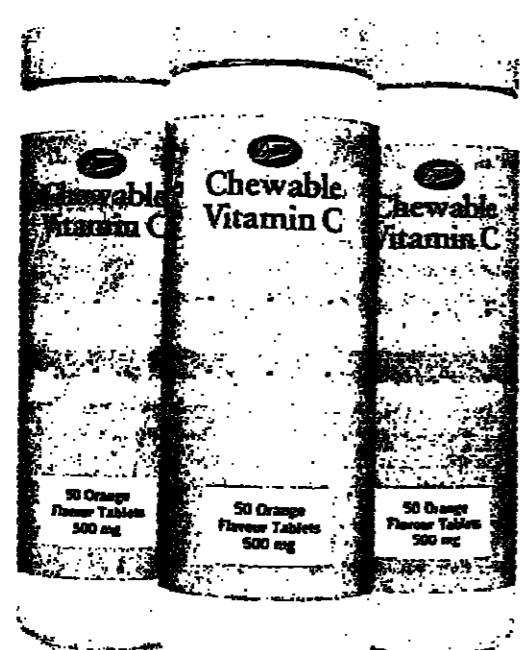
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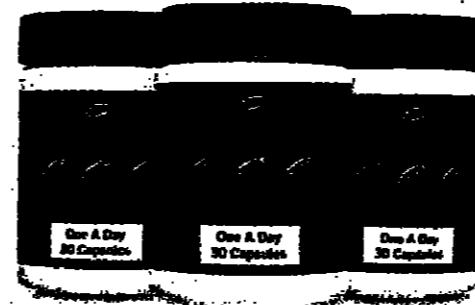
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Yeltsin backs off sacking Kozyrev

PHIL REEVES
Moscow

After delivering a verbal beating to Andrei Kozyrev, his loyal and long-serving Foreign Minister, President Boris Yeltsin yesterday decided to administer the smelling-salts. He indicated that Mr Kozyrev, once the embodiment of the new Russia's pro-Western stance, may not be dismissed after all — at least not yet.

His comments, as he left for France and the US with a smiling Mr Kozyrev at his side, came a day after he caused a flurry in the West by saying he planned to sack the minister as soon as a replacement could be found.

Mr Yeltsin appeared to back-pedal yesterday, saying Mr Kozyrev might well keep his job if a good deputy can be found for him. Taking Mr Kozyrev by the arm and tugging towards the aircraft, he added: "We're flying together, aren't we?"

Mr Yeltsin's strategy appears

to be one of trying to shift the attention of a disgruntled and frustrated Russian public away from himself in the run-up to an election year — a policy he is prepared to pursue even if it badly undermines Mr Kozyrev's credibility on the eve of talks with President Jacques Chirac and President Bill Clinton which are certain to cover key issues such as Nato expansion and Bosnia.

Mr Kozyrev is not the only official to suffer this tactic. Earlier this week Mr Yeltsin delivered a dressing-down to his Defence Minister, Pavel Grachev, by ordering him to attend a libel case in which he is involved. Mr Grachev had earlier said he did not plan to appear, flouting a court order.

The whipping-boy before that was Viktor Chernomyrdin, the Prime Minister, whom Mr Yeltsin snubbed by excluding him from the list of guests who visited the presidential holiday home on the Black Sea this

summer. In Mr Chernomyrdin's case a more sinister force appears to have been at work: a clique led by Mr Yeltsin's two closest aides — Viktor Bykov and his ex-bodyguard Alexander Korzhakov — has been trying to undermine him both because they want their own candidate in his post and because they want Mr Yeltsin, and not Mr Chernomyrdin, to run for the presidency next year.

Mr Kozyrev's fate still hangs in the balance. To some extent, he is more useful in office than in exile, because he provides a punching bag whenever the President wants to try to direct blame away from himself. But the Foreign Minister may eventually weary of this. Under a new law he cannot be both a minister and a member of the State Duma, the lower house, after parliamentary elections in December. He may decide life as an MP is more pleasant than being humiliated before the world by a political bully-boy.

Chirac woos Russia for Bosnia force

MARY DEJESKY
Paris

France initiated a last-ditch attempt yesterday to persuade Russia to take part in the international peace-keeping force for Bosnia, proposing a deal that would overcome the issue of US command. The plan, outlined by the Defence Minister, Charles Millon, was expected to be broached by President Jacques Chirac, in talks with the Russian president, Boris Yeltsin, last night.

Mr Yeltsin, accompanied by his Foreign Minister, Andrei Kozyrev, arrived in Paris in the afternoon for a two-day official visit on his way to the UN General Assembly in New York.

Interviewed by French television earlier this week, Mr Yeltsin ruled out Russian participation in the planned force for Bosnia, objecting to Russian soldiers serving under US or Nato command. The Western participants are keen that Russia should be involved, to preserve the international character of intervention and prevent any overt East-West division in the Balkans.

The suggested French compromise is that Russians should serve in a joint French-Russian division that, theoretically, would be under Nato command but, because of France's special relationship with Nato, would "enjoy a certain autonomy".

Mr Yeltsin is being treated to a top-level, but discreet, reception in France. He was whisked directly from the airport to the chateau at Ramouillet, to the south-west of

Paris, for the first round of his talks with Mr Chirac. He has further talks at the Elysee Palace today.

The two leaders are also expected to discuss the longer-term question of Nato expansion and the Western alliance's relations with Russia. A positive tone was set for the discussions when the chairman of the French National Assembly, Philippe Seguin, said this week that any eastward expansion of Nato would be "an example of what should not be done", and that it would be difficult to interpret such a move as other than "directed against Russia".



Yeltsin: Will not let troops serve under US or Nato

Quite apart from any understandings that may be reached, this Franco-Russian summit is diplomatically valuable to both leaders who have recently come in for much international criticism: Mr Yeltsin over Russia's use of force in Chechnya and Mr Chirac over his decision to resume nuclear testing in the South Pacific.

Nato believes French pilots killed by Serbs

EMMA DALY
Sarajevo

The bizarre "kidnapping" story told by Radovan Karadzic, the Bosnian Serb leader, to explain the disappearance of two French pilots shot down over Bosnia at the end of August and captured by rebel Serbs is almost certainly a sign that the two men are dead, according to Nato sources.

Captain Frederic Chiffot and Lieutenant Jose Souvignier were last seen ejecting from their Mirage 2000 on 30 August as it plunged flaming to the ground close to Mr Karadzic's headquarters at Pale, during Nato air strikes against the Serbs.

Photographs of the two, apparently with leg wounds but alive and in captivity, appeared recently in the magazine *Paris Match*; but President Slobodan Milosevic, the ultimate Serb leader, told the French Foreign Minister, Hervé de Charette, this week that he had no news of the pilots.

As the two met in Belgrade, Mr Karadzic said in Banja Luka that the pilots had been seized

from hospital by an unknown group. "What we know so far is that they have been kidnapped by somebody, and I have given the strongest order for an investigation into what happened," Mr Karadzic said.

The prime suspect for the kind of blackmail opportunity offered by the capture of two Nato airmen — "help us politically or we will kill your pilots" — is Mr Karadzic. French officials have remained extremely tight-lipped about the affair.

"Most people I think, including a lot of the senior French people, actually believe they are dead," one Nato source said. "They believe they were killed by the Serbs, whether deliberately or in an unplanned way. The belief is that they died fairly early on."

The alliance picked up signals from the pilots' location beacon and mounted three rescue missions a week after the jet went down. Nato continued to search from the air. Its senior officials were angered by French tardiness in reporting evidence that the pilots had been captured.

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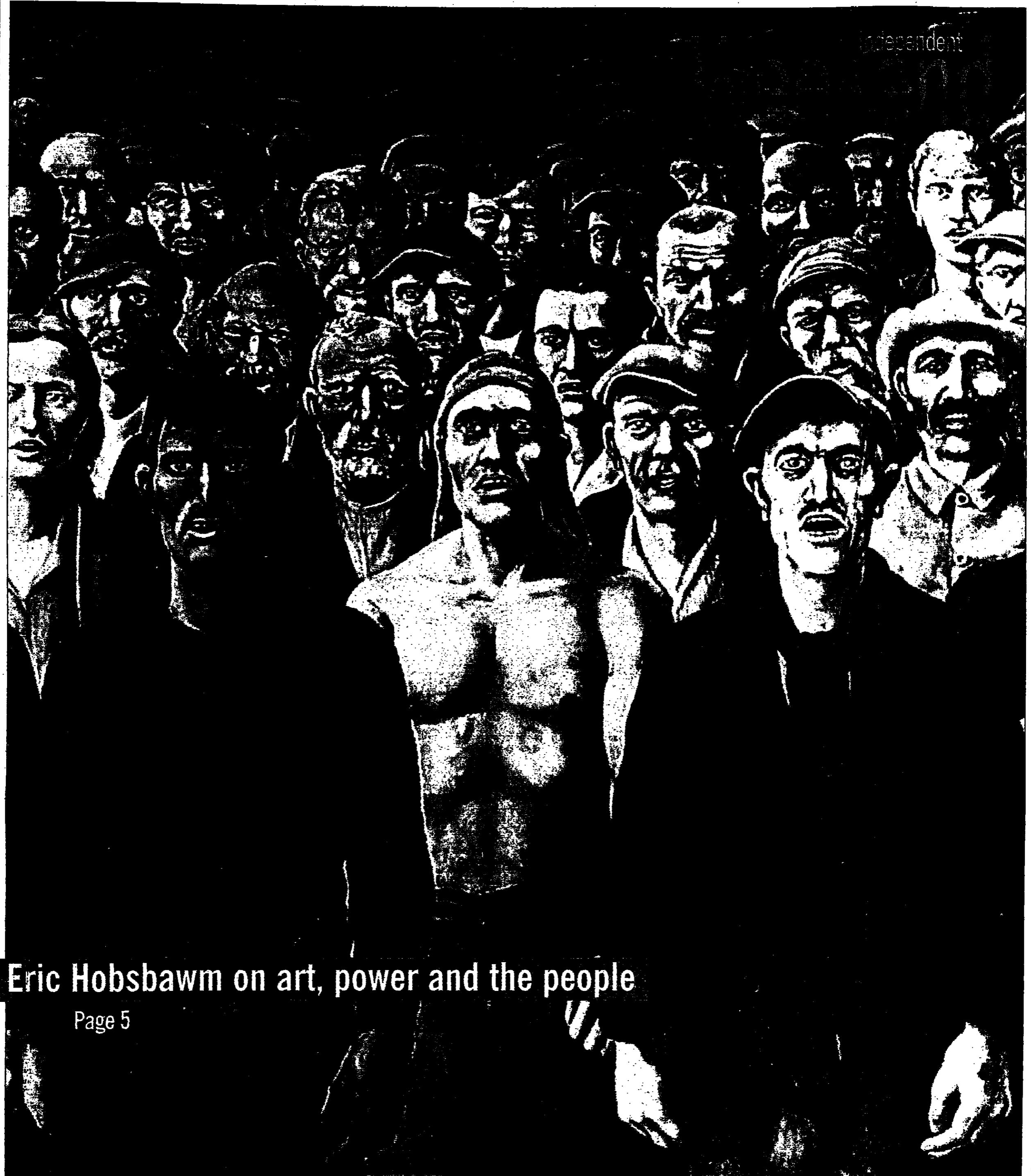
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SATURDAY 21 OCTOBER 1995

I backs off
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Chirac wins Russia for Bosnia from



Eric Hobsbawm on art, power and the people

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**ARTS &
BOOKS**

For in-depth, reasoned argument and literary criticism, the London Review of Books is hard to match. The Sunday Times calls it 'the boldest of the literary journals'. To Clive James it is 'the house magazine of the intellectual élite', while Alan Bennett considers

it simply 'the liveliest, the most serious and also the most radical literary magazine we have'. The London Review of Books is many things, but it is not an easy read. Simply because the issues facing the world today are not easy ones. Here are just a handful of the subjects and authors which have appeared in recent issues: Ross McKibbin (*What Labour must do*), Alan

London Review of Books, 28 Little Russell Street, London WC1A 2HN, England

12 It is said that up to 12.5 million people in Britain could now be suffering from SAD - Seasonal Affective Disorder. I do not think any of them can be gardeners

20 There are plenty of reasons not to travel to Mexico: pollution, crime, earthquakes. But for every reason to be wary, there are many more incentives to go

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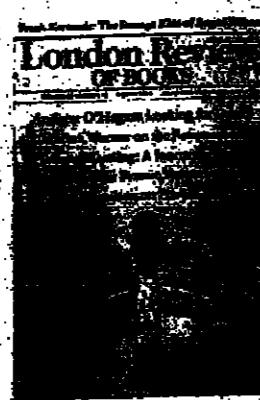
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Way to go
Phyllida Lloyd's
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Congreve
page 4



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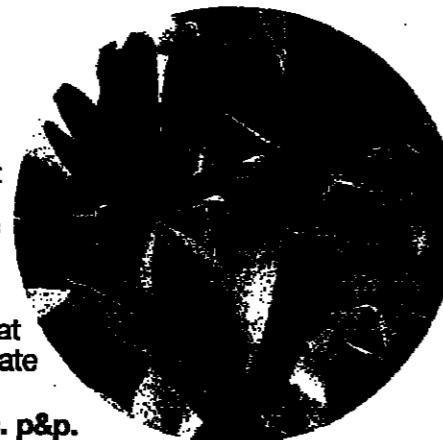
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What is to be wondered at is that this ITV archetype is now a BBC1 fixture. Jim Davidson is part of a BBC culture that embraces 'Pete's Win Prizes' and '999'

variety show of the Fifties and Sixties, *Sunday Night at the London Palladium*.

But Forsyth's roots are firmly in music hall, as was made splendidly clear in his two least successful enterprises - a guest turn in Anthony Newley's cruelly neglected film fantasy *Can Hieronymus Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe and Find True Happiness?* and a one-man stage show designed to launch him on Broadway.

The reinvention of Forsyth in *Beat The Clock* as television's favourite game-show host was achieved by an ITV company, Lew Grade's ATV. The year after *The Generation Game* was born, ATV gave a vehicle to Larry Grayson,

WS Gilbert

of convergence". That point was long ago passed.

It is strange to recall that for many years ITV and the BBC were perceived quite differently. My father, one of the million householders to acquire his first television set in the 12 months after the Queen's coronation, wouldn't have ITV in the house until my complaints that I was unable to play my part in school-break analysis of *77 Sunset Strip* and *The Strange World of Gurney Slade* (Newley again) persuaded him otherwise in 1961. But his middle-class conservative view was widely shared: BBC was

respectable and reliable, ITV was for the council estates.

Which brings us back to Mr Davidson. Inheriting Papa's sensibilities if not his politics,

I have not followed the Davidon career too closely, gathering from trailer-spotting and passing press coverage that such concepts as vulgarity, laddishness, misogyny, alcohol, serial marriage, homophobia, snooker and suchlike unpleasantnesses have tended to attach themselves to his reputation. That he is a product of ITV, specifically *New Faces* (ATV again), is inevitable.

What is to be wondered at is that this ITV archetype is now a BBC1 fixture. He is part of a BBC culture that embraces *Pete's Win Prizes*, *How Do*

They Do That?, *Telly Addicts*, *999*, *Auntie's Bloomers*, *Anne and Nick*, *Bob Monkhouse*, the lottery and that ineffable *Butlin's redcoat*, *Dale Winton*.

As if that did not suffice, every other BBC1 programme now apes ITV in inviting viewers to swell its coffers by ringing an 0891 number and answering a dullard's quiz question ("Who burnt the cakes, Alfred the King, Jason King or Chicken à la King?"). How John "Quality" Birt ever sleeps at night is a mystery.

So I do not drag out the welcome mat for Mr Davidson. He is just one more in a thousand points of convergence.

Thomas Sutcliffe is on holiday

The Coltrane sideshow

For Robbie Coltrane's tough shrink they stand for hours and eat mud. Jim White mingles with extras on the set of 'Cracker'

Cracker didn't pick up 28 significant television awards on its journey into the nation's heart by stinting on the detail. All those little bits add up: the close-ups of Robbie Coltrane, cigarette smoke curling around his brow as he posits his theories at the scene of the crime; the way the camera lingers fractionally longer than is comfortable over an interrogation or a moment of violence; and the way that, during the filming of an episode in the new series which begins tomorrow, Barney the body extra spent two hours in make-up having prosthetic wounds attached to his features to give him the appearance of someone who has been savagely murdered with a broken beer bottle. And this was even though he was going to be filmed exclusively face down in mud.

"I'm well used to it," said Barney as he gingerly re-attached a wound to his slashed face during a break in filming. "I done *GBH2*, a Manchester gangster movie, and I was shot in the eye in that. You know, blood and that everywhere. And I was a thug in a video for 808 State, the band. I usually play a thug or a body. Not that I am, like, a thug."

Barney was one of a dozen extras called up by the producers of *Cracker* one day in the summer to fill in the few gaps on screen that Robbie Coltrane's Fitz doesn't occupy. There were insurance clerks playing WPCs, the bloke who normally acts as a guide at Manchester's Granada Studios Tour kitted out as a bobby and, playing a forensic photographer snapping Barney's final resting place while dressed in a paper boilersuit (bought - this is *Cracker* accuracy - from the outfitters that supply the Met), and there was me.

A film set is probably the biggest waster of productive time invented. There is always something going on, but it rarely involves more than two people at a time. Before any shooting takes place, lighting has to be adjusted, camera angles worked out, sound levels checked. And since the extra is at the bottom of the film-set food chain, it is the extra's time that hangs heaviest: your part in *Cracker's* success is, to be honest, thin.

Thus, on a wet and squally day in August (the programme is filmed in Manchester) I found myself spending a lot of time talking to police officers. Or rather to insurance clerks and guides from Granada Studios' Tour who looked uncannily like the real thing.

"I've had all sorts when I've been dressed in this uniform," said Liz Roberts, who landed her non-speaking, non-acting role as a background bobby after applying to an advert in her local job centre.

"One day I was walking between two locations along the street, still in costume, and this car drew up just in front of me. And this bloke I was at school with stuck his head out of the window and shouted: 'My God, Liz Roberts is a pig!'"

Such is *Cracker*'s thirst for accuracy that the same extras have played the uniformed branch throughout the programme's life: even in the wildest reaches of Michael Howard's imagination, police manpower is limited. So it is only logical that the same faces should crop up in the background:

Like Robbie Coltrane and Geraldine Somerville, who plays Detective Sergeant Jane Penhaligon, therefore, Liz has appeared in all three previous series of the drama. You may not have noticed her, but after her

performance knocking on a door during house-to-house inquiries in one episode, all her mates did.

"I walked into my local the next night," she remembered, "and the entire pub stood there and did a mime

of knocking on the door." Moments like that presumably make it worth spending most of your holiday from your insurance company employer sitting on the bonnet of an ersatz panda car yawning while the first assistant director supervises the construction of a small railway system along which the camera will track. It certainly couldn't be the financial return that persuades people to dress up in paper suits or to fight off their old school chums by impersonating policewomen - £45 for a very long day is the going rate (although Barney the body got more, thanks to an inconvenience allowance for all those prosthetics).

"No, I love it," said Liz Roberts. "I love just being a part of something everybody loves." Not that being an extra is easy.

All that hanging around merely feeds the nerves, which boil in the stomach as you anticipate being responsible for some awful gaffe - dropping your props, or tripping and ripping your paper suit - a cock-up that will surely appear on a show fronted by Denis Norden.

Thus, after two hours of uninterrupted hanging around, the moment the first assistant director called the proper actors on to the set - "positions, luvvies, please" (I kid you not) - it would not have been a surprise had the forensic photographer fainted on the spot.

It is fortunate, then, that *Cracker* involves Robbie Coltrane. The location for the shoot was behind a pub directly underneath platform 14 of Manchester Piccadilly station. The pub had been commandeered as a dressing room.

The first we lower orders were aware of Coltrane was when a commotion started outside the pub. "Yes faggot bash-turd," we could hear a huge Scots voice yelling. "Ah've been thrown out of better pubs than this, yee bash-turd. No one throws me out o' their pub and gezz away wi' it." As heads spun round from every point on the set (and up on platform 14), it quickly became clear this was Coltrane, impersonating a drunk being thrown out of a boozier.

The country's favourite actor, it seems, is a man genetically incapable of being called from his dressing room without making a

Jim White (kneeling, left) and Robbie Coltrane (back) on the set of 'Cracker'

comedy performance out of it.

It didn't stop there. For the rest of the day, he gave a bravura turn for the benefit of the cast and crew. He constantly cracked jokes and told yarns, lifting Geraldine Somerville off her feet in a vast bear-hug one minute, shadow boxing with Ricky Tomlinson (Wise) the next and making the technicians wet their trousers in between.

Even the extras were privy to a Coltrane shaggy dog story (involving a Scotsman and an impromptu operation on the thumbs); a yarn so brilliantly told there was little energy left when it had finished to fuel nerves. With Coltrane around, the scene we had waited so long to film was soon over. It concerned him arriving at a murder site, checking the body ("not too much blood on Barney's head," cautioned the director, "remember the ITC guidelines"), presenting a theory to his unimpressed colleagues as to how it came to be there and then running off to attend to a plot detail which cannot be revealed here

lest it ruin your enjoyment of the programme: roughly two minutes' action from most of a day hanging around.

You wondered, given the staccato manner in which they film the programme, how it achieves the tension, the continuity, the seamless verisimilitude that is its trademark. "I wonder that myself," said Charles McDougall, the director, as the crew enjoyed the biggest perk of film-set life - free gourmet catering after the shooting stops.

"Have you enjoyed yourself by the way? Yeah? Well, you wouldn't if

you had to spend another day hanging around here."

After that it was all over for two fake police officers, three pretend forensics, a couple of bogus undertakers and a body. As this unimpressive army made its way back to the make-up wagon, someone caught sight of Barney's fast-fading wounds. "That looks really, you know, yuck," she said. "You ought to take care, love."

'Cracker' is on Sundays, ITV at 9pm

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Roll the dice and take your chances

The choreographer Merce Cunningham remains, at 76, a serious gambler. And the odds continue to be stacked in his favour. By Sophie Constanti

Tossing a coin can save you all kinds of mental harassment," declares Merce Cunningham, the lines around his eyes and mouth deepening into tangential furrows as a wry smile gives way to laughter. Cunningham, of course, is famous for tossing coins—and throwing dice. For almost half a century, the American choreographer has been using chance as a means of organising choices and making decisions. His dedicated adoption of the *I Ching* – an ancient Chinese text containing 64 hexagrams based on yin and yang symbols—as a basis for chance operations dates back to the Fifties. His initial application of chance methodology to choreographic processes was in 1951 and resulted in *Sixteen Dances for Soloist and Company of Three*. It featured a score by the maverick composer John Cage who, until his death in 1992, was Cunningham's partner and closest artistic collaborator.

If Cage was the mad inventor in that partnership, Cunningham was the intrepid explorer. Working together—and with like-minded associates such as Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg and Christian Wolff—Cunningham and Cage systematically challenged the received idea of interdependency between theatrical elements. For them, movement, sound and decor were separate, independent entities which, during performance, just happened to co-exist in the same space and time. Nowadays, such notions no longer seem radical. Indeed, Bertolt Brecht had rallied against the *Gesamtkunstwerk* in the Thirties. But it was Cunningham who, with steady logic, succeeded in freeing dance from the constraints of music and narrative, and demonstrated that dance needn't be about or rely upon anything but movement itself. In recent years, there has been a growing reaction against the intellectual detachment of Cunningham's approach and a revival of interest in the art of dancing to music. Ironically, Mark Morris, the choreographer at the forefront of this revival, is also the most important American modern dance creator to have emerged since Cunningham. While Morris's choreography—clever as it is—has an immediate, easy appeal, the Cunningham experience has always proved too dry and too esoteric for some viewers: they admire but cannot connect with it; they acknowledge the dances' rhythmic complexities but cannot realise or grasp them. And there are also those who appreciate—or actively dislike—both Cunningham and Morris's work. Even Cunningham's admirers have sometimes felt that, while the dances are veritable angel food, the music (and occasionally the decor) are nearly always the unwanted side dishes.

Although nobody expects dance, decor or noise to bear any relation to each other at a Cunningham performance, the result can still regularly irritate. Sometimes the scores act like some excruciating interference to the dance; sometimes one is able to shut out the noise; sometimes music and dance gel, not in any "dancing to music" sense, but in some unforced, often absurd consensus. This is not surprising given that dance and music rarely bang heads before opening night—that is, the dancers learn the choreography, and the score is prepared separately. It may be going against the whole spirit of Cunningham's work to argue that the music—always an autonomous element—doesn't do the dance any favours. Why should it? But I'd venture that decor and costumes have never impinged on the dance to the same degree as some of Cage's accompaniments and the contributions of other composers such as David Tudor and Takehiko Kosugi. Sometimes the design has been as extraordinarily beautiful as the dance—Rauschenberg's pointillist landscape for *Summerspace*; Warhol's silver, helium-filled cushions for *RainForest*; or Johns's realisation of Duchamp's *The Large Glass* for *Walkaround Time*—sometimes just unnoticeable.

Next week, the Merce Cunningham Dance Company will visit London as part of this year's Dance Umbrella festival. Riverside Studios will host three evenings of what Cunningham calls "Events"—performances in which sections of dance, music and design are mixed up and collaged together. Then the company will shift to Sadler's Wells to dance three works—*Beach Birds*, *Ground Level Overlay* and *CWDSPCR*.

Merce Cunningham was born in Centralia, Washington in 1919—a month before Margot Fonteyn's birth in the equally undistinguished town of Reigate, Surrey. His father was a lawyer and his two brothers also studied law. From the age of 12, Cunningham attended the private dance school of Mrs JW Barrett, a former vaudeville performer. He was more intent on being an actor than a dancer, but as a student at the Cornish School in Seattle, where Bonnie Bird taught dance and John Cage accompanied classes on the piano during the Thirties, Cunningham decided to change course. He was the second man to join Martha Graham's company (the first was Erick Hawkins), and on Cage's persuasion eventually left Graham to concentrate on making and performing his own choreography. Since his first solo recital at the age of 25, Cunningham has created some of the most rewardingly pure and difficult modern dance of the past 50 years.

My meeting with Cunningham takes place in the dimly lit games room of some hotel apartments in Paris. He is sitting on a sofa, his back dancer-straight, his hair a halo of light, untameable frizz, his skin glowing despite the ravages of age. At the age of 76, Cunningham has lost the muscular solidity he once possessed as a dancer; now he's a smaller, more wily figure, whose extremities betray the signs of arthritis. He is friendly and talkative, charming and formal all at once; modern and open-minded, yet quintessentially old-fashioned and discreet. He's also intensely private. Although Cage's name frequently crops up in our conversation, it doesn't open any appropriate

route to asking Cunningham about life without him. And having caught Cunningham on such fine form—thoughtful, enthusiastic, articulate, giggly (given that he has done so many interviews you half expect him to look desperately bored or reel off standard answers to the questions he's been asked hundreds of times before)—it seems wasteful to tear him away from the subject on which, unsurprisingly, he is most volatile: choreography. But while his dances may be models of autonomy (during both creation and performance), it is the flexible, holistic logic of Cunningham's approach to his own life which is at the heart of everything he does. Perhaps he is alluding to Cage when, ostensibly discussing dance composition, he talks about how "life continues and changes. It's not about any one person. It changes on bad levels (with all our problems), but there are interesting levels, too. Take technology and the possibilities there are if you don't pin your mind down to how you think something should go."

Change, chance, technology: the currency of youth? The septuagenarian Cunningham shows no sign of settling into a geriatric com-fit-zone. He is more prolific than choreographers to whom he could be a grandfather (even great-grandfather). In the six years since his company's last repertory season in London, he has made at least 15 works. During the Seventies, he was one of the first choreographers to embrace the new video technology, reconceiving stage works for video in collaboration with film-makers like Charles Atlas and, more recently, Elliot Caplan; and for the past seven or eight years he has been using the computer program Life Forms as a choreographic tool. The Life Forms "dancer" is known as the sequence editor. "It looks like the Michelin man, only not so fat," explains Cunningham, "and what you use are the joints. You can't separate the fingers yet, but otherwise it will do anything you like. I try to work within what I think are human limits, but because of the Life Forms 'time line'—which is constructed not on metre but on camera time of 30 frames per second—you can put in all kinds of things which are not possible for the body to do." At present, Cunningham works on Life Forms in a small back room and brings the information into the studio by memorising it or making notes, and he still demonstrates as much movement as he can manage.

One of the fallacies surrounding Cunningham's foray into computer technology is that he now uses Life Forms to create entire dance works. "I may put in many of the movements but by no means all of them. *Ocean* [originally conceived for the James Joyce / John Cage festival in Zurich in 1991, and designed to be performed in the round with a 112-piece orchestra located on the outer circumference] has maybe one third of movement phrases from the computer." Cunningham was immediately attracted to Life Forms because "it's visual. With other forms of notation you have to know how to read the symbols. But anyone looking at this figure can see it's meant to be a human. And that's the way dancers work: they watch a teacher or choreographer do something and then they attempt

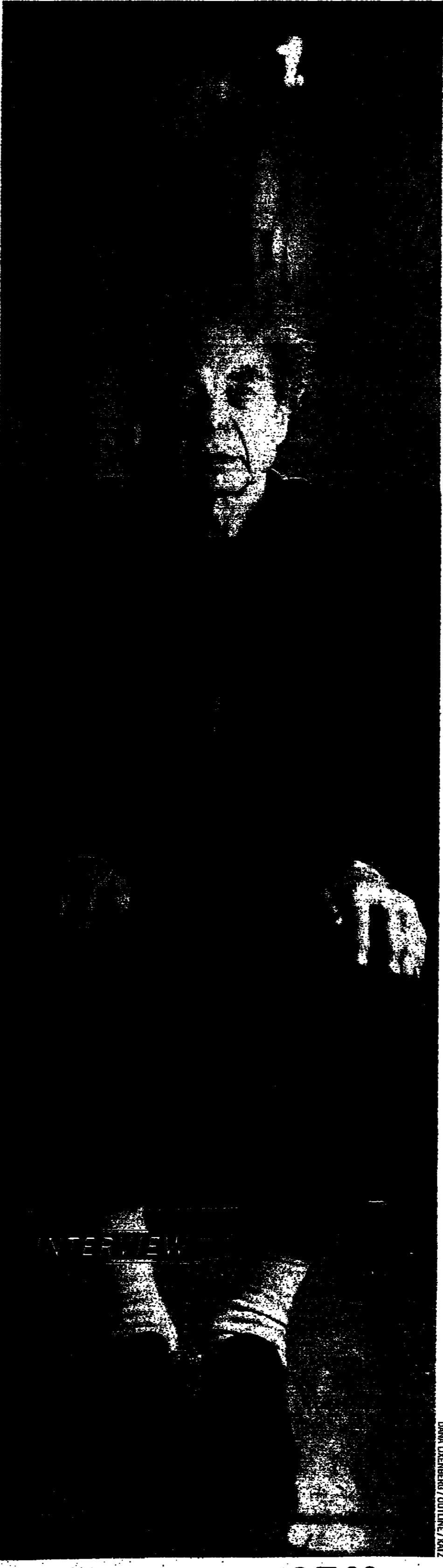
to do it. And Life Forms is three-dimensional, so if you put a shape on a dancer and can't see what the back leg is doing, you just turn it all around. You can look at it from the top, bottom, side—even underneath, I think."

Cunningham's enthusiasm for Life Forms hasn't so much replaced his belief in the value of chance as led to a complex marriage between computer and dice. In "a small, funny store in Minneapolis", the choreographer found eight differently coloured, eight-sided dice. These, he points out, correspond exactly to the *I Ching* (in that $8 \times 8 = 64$). To Cunningham, "using chance operations to make your decisions allows you to examine the possibilities of those decisions rather than merely see them as either good or bad." But this philosophy of limitation-cum-clarification requires a choreographer as great as Cunningham if it is to yield results.

For British audiences who rate Cunningham's work as some of the most stimulating modern dance being produced in the world today, the opportunity to see his company in both Events and repertory is long overdue. Cunningham's choreography combines the lightness and speed of ballet with the flexible spine- and body-part isolations of contemporary techniques, and it has a geometrical and sculptural sophistication that goes beyond both. Yet how does a man who asserts that "dancing is very limited by the human shape" and then, in the next breath, expresses his wonder at how "everybody moves differently" manage to turn both these things to choreographic and pedagogic advantage? "Well, one side is discipline. The other side is freedom." But where do you draw the line? "You don't draw a line," is the short answer. "You put them both together at the same time—or try to!" laughs Cunningham. "You look at the precise way of doing a step, make it as clear as it can be, and then don't insist everybody does it the same way." In every class he teaches, Cunningham tries to give his dancers "something that provokes them... something they can't do easily". He doesn't place any deliberate emphasis on gender difference, preferring instead to observe the contrasting physical abilities of men and women. "For example, women can move in a remarkably beautiful, slow way. I don't see any point in not allowing that because of some idea about unisex or whatever."

For some followers, the high point of a Cunningham company performance is when the choreographer comes on stage for one of his now characteristically brief solos. Cunningham feels that "appear" is a more apt term than "perform" for what he does in the theatre these days. His personal appearances are becoming less frequent due to "age and obvious infirmities", he says. "But I like to be on the stage, I must admit. It's hard to explain that without... some idea about grandeur. When I'm no longer performing, I don't know whether the critics will sigh with relief or regret," chuckles the dancer who made his Paris Opera debut at the age of 72.

The Merce Cunningham Dance company will perform Events at Riverside Studios, London W6 (0181-741 2255) 24-26 Oct; and a programme of three works at Sadler's Wells (0171-713 6000) 28-29 Oct



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arts reviews

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Football Fussball Voetbal

Jasper Rees gets a kick out of footie speak à l'étranger on BBC2

Football Fussball Voetbal, a history of the European game, adopts the philosophy of the penalty shoot-out. You lead off with your best man and, in the hope of getting well ahead, leave the lame and useless till last. So, in the Lineker role, the opener was "written and presented by" Barry Davies. Parts 3 and 9, the Pearce and Waddle slots, will be "botched and bungled by", respectively, Clive Tyldesley and Ray Stubbs.

It was obvious that these were the correct tactics as soon as we chanced upon Barry in a Paris café, nose deep in a copy of *L'Equipe*. What class. Here's a man who can read the European game. Bet he ordered that coffee in the native parlance. He strode up to the spot to slot home a few French names. Easy. The first one hit the post: "Le Keep," he said, referring to the journal in his paws. Steady, Barry, keep your eye on the acute accent. The next went just wide, when the founder of the World Cup was rechristened Jools Rimet. Well, it is an away leg. But then he stubbed his tongue on Reims and walloped it well clear of the bar. Only in your nightmares does Reims rhyme with "dreams".

A week after Gary Lineker's report on Dutch talent-spotting, four days after *Kicking and Screaming*, the BBC clearly felt the time had come for another football documentary. It's not as if there's too much football on the box or anything. Many viewers are still reeling from shock after last Tuesday morning between 4am and 4.15am, when there was no football-related programme on a single channel.

Panic over. Despite mispronunciations, *Football Fussball Voetbal* knows what it's talking about, and talks about it non-stop. Treading that fine line between *People's Century* and *Match of the Seventies*, its success lies in understanding, and treating, the double myopia that afflicts the little Englander, who has scant interest in old footballers and scanner in old foreign footballers. When questioned, eight out of 10 Union Jack owners said Puskas was a brand of cat food.

In Part 1, we covered Spain and Portugal, incorporating a two-second history of the Spanish Civil War. A longer introduction to this Franco chap would have helped, but might have entailed binning the interview with John Toshack. It was a particular pleasure to meet the old Real Madrid hard man Jose Santamaría, and reflect that Vinnie Jones might be that slightly less monstrous (and slightly less Welsh) with a name like Vinnie Virgin Mary. The most surreal bit of all was the French newspaper headline, "Non, Wolverhampton n'est pas encore le champion du monde des clubs". With Graham Taylor at the helm, it could still so easily happen.

Barry, by the way, wasn't the only one getting his lingos crossed. A former Benfica captain remembered waiting for the whistle in a European final. "I started to control the clock," reported the subtitle. ("Controllare" in Italian means "to check"; a fiver says it's the same in Portuguese). Sounds like one of those dirty foreign tricks. No wonder they scored so many goals back then. Reims and reims of them.

theatre The Way of the World, Lyttelton Theatre

Phyllida Lloyd has put her cast in mini-dresses and green shirts. Paul Taylor applauds the actors who refuse to be fashion victims



Kenneth MacDonald and the 'sablimely funny' Geraldine McEwan

Photograph: Stuart Morris

In *The Way of the World*, all the ladies are styled "Mrs", regardless of marital status, but Phyllida Lloyd's updated revival in the Lyttelton is well, more of a miss than a hit – or a Mrs. Perhaps because the director has just had a big success here with *Orton*, who was influenced by the play, Congreve's complicated comedy of intrigue over inheritance, contracts and female freedom has been deposited in a high fashion no-man's-land, a Sixties retro-chic world where skimpy mini-dresses are sported with full farthingales, black stockings and cruel heels and where it's considered legal for men to wear lime-green shirts. Typically, instead of in St James's Park, the first scene of Act 2 now takes place at a "Rosamond Pond Retrospective" where the various scheming couples have to stop and pretend to look at Ms Pond's abstract daubs whenever one of her understandably scarce fans pauses in that part of the gallery for a gawp.

The broad temporal relocation does not seem to me to run directly counter to the meaning of the play as it did in Lloyd's recent dystopian *Threepenny Opera*, where the replacement of petit bourgeois snobbery and violence by *Crimewatch 2000* inter-face yobbery and violence destroyed Brecht's point that the values of criminals are interchangeable with those of the middle classes. Here, the updating simply fails to justify itself by throwing a new light on the sexual politics of the piece, while Lloyd's efforts to clarify and whip up interest in the narrative element (showing us various offstage marriages and arrests to jolty-urgent incidental music) are almost touching, given the stubborn way Congreve's plot continues to make three-dimensional chess seem like a game of snap.

The cast is a decidedly mixed blessing. Mirabell is supposed

to have reformed after an intriguing rakish past, but Roger Allam plays him as though he'd just emerged from a stint as a more than usually stodgy and sententious vicar. Millamant's prevarication over committing herself, conveyed with a delightfully self-parodic capriciousness in Fiona Shaw's performance, becomes all too understandable. In the famous scene where they make their detailed marriage contract, the two of them seem to be in separate plays. Shaw's intensity as she shudders at the thought of children or "twindles" to the ground as a neat pile of mockingly prostrate obedience at Allam's feet seems to push the piece, at moments, beyond comedy into almost proto-Ibsenite territory. It's about time she gave us Beatrice.

Excellent in a less controversial manner are Sian Thomas's splendid Marwood, a slyly villainous bird of prey and Geraldine McEwan's sablimely funny Lady Wishfort. Decked out in a puffed riot-of-roses minidress, this scrawny, superannuated crone is given to hilarious little girlish gambols across the stage and tossings of the head. The joke is that she seems to be quite taken in by this show of beamed innocence herself. There's no mistaking the raddled hominess, though, whee, as she reassures Sir Rowland that there is not the "least scruple of carnality" in her designs; her normal egad-style bray swoops down to a throbhingly concupiscent contralto. Watching her practise alluring ways of rising in confusion from a couch, you realise just how gracefully Nancy Reagan and Barbara Cartland have consented to grow old. Wishfort here winds up a tipsy wreck, left out among the binbags where McEwan should end up is on the short list for an award.

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opera

The Fairy Queen

Crass? Vulgar? Magic! Nick Kimberley on ENO's dream production of Purcell

T he Purcell tercentenary celebrations have subjected the composer's stage works to all kinds of treatment, but nothing so crass and vulgar as David Pountney's new English National Opera staging of *The Fairy Queen*. Well, no one ever accused Pountney of subtlety, but the fact that the show is wonderful suggests that Purcell is big enough to withstand, perhaps even demand, rough handling and nothing that we see sins against the spirit of the piece, which has its own delightful crassness and vulgarity.

The Fairy Queen was written as a sequence of masques to be inserted into a performance of a bowdlerised text of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and estimates of how long a complete performance would run vary between four and six hours. That's rather longer than we feel comfortable with these days, nor would we take too well to hearing what was done to Shakespeare's text back in 1692. Yet a performance within the original play is not quite right either.

Something has to be done if *The Fairy Queen* is to have a stage-life and Pountney does it. All of it. Just as Purcell's masques sometimes relate to Shakespeare, at other times go their own merry way, so Pountney devises a story for the masques to tell, a story blending Shakespeare, Purcell and Pountney in unequal measure. Men dress up as women, poets get drunk and try to take over the conductor's podium and – you're not going to believe this – the fairy queen herself falls in love with a donkey. With a seething mass of non-singing supplements, choreographed by Quinny Sacks, the eye is never sure what to watch, but Pountney's showmanship ensures that, wherever we look, there is something worth seeing.

Titania (Yvonne Kenny) and Oberon (Thomas Randle) argue over the Indian Boy (the dancer Arthur Pita) while all around them all kinds of amorous mayhem break out. Jonathan Best's Drunken Poet, a masterpiece of exact comic observation, is not too far gone to attract Michael Chance's Dick; Janet and John get it on; and only Richard Van Allan's Theseus, a "curmudgeon" bearing a marked resemblance to Michael Tippett, seems unwilling to join in the fun.

It's all a long way from authentic baroque, yet the spectacle's sheer exuberance might not have gone amiss at the Dorset Garden Theatre 300-odd years ago. Robert Israel's sets and Dumya Ramicova's *Cary On Camping* costumes play their part and Quinny Sacks's choreography keeps the comic heart pumping. None of it would work if the performers were anything less than completely committed.

The cast lists to a page-and-a-half in the programme and there wasn't a dull performance to be seen: Pountney is a dab hand at rallying huge numbers. Not all the singing was as crisp as modern Purcellian practice demands and Nicholas Kok's conducting sometimes allowed the rhythms to slacken, but all of that will improve as the run progresses. Just when Purcell was in danger of being embalmed as National Heritage, this riotous production comes to rescue him from that fate far worse than death.

In repertoire to 23 Nov at ENO, London Coliseum, WC2. Booking: 0171-632 8300

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID LEWIS

THE WEEK IN REVIEW
David Benedict

THE EXHIBITION
AFRICA: THE ART OF A CONTINENT

KEY

	EXCELLENT
	GOOD
	OK
	POOR
	DEADLY

OVERVIEW

critical view

On view

OUR VIEW

Review by David Benedict

Exhibition by David Benedict

Photo by David Benedict

BRITTEN AND FRANCE.

Fairest Isle

BRITTEN PLUS AT THE WIGMORE HALL. THE COMPLETE SONGS OF BENJAMIN BRITTEN PERFORMED IN A MAJOR SERIES OF RECITALS. TOMORROW ON RADIO 3, HIS FRENCH FOLKSONGS, 4.05PM-5.45PM.

5 000 RADIO 3
90-93 FM

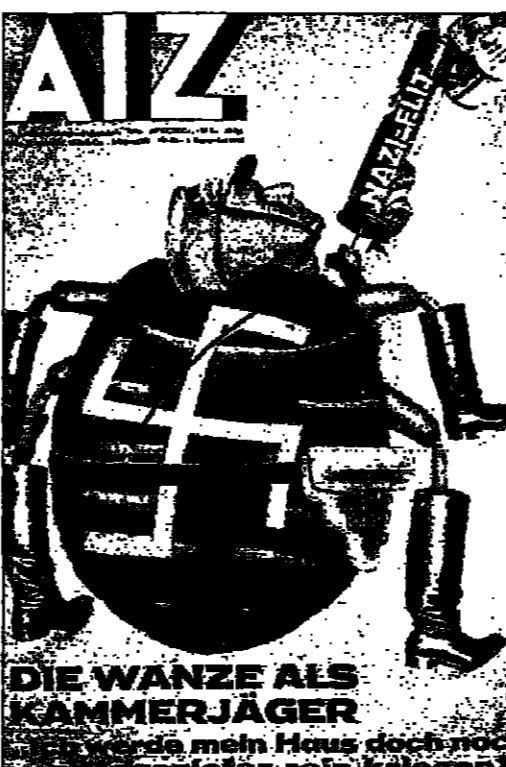
من المهم



Images of power...
Against it, above:
'Let's Squash Fascism', Pare Català i Pic, 1936
(IVAM, Valencia)
Power as public theatre: left,
'Long Live the Constitution',
Alexander Rodchenko, 1936
(Rodchenko & Stepanova
Archive, Moscow),
and right, the international
regatta on the Seine, 1937
(Archive of Modern Conflict,
London)



The state flexes its muscles. Left:
Arno Breker in his
studio working on
'Prometheus',
1933 (Wiener
Library, Vienna)
... and for the
opposition, right:
'The Bug as Pest
Controller', John
Heartfield, 1933
(Akademie der
Künste, Berlin/
photo: Roman
März)



Art of darkness

Dictators don't know much about art, but they know what they like: its power to deceive, to flatter, to rewrite the past and reinvent the present. The historian Eric Hobsbawm considers the dangerous alliance of art and power

Art has been used to reinforce the power of political rulers and states since the ancient Egyptians, though the relationship between power and art has not always been smooth. A new exhibition, *Art and Power*, illustrates probably the least happy episode in this relationship in the 20th century, in what has been called the "Europe of the Dictators", between 1930 and 1945.

Most of the regimes with which this show is concerned consciously and deliberately broke with the immediate past. Whether this radical break was made from the political right or left is less important than that such regimes saw their role, not as maintaining or restoring or even improving their society, but as transforming and reconstructing it. They were not landlords of old buildings but architects of new ones. They were ruled, or came to be ruled, by absolute leaders whose command was law. Moreover, although these regimes were the opposite to democratic, they all claimed to derive from and operate through "the people" and to lead and shape them.

These common characteristics distinguished both Fascist and Communist regimes in this period from the older states, in spite of their fundamental differences and mutual hostility. In them, power not only made enormous demands on art, but art found it difficult or even impossible to escape the demands and controls of political authority. Not surprisingly, an exhibition on art and power in this period is dominated by the arts in Hitler's Germany (1933-1945), Stalin's USSR (c. 1930-1953) and Mussolini's Italy (1922-1945).

There are three primary demands that power usually makes on art, and which absolute power makes on a larger scale than more limited authorities. The first is to demonstrate the glory and triumph of power itself, as in the great arches and columns celebrating victories in war ever since the Roman Empire.

The second major function of art under power was to organise it as public drama. Ritual and ceremony are essential to the political process, and, with the democratisation of politics, power increasingly became public theatre, with the people as audience and - this was the specific innovation of the era of dictators - as organised participants. The importance of art for power lay not so much in the buildings and spaces themselves, but in what took place inside them. What power required was performance in the enclosed spaces, elaborate ceremonies (the British became particularly adept at inventing royal rituals of this kind from the late 19th century onwards); and, in the open spaces, processions or mass choreography.

A third service that art could render power was educational or propagandist: it could teach, inform and inculcate the state's value system. Power clearly needed art in this period. But what kind of art? The major problem arose out of the Modernist revolution in the arts in the last years before the Great War, which produced styles and works designed to be unacceptable to anyone whose tastes were, like most people's, rooted in the 19th century. They were, therefore, unacceptable to conservative and even to conventional liberal governments. One might have expected regimes dedicated to breaking with the past and heralding the future to be more at ease with the avant-garde. However, there were two difficulties which were to prove insurmountable.

The first was that the avant-garde in the arts was not necessarily marching in the same direction as the political radicals of right or left. Probably the Soviet revolution and rebellion against the war attracted many to the radical left, although in literature some of the most talented writers can only be described as men of the extreme right.

The German Nazis were not entirely wrong to describe the

Modernism of the Weimar Republic as "cultural Bolshevism". National Socialism was therefore a priori hostile to the avant-garde. In Russia, most of the pre-1917 avant-garde had been non-political or doubtful about the October Revolution which, unlike the 1905 revolution, made no great appeal to Russian intellectuals. However, thanks to a sympathetic minister, Anatoly Lunacharsky, the avant-garde was given its head, so long as artists were not actively hostile to the Revolution. It dominated the scene for several years, although several of the avant-garde's less politically committed stars gradually drifted westwards.

The Twenties in Soviet Russia were desperately poor, but culturally vibrant. Under Stalin this changed dramatically.

The only dictatorship relatively at ease with Modernism was Mussolini's (one of whose mistresses saw herself as a patroness of contemporary art). Important branches of the local avant-garde (for example the Futurists) actually favoured Fascism, while most Italian intellectuals not already strongly committed to the left did not find it unacceptable, at least until the Spanish Civil War and Mussolini's adoption of Hitler's racism. It is true that the Italian avant-garde, like most of the Italian arts at the time, formed a somewhat provincial backwater. Even so, it can hardly be said to have dominated. The brilliance of Italian architecture, later discovered by the rest of the world, had little chance of emerging. As in Hitler's Germany and Stalin's Soviet Union, the mood of official Fascist architecture was not adventure, but pompous rhetoric.

The second difficulty was that Modernism appealed to a minority, whereas the governments were populist. On ideological and practical grounds they preferred arts that would appeal to the public, or at least be readily understood by it. This was rarely a top priority for creative talents who lived by innovation, experiment and, quite often, by provoking those who admired the art displayed in official Salons and Academies.

Power and art disagreed most obviously over painting, as the regimes encouraged works in older academic, or, at any rate, realistic styles, preferably blown up to large size and filled with heroic and sentimental clichés - in Germany, adding a little male erotic fantasy. Even in broad-minded Italy, official prizes such as the Premio Cremona of 1939 (with 79 contestants) were won by what could almost serve as a photofit portrait of public painting in any dictatorial country - perhaps not surprisingly, with such subjects as "Listening to a speech by Il Duce on the radio". How, then, are we to judge the art of the dictators? The years of Stalin's rule in the USSR and of the Third Reich in Germany show a sharp decline in the cultural achievement of these two countries, compared to the Weimar Republic (1919-1933) and the Soviet period before 1930. In Italy, the contrast is not so great, as the pre-Fascist period had not been one of such creative brilliance - nor, unlike Germany and Russia in the Twenties, had Italy been a major international style-setter. Admittedly, unlike Nazi Germany, Stalin's Russia and Franco's Spain, Fascist Italy did not drive out its creative talents *en masse*, force them into silence at home or, as in the worst years of Stalin, kill them. Nevertheless, compared to the cultural achievements and international influence of post-1945 Italy, the Fascist era does not look impressive. One has only to compare the Fascist plan for Rome's rail station - fortunately it did not get far - with what was actually constructed after 1945.

What power destroyed or stifled in the era of the dictators is more evident than what it achieved. These regimes were better at stopping undesirable artists creating undesirable works than at finding good art to express their aspirations.

Dictatorships were not the first to want buildings and monuments to celebrate their power and glory, nor did they add much to the traditional ways of achieving these objects. And yet, it does not look as though the era of the dictators produced official buildings and vistas comparable with, say, the Paris of the two Napoleons, 18th-century St Petersburg or that great song of triumph to mid-19th-century bourgeois liberalism, the Vienna Ringstrasse.

It was harder for art to demonstrate the dictators' ability to change the shape of their countries. The antiquity of European civilisation deprived them of the most obvious way of doing so: the building of entirely new capital cities like 19th-century Washington and 20th-century Brasília. (The only dictator who had this opportunity was Kemal Atatürk in Ankara.) Engineers symbolised world change better than architects and sculptors. The real symbol of Soviet planned change was "Dnieprostroi", the much-photographed great Dnieper dam. The most lasting stone memorial to the Soviet era (unless the distinctly pre-Stalinist Lenin Mausoleum on Red Square manages to survive) is, almost certainly, the Moscow Metro. As for the arts, their most impressive contribution to expressing dictatorial aspiration was the (pre-Stalinist) Soviet cinema of the Twenties - the films of Eisenstein and Pudovkin and Victor Turin's unjustly neglected epic of railway building, *Turkestan*.

But dictators also wanted art to express their ideal of "the people", preferably at moments of devotion to, or enthusiasm for, the regime. This produced a spectacular quantity of terrible paintings, distinguished from each other chiefly by the face and costume of the national leader. In literature, the results were less disastrous, though seldom worth turning back to. It was photography and above all film that lent themselves most successfully to the aims of power in this respect.

Lastly, the dictators wished to mobilise the national past on their behalf, mythologising or inventing it where necessary. For Italian Fascism the point of reference was ancient Rome, for Hitler's Germany a combination of the racially pure barbarians of the Teutonic forests and medieval knighthood, for Franco's Spain the age of the triumphant Catholic rulers who expelled unbelievers and resisted Luther. The Soviet Union had more trouble taking up the heritage of the tsars which the Revolution had, after all, been made to destroy, but eventually Stalin also found it convenient to mobilise this episode, especially against the Germans. However, the appeal to historic continuity across the imagined centuries never came as naturally as in the dictatorships of the right.

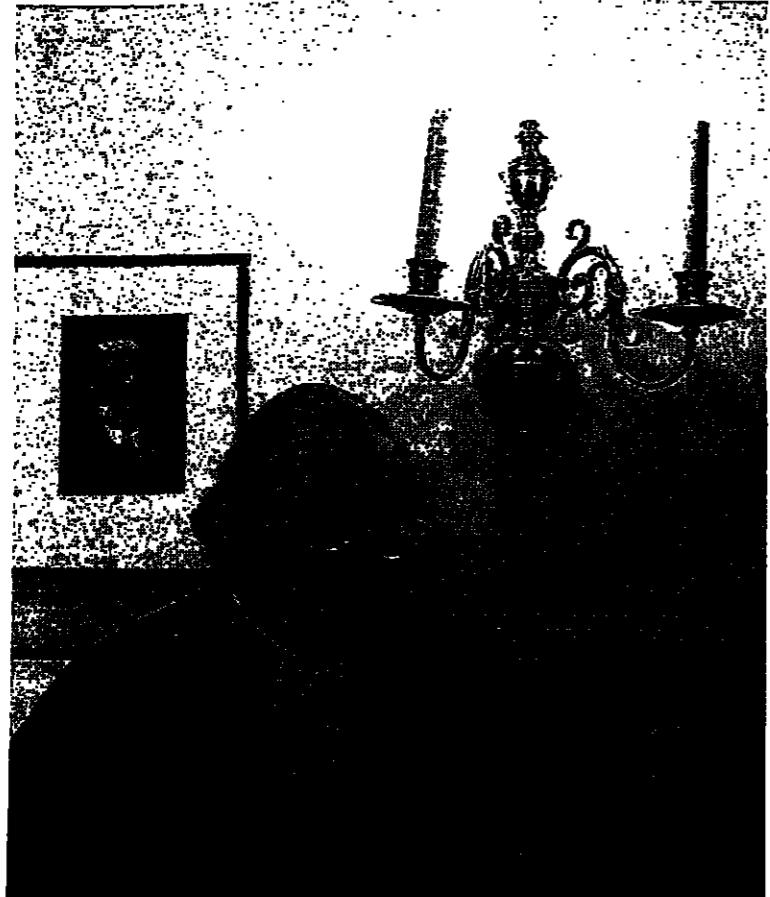
How much of the art of power has survived in these countries? Surprisingly little in Germany, more in Italy, perhaps most (including the magnificent post-war restoration of St Petersburg) in Russia. Only one thing has gone from all of these countries: power mobilising art and people as public theatre. This is the most serious impact of power on art between 1930 and 1945, disappeared with the regimes that had guaranteed its survival through the regular repetition of public ritual. The Nuremberg Rallies, the May Day and Revolution Anniversaries on Red Square, were the heart of what power expected from art. They died forever, along with that power. States which realised themselves as show-politics demonstrated their and its impermanence. If the theatre-state is to live, the show must go on. In the end it did not. The curtain is down and will not be raised again.

© Eric Hobsbawm 1995.
This is an edited extract from the foreword to the catalogue for *Art and Power: Europe under the Dictators 1930-1945* published by the Hayward Gallery at £19.95. The exhibition runs from 26 Oct to 21 Jan.

arts

The fate of thousands of British museums is determined by a select group of well-heeled, well-connected men and women

Jonathan Glancey trails the thoroughly civilised (and thoroughly effective) members of the Museums and Galleries Commission



Well-intentioned: Museums and Galleries Commission members Graham Greene, Lady Anglesey and Lady Cobham

Photographs: Edward Webb

So, exactly how many visitors do you get?" asks Admiral Sir John Kerr of Patricia Osborne, chair of the trustees of the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks. "3,000." "Ah, that'll be 3,000 a..." "A year," says Mrs Osborne without embarrassment, "but we have great plans to increase this to 15,000."

Sir John Kerr tries to imagine 15,000 people a year trampling up the narrow stairs of one of the country's smaller and less well-endowed museums. Sir John likes to ask this sort of question and to ponder the ramifications of the answers. As a former commander-in-chief Naval Home Command, Sir John is something of an expert on logistics. Which is why from this year he is chairman of the Audit Committee of Lancaster University and one of the commissioners of the Museums & Galleries Commission (MGC). It is in this latter capacity that Sir John is marching around the Cowper and Newton Museum, in company with fellow commissioners.

Sir John and crew sail in state fashion along creaking floorboards, asking pertinent questions, making helpful suggestions and generally lending a sympathetic ear. They are part of a national body of the influential and the good who keep a weather eye on Britain's museums. This is the third local museum they have visited over the past two days as part of their regular round-up of the nation's total of 2,000.

"Commissioners make two visits a

year to selected parts of the UK," says Timothy Mason, director of the MGC. "These tours provide a good opportunity to find out what is happening on the ground and to meet museum staff together with members of museum governing bodies and representatives."

The MGC is the government's official adviser on museum policy in the UK and its 15 unpaid members chaired by the avuncular Graham Greene, a Trustee of the British Museum and former chairman of a number of publishing companies including Chatto, Bodley Head and Jonathan Cape, are appointed by the Prime Minister.

"Museums are a very serious part of our economy as well as our culture," says Mr Greene, "so the politicians can't afford to ignore them even if they wanted to. Of course, they also find it a relief to talk about the acquisition of a Titan for the nation after a round of heavy talks on interest rates and unemployment."

Unpaid, hard-working and wearing their combined learning behind a gentle and almost self-deprecating manner, the commissioners of the MGC are, it must be said, a delight to spend an afternoon with and the least frightening "inspectors" imaginable. They can, however, help make or break museums, proffer grants and, today, guide hungry curators in the direction of Lottery funding through either the Millennium Commission or the National Heritage Memorial Fund.

Kindly they may be. But the gang of 15 do not miss a trick. Between them, they have covered many senior

jobs in industry, the arts and museums. Eagle-eyed Dame Margaret Weston, an electrical engineer by training, was director of the Science Museum from 1973-86. She is a trustee of the Fleet Air Arm Museum, Yeovil and a proactive chairman of the Horniman Museum and Public Garden Trust.

Alan Warhurst was director of the Manchester Museum from 1977-93

and driving spirit behind the MGC's initiative to register all Britain's museums so that they can meet and maintain certain standards.

The Baroness Brigstocke was High Mistress of St Paul's Girls' School from 1974-89 and was Governor of the Royal Ballet School during much of the same period. If central school of casting was to pick a grand headmistress, Baroness Brigstocke would fit the bill perfectly. Today, she listens to curators' problems much as she must have lent an ear to teachers and Paulinas some years ago.

The list goes on, impressively so, but that is enough for now, as we troop up the stairs of the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney.

The museum is, as Sir John Kerr might be inclined to say, rather a rum affair. Ostensibly, this rambling pair of stone cottages fronted with a unifying and grand brick facade (1740s) is dedicated to preserving the memory of the poet Cowper and the former slavetrader-turned-clergyman Newton. It was in the summer house (or perhaps the greenhouse) in the walled garden of this odd house that rather forgotten poems like "John Gilpin" and stirring hymns like

"Amazing Grace" were peened. Cowper (pronounced Cooper, say half the staff; the others plump for Cowper) and Newton were obsessive penpals, but they are little known today outside the confines of Olney.

So, as if to widen its appeal, the museum has built up a collection of dinosaur bones, excavated locally, and locally made lace. A team room will open soon, staffed by unpaid volunteers.

A Victorian kitchen superintended by a pouting blonde mannequin (masquerading as a lacemaker) has been installed, not because Cowper and Newton (Georgians both) cooked their suppers in a Victorian kitchen, but because the trustees thought it an interesting addition.

The commissioners sip tea and hum and hah politely. They are jolly tactful. "Oh, we have to be very tactful," says Mr Greene. "We see many museums like the Cowper and Newton.

They are getting on a bit [the Cowper and Newton is about to celebrate its centenary] and sometimes have got a little confused or rather lost their way. But, the enthusiasm of those who give their time to run them is infectious. Our aim is to help them in every way we can."

"Perhaps they could put the dinosaur bones in a garden pavilion," says Margaret Weston. "That way they could have their cake and eat it while maintaining the integrity of the museum's original purpose."

"But a lot comes down to money," says the Marchioness of Anglesey as we get back on the coach and head back to a reception at Chicheley Hall.

"They've had a bit of a problem with

a glorious Baroque pile where the commissioners have been staying overnight. There are 2,000 museums, many of them rather poor. Sometimes a tiny sum of money makes all the difference. Just think of the revenue of the Cowper and Newton."

I think. Three thousand times £1.50 equals £4,500.

"Yesterday," says Jack Baer, former chairman of Hazlitt, Gooden & Fox, and an expert in acquiring works of art for museums in lieu of tax and duty. "we visited Waddesdon Manor, the Rothschilds' Victorian mansion. They've just had a new lighting system installed to light the paintings. Extraordinarily good. But, then you see, the Rothschilds are not exactly short of a penny. So, we do get to see the extremes."

The museums themselves are grateful for the attention paid them by the MGC. "Two-thirds of British museums," says Alan Warhurst, "are now registered with the MGC. We can offer expertise in many areas, not least security measures and how to get artworks in lieu of death duties.

"Most museums aspire to join us because of the practical help we can give them and the ways in which we can introduce them to all sorts of people who might be able to help."

Local politicians, as well as curators, know that the MGC can make connections in high places that they would be unlikely to make themselves. So, naturally, they turn out in force on the stroke of six at Chicheley Hall for a reception. Wine and canapés are served in the grand entrance hall.

"They've had a bit of a problem with

the ceiling," says Admiral Kerr. So they have. Designed by William Kent and a bit of a museum piece itself, the ceiling collapsed after a guest left a bath running.

Under the drooping Kent ceiling, flesh is pressed, wine quaffed and introductions made. Everyone has high praise for the revamped Buckinghamshire County Museum in the mutilated centre of nearby Aylesbury and high hopes that the Museum of Industry and Rural Life, Wolverton will get a bit of a nourishment from the weighty Millennium pot.

Tomorrow, there is another closed-doors MGC meeting (09.15-12.30), lunch at Chicheley Hall (12.30-13.30) under another grand ceiling, visits to the Natural History Museum, Tring (14.15) and the Walter Rothschild Zoological Museum, tea and biscuits (16.00) and the train from Tring back to London (arr Euston 17.34).

The MGC commissioners, unpaid, hard-pressed, individualistic and enthusiastic come across as just the sort of body to which one can trust the development of our small and local museums. Between them they have no axe to grind, no hidden paymaster and have got to the stage in life (some older, some younger) when they are past the stage of need for political manoeuvring.

Of course, the big question remains unanswered (at least by MGC commissioners): how many more museums do we need? "Now, there you've stumped me," says Admiral Kerr, still thinking about how 15,000 goes into the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks.

DJANGO BATES & HUMAN CHAIN

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- 24 Manchester Festival RNCM 0161 273 4504
- 26 Leeds Irish Centre 0113 2608301
- 27 Birmingham Midland Arts Centre 0121 440 4221
- 28 Exeter Arts Centre 01392 421111
- 29 Crawley Hawth Centre 01293 553636

NOVEMBER

- 9 Colchester Arts Centre 01206 577301
- 16 Southampton Turner Sims 01703 595151
- 17 Brentford Watermans 0181 568 1176
- 18 Leicester Phoenix 0116 2554854
- 22 Derby Guildhall 01332 255800



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It is not hard to spot the drunken, scary, homeless person at the glamorous First Night Art Party. He or she is usually readily identified, isolated and dealt with, and thus prevented from sullying our aesthetic enjoyment. But tonight, when the man with the tattooed hand starts yelling: "You're all a bunch of toffie-nosed bastards" before falling into a plate of grilled-cheese finger dips, we smile benignly – for he is probably one of the artists on view.

We are at St Martin-in-the-Fields' catacomb cum chic art gallery and cafe complex (can you think of anything worse than being laid to rest in an exclusive London burial ground, only to discover, 200 years later, that your decayed corpse is wedged between the rocket salad and the espresso machine?), for an exhibition of selected Prison Art. The paintings and sculptures collected from jails across the country will be seen and sold

over the coming weeks (for remarkably little money – but then, £50 probably goes a long way when all you have to worry about is bribing bent guards).

Kitten girls with big hats, teary-eyed clowns – the outside world, painted, cutely, from the inside. Alas, the identifying cards give only the name of the artist, the painting and the price. What a shame; nobody admits it, but we're all dying to know what heinous crimes the contributors have been banged up for (D Bradshaw, *Kitten with Frilly Hat, Assault with a Deadly Weapon*).

But it is an honourable endeavour, even though it opens a can of worms when it comes to art chit-chat at the First Night Party.

"So," I ask a man with huge beard and glaring eyes, "that painting there. An element of early Warhol? Lush colours."

"I haven't got a clue what you're on about."

Gone to

Then I hear tonight's special guest – a bow-tied judge – making small talk with a man in ill-fitting polyester.

"We're giving an award," he says, "to that remarkable sculpture over there. It really is a substantial work."

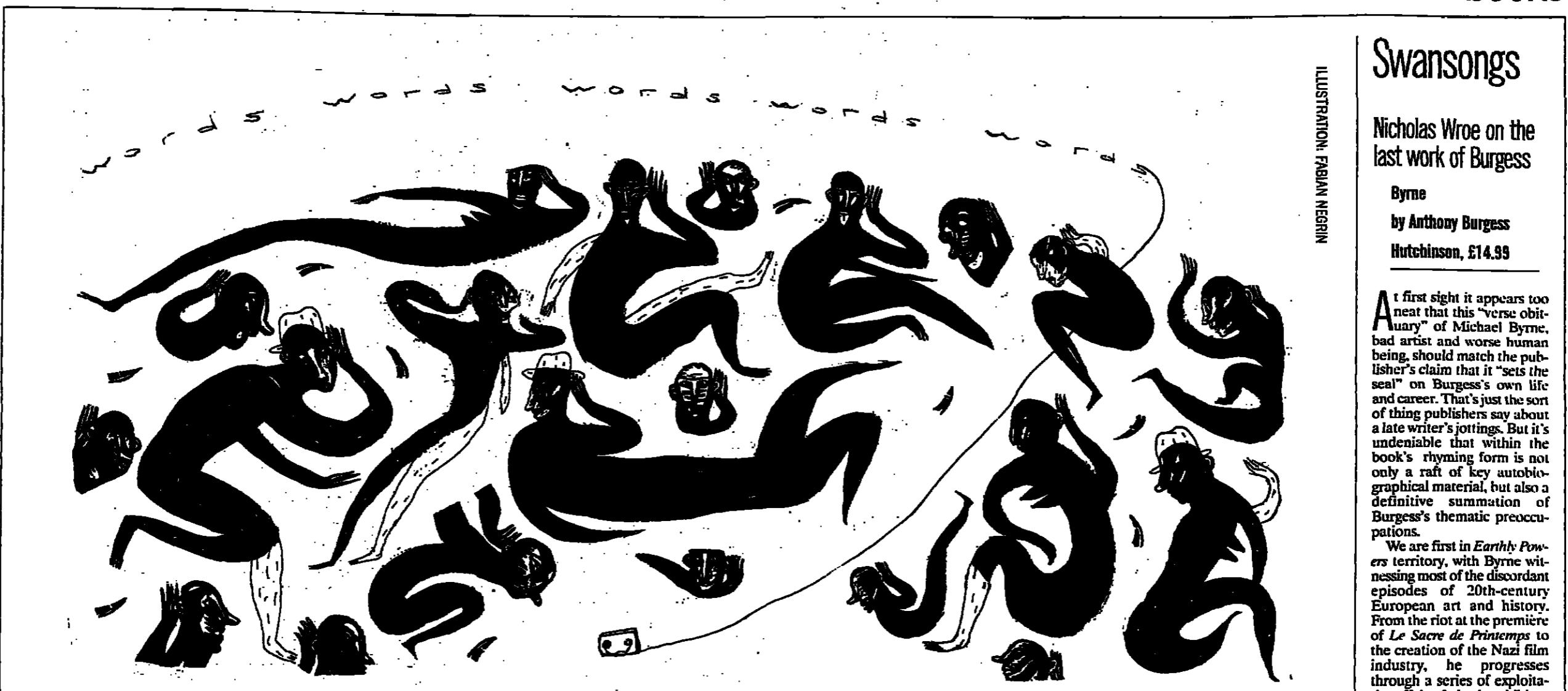
"Well," replies the polyester man, "you're probably the bastard who sent him down in the first place."

"No," smiles the judge, politely. "I didn't send him down."

"You or one of your mates. You bastard. Showing your face round here! What have you got to say for yourself. Bastard! You wanna know art? This is art!"

He points to a painting of a sunset over the sea. "I did that. That's mine. You bastard..."

And whatever you say about the quality of the paintings, this is the first art event I've been at where an artist has to be physically restrained and ejected by three quivering exhibition supervisors.



Swansongs

Nicholas Wroe on the last work of Burgess

Byne

by Anthony Burgess

Hutchinson, £14.99

At first sight it appears too neat that this "verse obituary" of Michael Byne, bad artist and worse human being, should match the publisher's claim that it "sets the seal" on Burgess's own life and career. That's just the sort of thing publishers say about a late writer's writings. But it's undeniable that within the book's rhyming form is not only a raft of key autobiographical material, but also a definitive summation of Burgess's thematic preoccupations.

We are first in *Early Powers* territory, with Byne witnessing most of the discordant episodes of 20th-century European art and history. From the riot at the premiere of *Le Sacre du Printemps* to the creation of the Nazi film industry, he progresses through a series of exploitative affairs, fathering children along the way before, as a "failed artist but successful bigamist", escaping Germany for Switzerland and then on to Marrakesh, South America and Malaya, from where he continues to produce his mad, maybe evil, music and painting.

Byne's offspring include Tom and his twin brother Tim, a priest. These contemporary figures become caught up in an Islamic terrorist attack on a Euro-conference honouring the anti-Muslim Dante in Strasbourg. The links to their father are slowly revealed while they continue to do the usual twin things (prefigured in his 1971 novel, *MF*) like swapping identities and confusing women. The novel is finally resolved when Byne, his children and his art are brought together in an astonishing conflagration at Claridges on Christmas Eve.

That Burgess has chosen to use rhyme is not so much of a departure for a writer who has produced fictionalised versions of Shakespeare, Keats and Marlowe, as well as creating Enderby, who provides the opening poem for *Byne*. But, this being Burgess, there's more to it than a few couplets worthy of Cole Porter ("Saul Bellow/Jell-O", "fumble in a hallway/His Grace of Galway"). *Byne* uses the same rhyme scheme as Byron's *Don Juan* and *Childe Harold* and, like Byron, takes the opportunity to attack some fellow writers with haymaker swipes ("And white men go to pieces, as we've seen/In overlauded trash by Graham Greene"). Other targets include the Booker Prize, Calvinism, Euro-culture and Switzerland.

Burgess's probing of the theme that underpins much of his fiction, the free will to choose evil, is presented with a bracing freshness and bite. If you want to know what Burgess was all about, but can't find the time to read the shelf of 30-odd novels, the multi-volumed memoirs, the literary studies or the translations, then read the 150 pages of *Byne*. It's a fine book and a perfect primer.

Listen with mother

As the first ever audiobooks award is launched, David Aaronovitch comes clean about his addiction to being told stories

We've had this habit for a couple of years now, me and my Mum. So when the family go round to visit – and when my missus isn't looking – I slip Mum a little something for later in a small brown paper package. It's not that anybody would actually say anything, it's just that you can do without that censorious raising of the eyebrows. You see, my Mum and I are part of that growing number of sad loners who are hooked on audiobooks. We venture into bookshops and seek out that far corner where the tapes are hidden (and when few are looking) grab one, slip it between two paperbacks bought just for cover and hope, red-facedly, that the cashier works the till quickly.

The liberal reader may be asking what makes me so embarrassed; why, if someone were to found Audiobooks Anonymous, I'd be there admitting in low voice, "I'm David. I like to be told stories". Because in the circles in which I move talking books are still seen as terribly naff, that's why. To the literary snobs it's the cheat's way of reading – books without pain, worse, abridged books, butchered by barbarians for the entertainment of morons! "I don't listen – I read," commented one of my most enlightened colleagues acidly, on hearing that I was writing this article.

And to my many chronically youthocentric pals (who themselves tend not to read), audiobooks are either for tiny tots ("do you know what Flopsy did next, children?"), or for grannies, whose failing eyesight and social isolation leave them little alternative other than to take their teeth out and curl up with a tape-deck. In the movies slick young heroes drive their cars

buyer, there are over 200 stores in the US that sell only audiobooks.

But apart from me and my Mum, who else in this country is buying these tapes, what do they buy and where do they listen to them? According to the market research the "who?" turns out to be any of us. The profile of tape buyers is the same profile as that of the population at large. Pheew! I may have Virginia Woolf on the Walkman, but there's nothing odd about me.

The absolute bestsellers are the BBC's recordings of classic comedy programmes – ranging from the Goon Show to the more recent (and utterly brilliant) "Knowing Me, Knowing You". These can apparently clear anything up to an astonishing 100,000 copies. Next come the mass-market books, the thrillers and romances. Penguin's top draw is Dick Francis, whose race-track whodunnits can sell as many as 17,000 audiobook copies. But Penguin's audiobook publishing manager, Jan Paterson, is most proud of the success of its classic recordings, like the *Odyssey* read by actor Alex Jennings, its five Thomas Hardy titles, its Steinbecks and its collections of horror, ghost and supernatural stories. These are beautifully packaged, often boxed up with explanatory booklets and maps. They are fabulous. It is, however, possible to be too solicitous of the listener. One disadvantage with taped books is that you can't easily skip the boring bits. Penguin's edition of Machiavelli's *The Prince* has a first 45 minutes entirely taken up with a long and scholarly discourse on the crafty courtier's life and times, before you hear one word of Niccolo's own *bien-pensants*. Nevertheless the Penguin classics are selling and –

judging by the sumptuous new catalogue – the company's faith in the product is riding high.

While some listeners will – as in days of yore – sit down in their living rooms, tea and digestives close to hand, and switch on the tape recorder, most talking book consumers are either sleepers or drivers. Sleepers relive the warm childhood experience of being read to as they drift off. A nice Stephen King, or perhaps Cherie Lunghi reading the *Kama Sutra* and in comes Morpheus with open arms. My Mum is a sleeper. I am a driver. My standard fare is the thriller. I have never read a word of John Grisham, Michael Crichton or indeed Minette Walters, yet I know all their works. For 35 minutes on the way home from work I escape into the story, surfacing only to yell or curse at fellow commuters. Sometimes, when the denouement begins just as I arrive home, I will sit guiltily – unable to move – in the stationary car as the local Neighbour Watch scribble down my registration number. One company, Telstar (famous for those compilation albums with titles like "40 ballads for dog lovers"), has now entered the market after its research showed that the average car journey is 18 minutes in duration. Their talking tapes are made up of short stories lasting exactly 18 minutes.

Not all tapes are equally suitable for listening to in the car. Some require too much concentration; others will cause accidents. Men who put on Nancy Friday's breathy account of women's sexual fantasies, *My Secret Garden*, are likely to end up missing the gear lever and shifting themselves into fourth. Women roaring along with Michael Praed whispering

Leopold Sacher-Masoch's *Venus in Furs* will come to grief, car teetering half over a canal, a policeman sprawled on the bonnet.

Tapes are a boon on long holiday drives with the kids and the spouse. Any normal adult will prefer one good reading of *Black Beauty* to an endless repetition of *I-Spy* and "The Wheels on the Bus". And when enjoyable grown-up gossip about the real marital problems and career disasters of close friends runs out, there's Joanna Trollope on hand to invent fictional ones for you.

But just because more and more of us are doing it, that doesn't mean that we may not be colluding in a terrible violence being done to our literature. Are stories after all not written to be read? And is the reader's imagination of the way characters speak not replaced with someone else's vision?

Bollocks, says Jan Paterson:

"Stories were originally made up for telling to audiences. So we're going back to the days before the novel". So when you listen to Derek Jacobi tell the story of the *Iliad*, you hear it the way the Greeks did. And a good reader can bring a difficult text to life.

Martin Jarvis was a good character actor who seemed to fade after early promise. But now he

is the king of the audiobook and radio; his Violet Elizabeth Bott a masterpiece of the storyteller's art.

Martin Jarvis's Violet Elizabeth Bott! For some readers this will sound like sacrilege – yet another philistine nail in the coffin of culture. We should all be creating our own Botts – that is what literature is about. But I believe that this will change. After all, the same purists have come round to word-processors – and will condescend to travel occasionally by aeroplane. All that remains is to find a good noun for tape enthusiasts. If book lovers are bookworms...

The Gore to end Gore

Robert Winder checks out the Vidal statistics of one of America's grandest literary men

Gore Vidal is in the rare position of having featured in many memoirs written by others. "It seems," he writes with tremendous hauteur, "that practically everyone that I have ever met is now the subject of at least one biography." Now he sits high in his enviable Italian villa, with commanding views over a dazzling ("yes, cobalt") sea, and sifts mockingly through the documentary material. In his introduction he makes quite a meal of his title – a palimpsest is, after all, a cliché among tricky moderns, who love the idea of manuscripts scarred by revisions and erasures. But it does turn out to be a perfect driving idea for anyone, like Vidal, in the memoir business. He does not narrate his life; he reviews it. He quotes from diaries, letters and books, even enlisting the support of his own essays and fiction. The result is something quite novel and wonderfully appealing, a critical biography of himself.

Palimpsest: A Memoir
by Gore Vidal
André Deutsch, £20

Not many people could imagine taking such an approach. But Vidal knows everybody – or at least the small group that counts as "everybody". The grandson of a senator, and the half-brother of Jackie Kennedy, he grew up with Washington's political élite, which he both despises and enjoys (even early on they used to call Jack Kennedy "the president-erect"). A natural crowd-pleaser and devout gossip, his memoir is mainly an enchanting set of stories about household names: Anais Nin, Tennessee Williams, Grace Kelly, the Roosevelts, Larchwood, Kerouac, Mailer, Truman Capote, Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Princess Margaret, André Gide, Allen Ginsberg, Paul Bowles,

Nureyev... how long have you got? In the wrong hands this might have seemed a ghastly exercise in name-dropping. But it is a shrewd move to let others do his boasting, and then quibble. After all, the bare facts of this life – what we might call the Vidal statistics – are impressive: 22 novels; nine volumes of essays; five plays, various screenplays; lots of acting and television work. A fierce liberal critic of America's military-imperial complex, he also flirted with politics, and might have done well in the age of the soundbite. There are some lapses into mere self-regard – he wastes an entire page of expensive deckle-edged paper on a reproduction of the 1964 bestseller list to prove that his novel, *Judian*, was a number one seller – but mostly the book is given an appealing fluid strength by its very haughtiness. Vidal is sometimes accused of being barbed, but it doesn't seem malicious; it is too tolerant and

amused. Even when his subjects fare poorly – his mother, Nina, who married a man with three balls ("apparently it was in all the medical books") or Anais Nin ("I did not like her writing but, compassionately, never said so") – his tone of sorrowful superiority remains appealing because it seems neither adopted nor disdainful. "It's always a delicate matter when a friend or acquaintance becomes president," he writes, mischievously aware that this is a line few people could write. "I am a poor guest and dislike staying in other people's houses," he says with a showy yawn. "But in my early days in England, out of curiosity, I did sometimes go for weekends at the stately homes."

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Gore Vidal:
Platonic love

France," he recalls. "I affected awe." And he has Waugh-like fun with Evelyn Waugh – a drunken social climber who wrote some funny novels of no great appeal until television realized that the books contained soap opera elements which, properly exploited, could fill with vicarious joy the dismal lives of consumers everywhere." He meets Evelyn at dinner

and affects (much as Waugh himself might have done) not to know what he does ("something in the line of estate planning, I decided"). Vidal is proud of his composure, especially in sexual matters, and is casually candid, putting the record straight about his night in the shower with Jack Kerouac, among other adventures. Making a strict distinction between sex and friend-

ship, he declares that among his thousands of encounters he did not have a single "affair". Well, maybe one. The book begins and ends with an affecting remembrance of his true love, a schoolfriend called Jimmie Trimble. At the beginning, enlarging on the subject of palimpsests, Vidal likens his memoir to the excavation of Troy. "At some point beneath those cities upon cities," he writes, "one hopes to find Achilles and his beloved Patroclus, and all that wrath with which our world began." And here they are – for Achilles and Patroclus read Gore and Jimmie. It's a pretty epic claim, and all the more touching for that. Vidal describes their union (in truth, a couple of snatched scenes) in high Platonic terms that are wonderfully at odds with the frosty, satirical tone everywhere else. Only some indefatigable reader who has read the entire *ouvre* could say so with confidence, but Vidal's life might even be his greatest work: the Gore to end Gore.

Crime book special

What's wrong with American crime fiction?

Robert Hanks considers the dubious legacy of Raymond Chandler

Thin Air by Robert B Parker, Viking, £15.50

VI for Short by Sara Paretsky, Hamish Hamilton, £14.99

RL's Dream by Walter Mosley, Serpent's Tail, £9.99

Even if it's hard to agree with James Ellroy's recent assessment of Raymond Chandler as "a lightweight who knew jack shit about people", it's harder still to deny that Chandler has had a bad effect on American crime fiction. Down these mean streets have trudged untold numbers of Marlowe clones, unashamed and unafraid, trying to cover up for poor plots and paper characterisation with wobbly dialogue and terse prose.

Nobody has dogged Chandler's footsteps more assiduously than Robert B Parker, who has not only written his own addition to the Marlowe canon (*Per chance to Dream*), but was first choice to complete Chandler's last, unfinished novel, *Poodle Springs*. Parker himself has evidently never had any problems with the idea that he, Chandler's natural heir, naming his own detective Spenser by way of tribute; but, after 20 odd Spencer novels, the resemblances are hard to spot and there's not a lot else to keep you reading.

The plot of *Thin Air* is more than usually perfidious — Spenser is searching for a cop friend's missing wife, who has been kidnapped by her mildly psychotic Hispanic ex-boyfriend — and it degenerates into an excuse for Spenser to leave his native Boston for California and then a Massachusetts mill-town dominated by corrupt Irish police and Latino gangs.

The shakiness of the plot wouldn't matter so much if Parker's prose had any of the whip or sparkiness of Chandler's. He doesn't describe people, he catalogues their wardrobes ("He was wearing a tan suit and a blue-striped shirt with a button-down collar and a khaki-coloured knit tie"), and this goes along with a weakness for reciting restaurant menus (for a private eye who claims to have little business, Spenser manages to eat out at some fairly swanky joints).

The real problem, though, is that Spenser is a rather repellent character — forever flexing his muscles to intimidate people into giving him what he wants, never betraying any interesting vulnerability.

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The English way of death

Low on homicide, high on remorse, familiar with their victims — that's the Brits. By Christina Hardymont

England, land of Holmes and Christie, often seems obsessed by murder. The good news is that we are much more likely to write a novel about it than commit it. Elliott Leyton is a Canadian criminologist who has been fascinated for years by the "inscrutable curiosity" of England's consistently low homicide rates. We are, it seems, the safest of all industrialised countries. For every 100,000 people, only 1.1 are murdered each year compared with a rate of 20.1 in the USA, around 5.5 in Italy and Scotland, about 4.6 in China and Canada, and 2 in France, Denmark, Germany and Spain.

Nor are these freak figures. In relative terms, England has been remarkably unmurderous since at least the 15th century. Why? Leyton argues that it is a marked preference for inhibition, the early abandonment of the blood feud, and the unique English common law system which have combined to establish a peculiarly English "civilising process".

It is, he says, highly relevant that Robin Hood and James Bond are our cultural heroes, rather than Bonnie and Clyde and Rambo. English killers typically show more remorse than American ones. Half attempt suicide after killing, a third succeed in killing themselves. 85 per cent of women and 58 per cent of men who kill their children commit suicide. In America only four per cent of homicides kill themselves.

Who stoops to murder? The middle and upper classes rarely do more than read about it. Murder is almost invariably only resorted to by the worst educated, the lowest social classes. But even here, at

The UNION JACK

The Mystery of the Scarlet Thread



the lowest levels of self-control and education in the nation, there are unwritten rules governing fighting. Even football hooligans

generally know when to stop, and those who don't are seen as "nutters" rather than idiosyncratic. Most killers are known to the victim.

respect for educational, religious and political institutions is likely to lead to a decline in the effectiveness of the process itself.

If both parents are out at work, or divorced, says Leyton, they may be hard-pressed to find the time or energy to bring up their children effectively. In the face of a growing disadvantaged and disaffected underclass which adopts the code of casual violence and self-seeking individualism now internationally transmitted in books, comics, television and cinema, the effect of the great English tradition of civilized self-control could be steadily reduced.

After the real-life drama of Elliott, Ruth Rendell's short anthology of "the murderous mind", *The Reason Why*, is distinctly disappointing. It smacks too much of the publisher's bright idea: jottings from Rendell's own commonplace book, riding on the prestige of her name. A very brief introduction declares her intention to illuminate our understanding of the inner workings of the mind of the murderer, but what follows does nothing of the kind.

I felt more baffled than enlightened after finishing the loosely sorted jumble of extracts from fiction, poetry and biography. Each is introduced by a sentence intended to pinpoint its purpose, to help us generalise from the particular. The idea of jumping from Socrates to Browning to Maier to Patrick Highsmith sounds splendidly stimulating, but too often the proximities jarred, or the extract was so out of context as to be unintelligible. A useful collection for the would-be writer, perhaps, but for a genuine understanding of what it takes to make us kill, give me Leyton every time.

Only a tiny fraction — perhaps 30 or 40 a year — involve sexually motivated murders by strangers.

Leyton is severe on the current escalation of media panic-mongering. "Television allows every sensational killing anywhere in the world to be brought into our sitting-rooms, live and in colour, and media personnel, obsessed with violence, yet rarely comprehending what is new and what is old, orchestrate our despair".

But statistics form only a tiny part of his text. The bulk of the book is made up of case histories, including transcribed tapes from police interviews as well as written confessions. Artless, incriminating, invariably tragic, they make compulsive reading.

But the book has a sting in its tail. Homicide rates all over the world — except in Switzerland and Japan — have been rising slowly but steadily since the Sixties. If the clue to a low homicide rate is the civilizing process, then the decline of

The things pathologists can do — it's scary

In Patricia Cornwell's novels, 'Casualty' meets 'Blade Runner'. By Lucretia Stewart

Dick Kay Scarpetta, the heroine of this and Cornwell's five previous novels, is a forensic pathologist. Not just any old forensic pathologist but consulting forensic pathologist for the FBI. She is also the Chief Medical Examiner for the state of Virginia, but it is her status as a pathologist that determines the manner in which she investigates the crimes with which she comes in contact. She is forced, by the nature of her work, into an intimate physical relationship with the dead.

All murders, particularly the kind in which Cornwell specialises, are vile, but the surgical precision Scarpetta brings to her work lends a gruesome intensity to the narrative. Because Scarpetta is a pathologist, many scenes take place in the morgue and the sheer volume of forensic detail — and gore — is pretty

From Potter's Field
by Patricia Cornwell
Little, Brown, £9.99

staggering. On one level, it's a bit like watching an extended episode of *Casualty* with the added frisson of there being a psychopath on the loose. On another, you sometimes feel as if you are reading state-of-the-art futuristic science fiction — Cornwell worked for over six years as a computer analyst in the Chief Medical Examiner's office in Virginia and has made Scarpetta's niece Lucy a computer whiz; this book contains paragraph after paragraph of computer programmer language as well as developments in medicine that seem to have come straight out

of *Blade Runner*. The things those pathologists can do, it's scary.

In essence, *From Potter's Field* is no different from its predecessors. Scarpetta comes up against an old enemy, Temple Gault, a nasty psychopath who likes to excise the flesh of his victims. Gault first appeared in *Cruel and Unusual*, Cornwell's last book but one, and those who are new to her work would probably get maximum pleasure by reading the entire oeuvre in order. It is not strictly necessary, but the developments of Scarpetta's relationships with Lucy (whom I always suspect of being Cornwell's alter-ego or at least how she sees aspects of herself), with Lieutenant Peter Marino and with the FBI profiler, Benton Wesley, reveal a delicacy that is not altogether expected. Cornwell is very good at blood and gore, at forensic

detail and the fine print of violent death, but she is also a sensitive writer and her portrait of forty-ish Scarpetta dealing with her life and its difficulties is often almost painfully moving.

The writer whom Cornwell most resembles is Thomas Harris, though the crimes her villains commit are less baroque. Like Harris, she is an elegant writer; like Harris, she specialises in violent, sadistic crimes; as with Harris, much intelligence has been brought to bear on the writing and the plotting — the reader has to concentrate (I read *From Potter's Field* twice and the second reading was more rewarding). The difference is that, with Harris, you sense that his murderers are his heroes (if Hannibal Lecter wasn't the hero of *The Silence of the Lambs*, I can't think who was) or at least anti-

heroes; with Cornwell, you know that the wicked are damned and the good doctor is an avenging angel holding a flaming scalpel in her hand. Nonetheless, Cornwell's vision is a bleak one and Scarpetta is a lone crusader against not simply evil but also chauvinism, prejudice, toneliness, mediocrity and compromise.

Surprisingly, each of Cornwell's books is just as good as its predecessor. She is a prolific writer who produces a book a year but, unlike many of her competitors in the crime field, she maintains a consistently high standard.

If I have a quibble, it is with the tone of political correctness with which the book is infused. Peter Marino is, however, such a defiantly incorrect "old man" (as opposed to a "new man") that I can't complain too much.

Designer socks and gothic policemen

Andrew Taylor discovers some curious fixations in four new British whodunits

A policeman's lot is traditionally not a happy one, and on the evidence here, it is rapidly deteriorating. *The Detective is Dead* (Macmillan, £14.99) is the 12th novel in Bill James's series featuring Detective Chief Superintendent Colin Harpur and Assistant Chief Constable Desmond Iles. It is business as usual in their unnamed British city: assorted criminals are slaving over the richest prize to be dangled in front of them in years — the control of a drug-dealing empire, open to all takers after a squall shooting. Two minor villains, way out of their depth, are murdered. Though a grass fingers the culprits, the British legal system bends over backwards to restore them to liberty. Old-fashioned detection no longer gets results and the courts frown on informers' evidence.

ACC Iles has his own idea of modern policing: use the grass as bait and ensure that he and Harpur are on hand to shoot the murderers when they strike at the grass. The morality of this does not trouble the ACC; his interests lie in other areas, notably teenage girls, the younger the better, and the longer poems of Tennyson. But Harpur, himself equipped with a teenage mistress

and two teenage daughters, is concerned for the safety of the informer and his pregnant girlfriend. The villains jockey for position among themselves, discussing their plans in the authentic tones of aspiring MBAs; and all the while the body count increases.

This is an excellent and alarmingly realistic novel, violent but never indulgent, the plot driven by spare, witty dialogue. The characters are all too plausible and even the crooks appeal to our sympathies. Above all, James provides a bleak analysis of the sad and dangerous choices which face the modern policeman.

The Edinburgh of Ian Rankin's Inspector Rebus novels is not a city for faint-hearted coppers, either. The eighth, *Let It Bleed* (Orion, £15.99) opens with a couple of teenagers leaping from the Firth of Forth bridge and hitting the deck of a frigate rather than the water; the result is memorably described as "hairy jam". The daughter of the Lord Provost has vanished. An old fraud case returns to haunt the city's great and good. An ex-con blows his head off with a shotgun. There are whispers of corruption in the police force itself. And just why does the Permanent Secretary of the Scottish

Office invite Rebus to his baronial mansion to shoot clay pigeons? From these rich ingredients, Rankin constructs a vigorously plotted story which offers tantalising glimpses of Scotland's grubby underworld. In this way, he is a traditionalist: *Let It Bleed* is a David-and-Goliath crime novel with a heroic but vulnerable investigator battling against evil in the corrupt heart of the city; just like Chandler, really, despite Rebus's warrant card, and equally as sentimental at heart, but with more explicit violence and fewer wisecracks.

It is a long leap, in fact and in fiction, from Rebus's Edinburgh to the Second City of London, Gwendoline Butler's Docklands creation. In *Dark Coffin* (Collins Crime, £14.99), John Coffin, the Chief Commander of the Second City's police, lives with his actress wife in the tower of a former church, now a thriving theatre. His latest case involves the long-lost twin of a police officer and the murder of an old couple. As so often, Coffin's investigation leads him into the past, to other murders with long consequences close to home, including a present-day psychopath with strong hands and a hidden knife. Gwendoline Butler is excellent on the bizarre fantasies of other people's lives and on modern paranoia overlaying old secrets; and her plots have a rare ability to shock. Though Coffin himself can seem as wooden as his name, he has the distinction of being perhaps the world's only gothic policeman.

John Harvey's Resnick novels are in danger of doing for Nottingham what Bergerac did for Jersey. *Living Proof* (Hemisphere, £14.99), the seventh in the series, opens promisingly with an overweight man with a stab wound in his chest sprinting through the city centre, naked except for one

Ralph Lauren sock. This is the fourth such incident — someone in the red-light area has it in for the punters — and soon there is a fifth, which ends in murder. Detective Inspector Charlie Resnick has another professional problem on his plate: who is sending hate mail to a celebrated American crime novelist in Nottingham for a festival? Resnick's personal life is not going well, either, with the future of his relationship with DC Lynn Kellogg hanging in the balance.

Harvey is a precise and observant writer, good on the different voices and complex relationships of his characters. But the novel as a whole has less impact than other Resnicks. Too many plots scramble for the reader's attention. And Resnick himself is in danger of becoming cosy.

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Testament of truth

She was the public face of the First World War generation, but her story had its secret tragedies, now revealed for the first time. Sue Gaisford on Vera Brittain

Vera Brittain: A Life by Paul Berry & Mark Bostridge, Chatto, £25

When Vera Brittain married George Catlin in 1925, she caused a minor stir by refusing to change her name – not because it was her writing name, but just because it was her name: so there. The climax of their honeymoon was a visit to Italy where she insisted on "introducing" her husband to her brother, Edward. Clutching two faded roses from her wedding bouquet, she dragged George up to the heights of the Asago Plateau near her brother's grave. At sunset, gazing out from the Mount Berico war memorial, she entered an entranced state of emotional detachment: George, on the other hand, "had become, as he always becomes at the richest and most colourful moments, silent and stiff and conventional".

Poor George. Their unusual "semi-detached" marriage was, for him, prompted by infatuated love. She had undertaken it partly because he and her brother would have been New College contemporaries; partly because she wanted to have a child to replace Edward; partly because George, like her long-dead first love Roland Leighton, was a convert to Roman Catholicism. These ideas were all chimeras. George's ambitions were later to frustrate her own; the son she bore proved to be a thorn in the flesh, while her Catholic daughter (Shirley Williams) became her lasting comfort and source of pride; worst of all, she was to discover that Edward had not been the hero she had cherished.

Yet the marriage endured and mellowed wonderfully towards her death in 1970, when George was the last person to visit her in her nursing-home. By then, she had long despaired of being considered a great writer and was content to settle for the idea that she might achieve "some kind of permanent minor reputation" among later generations.

That new reputation began on an Australian beach in 1978, when the famously tough Carmen Callil found herself weeping over *Testament of Youth* and decided to republish it for Virago, introducing thousands more readers to this extraordinary masterpiece of autobiography, the book that epitomises the suffering of women in the First World War. We might ask why a further account of her life is needed, when she did the job so well

herself. Paul Berry and Mark Bostridge, two men writing with rare sympathy about an ardent feminist, offer several answers.

First, their book is beautifully written and exhaustively researched. The Brittain archive is vast, and these biographers have been able to reveal facts that their subject either ignored or distorted. The saddest concerns Edward Brittain. Long after the event, his Colonel, feeling "grossly traduced" by Vera's public suggestion that Edward had died in some act of unrecognised heroic valour, told her that he had, in fact, been under threat of court-martial for homosexual activities with men of lesser rank: he probably killed himself. Appalled, she told her mother, who said that Edward had been in the same kind of trouble at school. So much of her life had by then been devoted to glorifying his memory that she was quite unequal to setting the record straight.

Secondly, this book puts into perspective a life of remarkable consistency. Vera Brittain was a highly intelligent girl from a strait-jacketed, bourgeois background, who fought hard for her university scholarship. After a year at Oxford, she enlisted as a VAD, and it was while nursing wounded German soldiers that her idealistic pacifism was born. "A dying man", she wrote, memorably, "has no nationality". Back at Oxford after the war, she met Winifred Holtby and their close friendship lasted alongside her marriage until Winifred's early death, whereupon she wrote *Testament of Friendship* as a tribute both to Winifred herself and to the previously unsung strength of powerful, supportive female friendships – there is, incidentally, no doubt at all that theirs was an entirely sexual relationship. Her zealous feminism derives from these years, too. "My great object is to prove that work and maternity are not mutually exclusive", she wrote; but despite a staff of maids, housekeeper, charwoman and secretary, she found it very hard.

Brittain's mature years coincided with the Second World War, during which, true to her principles, she maintained a strong, unpopular pacifism. Speaking at public meetings at home and in America, she fought for the resumption of food-relief to the starving people of Germany occupied countries and she inveighed against saturation bombing, insisting that civilised values must be maintained whatever the circumstances. Although at the time she was denounced for giving comfort to the enemy, to read again about the wholesale destruction of Dresden, Hamburg, Lübeck and Cologne is to appreciate the strength of her stand. She was elated to discover that Hitler had realised whose side she was on: her name was on his infamous hit-list.

Later, she bravely spoke out against apartheid in South Africa and supported CND, though her activities were limited so as not to cause embarrassment to George who longed to be elected to Parliament, or to Shirley, who was. One of the incidental pleasures of this book is to catch glimpses of the child Shirley: untidy, unpunctual, naughty, ebullient and endearing. Evacuated to America for part of the war, she was repatriated at 13, coming home via Lisbon where she had to stay for some days: she used this time riotously, climbing up on the roof of her hotel and drinking large quantities of Madeira.

Such behaviour was alien to her chic, serious self-important mother: the words Brittain and jollity go together like chiffon and chips. Though stuffy Beatrice Webb found her charming, and Virginia Woolf admired her "stringy metallic mind", St John Irvine was exercising restraint when he wrote "your sense of humour is not, I should say, your strong point". This is a handicap to any biographer, even to such elegant stylists as Berry and Bostridge. They resist – generally – the temptation to poke fun at their solemn subject, but we sense their incredulous gape when they quote a honeymoon letter to Winifred. Probably just one sexual encounter "would go as far as you ever needed," she surmised loftily, "which would make you in this direction an even more unsatisfactory wife than I feel myself to be".

But who can blame her. By 1918, having lost her first great love, her two other dearest friends and that tragic brother, she felt that her "deepest emotions were paralysed, if not dead". That she survived to achieve, at the very least, one marvellous book and a magnificent daughter is itself to be commended. This is the biography she deserves.



Vera Brittain in 1917: her 'deepest emotions were paralysed, if not dead'

The man in the white suit

Martin Booth
praises a
civilised,
compassionate
observer of
the bestiality
of war

From the Crimea onwards, the war correspondent has observed the realities of battle, reporting them in their entirety. For him, blood is not red and spilled but black, sticky and soaking into sun-warmed concrete; bullets do not whine or zip but come silently and kill messily, with jagged flesh and screams of pain.

So it is for Martin Bell, who has been at – and often in front of – the barricades of Vietnam, the Middle East, Central America, the Gulf and now Bosnia. As a BBC television reporter, he has dug fox-holes with the Desert Rats, invaded Iraq with the Irish Hussars, suffered from current BBC jargon (under the rule of "bimodality", he had to

In Harm's Way:
Reflections of a War Zone Ting
by Martin Bell
Hamish Hamilton, £15.99

provide a contribution from wartorn Vitez for Radio 4's *Farming Today* on agriculture in Bosnia: there was none) and, most famously, stopped a bullet on camera in Sarajevo in 1992. It is apt his book is called *In Harm's Way*, for Bell deliberately steps in harm's direction. It is what he is paid to do, on our behalf. Yet he is far from being "a war zone

thug": his story is that of a civilised and passionate man cast into situations fraught with danger and vivid with mankind's bestialities.

Although the book touches on National Service and journalistic stints in earlier wars, it concentrates mainly upon the Bosnian conflict, which Bell has reported almost from the start. More than any of the other 11 wars he has covered, Bosnia has been "a shocking and defining experience" which has fundamentally changed Bell's outlook on the world. The sheer brutality of ethnic hatred, the settling of old scores by genocide and the impotence of peacekeepers has deeply dismayed him as well as fellow battle-hardened

observers. He comments upon these realities not with the detachment of one who has seen it all before, but as one who is attached to the anguish of those caught up in the maelstrom. He also criticises the morality of politicians and the motivation of fighters and UN personnel alike. The war in Bosnia is, he plainly states, an indictment of all mankind.

Yet Bell also writes anecdotal and lovingly of people he has encountered in Bosnia: of the man who herded 11 goats and a BBC crew, and who was shot by a sniper while digging his smallholding; of fellow correspondents such as CNN's Christiane Amanpour who "didn't want her bones jumped"; of

the mother in a subterranean bunker in Sarajevo who said her little girl asked, on hearing a gun fire, if this shell was the one to kill them.

Bell's humanity and personality come across with far greater strength here than in his fleeting, charismatic on-camera performances. Despite a life of intense if terrible excitement, he is still one of us, an ordinary man, caught up in the annals of politics.

In Bosnia, he drives Kevlar-plated Land Rovers called Miss Piggy and Kermit. A superstitious gambler, he carries a lucky silver dollar into battle in the pocket of his lucky white suit. Quite how this suit stays so pristine in the grime of war is one of his best-kept secrets: even when he was

shot, it seemed to be spared a smearing of blood. Despite the danger, he only wears his flak jacket on camera, to satisfy BBC bosses: he otherwise removes it to avoid, as he put it, the status of indemnity.

In his Prologue, Bell writes that this is his first and probably only book, adding it was hard work because he had to spell and punctuate correctly. Television correspondents, after all, speak their lines. Such is his modesty. One must hope he will take heart and write another. His sanity, clarity of vision and humanity are rare, especially coming from the savage world he inhabits and records for others.

Cherry cake at the Ritz

Fleet Street lives again in Keith Waterhouse's affectionate memoir. By Jeremy Lewis

Newly arrived in London in the early Fifties from his native Leeds, where he had started his journalistic career on the *Yorkshire Evening Post*, Keith Waterhouse soon found himself, rather to his surprise, working in the features department of the *Daily Mirror*. With its ceaseless bustle and pulsating presses, Fleet Street reminded the young Waterhouse of the Yorkshire mill town of his youth. Heavily-overcoated crime reporters were the monarchs of all they surveyed – with the abolition of the death penalty and the rise of commercial television they would soon be supplanted by showbiz correspondents – and the pubs were awash with red-nosed, rheumy-eyed hacks downing a last one before boarding the last train home to long-suffering wives in Petty Wood. As Waterhouse quickly discovered, not a great deal of work was done in the overmanned features department, so enabling one of his colleagues to run a wholesale confectionery business on the side. Dutifully clocking in on his first day, Waterhouse found one feature writer hard at work reading *The Catcher in the Rye* and another damping down the flames after setting his tweed jacket on fire with an unextinguished pipe, while the paper's agony aunt, a former cleaning lady, busied from desk to desk handing out slices of home-made cake. Come 12 o'clock and it was time to adjourn for a three-hour liquid lunch at Winnie's, the features department's pub, before moving on to tea and cherry cake

Streets Ahead
by Keith Waterhouse
Hodder & Stoughton, £16.99

at the Ritz – unhappily regurgitated before staggering back to the office, pale and sweat-browed. All this made for a fine, vigorous start to Waterhouse's London career – and, indeed, to the second volume of his autobiography.

Despite the long lunches, Waterhouse quickly made his mark – consorting with "Cassandra" and the London editor of *Beano*, writing provocative readers' letters tactfully adjusting the astrologer's predictions so as not to inflame a susceptible *Mirror* reader; and chasing stories to fit headlines concocted in advance by the features editor ("CAN WOMEN BE TRUSTED WITH MONEY?"). Before long he was making trips abroad and, in his spare time, writing his first novel. After its publication, he decided to go freelance, and Hugh Cudlipp offered him a return to write a twice weekly column. It's still running in the *Daily Mail* to which he transferred during the Maxwell years.

Waterhouse's second novel, *Billy Liar*, was

not only a success in its own right, but made its author a rich man after he and Willis Hall – whom he had known in Leeds – had adapted it for stage and screen; and from now on the two men, who referred to themselves as the Word Factory, were to produce a stream of scripts, from films (*A Kind of Loving*, *Whistle Down the Wind*) to *Worzel Gummidge* and *That Was the Week That Was*.

As is so often the case, alas, worldly success, and the rather breathless world of showbiz, prove a good deal less amenable to autobiography than the early years of struggle and obscurity. We're treated to evocations of New York and San Francisco which add little to what one has read already; long-forgotten shows are dusted down, and accompanying quotes exhumed ("It was back to mixed reviews again"); compared with the colourful Fleet Street pages, the second half of the book seems blander and more perfunctory. Waterhouse comes across as a likeable and congenial cove, all too easily lured into buying another round, but his private life receives as short shrift in print as in real life, and the years between the Sixties and *Jeffrey Bernard is Unwell* spin by in a couple of pages. That said, it's good to report an encounter with Walt Disney in Los Angeles. The meeting got off to a sticky start when Waterhouse slipped in a compliment to Mickey Mouse, provoking a diatribe about that "blankety" mouse; nor were matters improved by there being only one bottle of wine among five. Eventually, Disney took the hint from his thirsty visitors, slapped the desk and shouted "Hell, it's the weekend – why don't we kill another bottle?" That's the kind of stuff one wants to hear.

Plot: Flaubert laboured for five years "placing huge blocks one above the other" to create this monument to the art of irony and the petrifying boredom of bourgeois existence.

Emma

Rouault, daughter of a poor farmer, is brought up in a convent where she indulges a penchant for trashy romantic fiction. Her spirited mind dances in imagined ballrooms aglow with candlelight and the admiring glances of wealthy Byronic lovers.

Charles

settles for Charles Bovary, however, a kindly, unimaginative, incompetent medic. The birth of a daughter does not alleviate the tedium of her life. She falls in love with the local squire, Rodolphe, who seduces her by rote. Emma is entranced, believing her fantasies are now incarnate. Rodolphe dumps her, fearing that she isn't shot, it seemed to be spared a smearing of blood. Despite the danger, he only wears his flak jacket on camera, to satisfy BBC bosses: he otherwise removes it to avoid, as he put it, the status of indemnity.

Flaubert

famously absents himself from his creation; he manipulates irony of phrase and situation to control the reader's response.

Gavin

Griffiths

(1851)

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Escapes

INDEPENDENT WEEKEND SATURDAY 21 OCTOBER 1995

country



Cheer up
Seasonal blues can be fought off by a spot of gardening, says Anna Pavord
page 12

Trade up
Will today's first-time buyers ever afford big family houses?
page 13

Wake up
As the clocks go forward, re-set your body clock with these fun alarms
page 14

Pay up
Buy all your Christmas presents by mail order this year: we suggest the best catalogues
page 14

Travel up
On the trail of Nelson: Simon Calder goes to Trafalgar in Spain
page 19

Show up
Our regular guide to things to see and places to go this weekend
pages 16 and 17

Where the wild things are

The British Gas Wildlife Photography of the Year competition is the world's most prestigious. This year the winner was Cherry Alexander from Dorset, with her stunning blue iceberg, Antarctica (below). She faced fierce competition from some of the category winners, featured here. See them at London's Natural History Museum



Inset picture: 'Florida Manatees' by Brandon D Cole (US), who won the Eric Hosking award. 'In winter, the Florida manatees leave their ocean haunts for warmer, spring-fed waters such as Crystal River on Florida's West Coast. They are very cooperative photographic subjects - slow, trusting and curious. I was concentrating on a friend shot of this manatee when I suddenly noticed the view above.'

Inset, below left: 'Elephants' by Richard Cowdrey (UK), winner of the 'From Duck to Dewy' category. 'This is down by a waterhole in Savuti, Botswana, at the end of the dry season - it's always a magic time. Elephants, wary of lions, drink as hundreds of little doves fly in the surrounding bush, and helmeted guinea fowl scurry about raising dust that hangs in the still air.'

Above: 'Female Leopards Fighting' by Richard du Toit (South Africa), winner of the Mammal Behaviour category. 'It only lasted a few seconds. The dominant female suddenly attacked, raking with her hind legs and clipping out pieces of white fur. Her opponent assumed a submissive pose, lying on her back. The fight was extremely fast moving, with savage snarls and growls. We watched them for another hour as darkness fell over the Maia Maia game reserve, but they stayed at least 10 metres apart.'

The exhibition is on at the Natural History Museum, London SW7 (0171-338 8714) until 25 February, then tours nationwide.



Here among the echoing tree-trunks the noise is tremendous, primeval

Stand here on the lip of the valley and listen, in this huge silence before the dawn. Behind us the horizon is paling, but the wood below remains black as night. A touch of frost has silvered the grass, and only a breath of wind wafts from our left.

Up floats the hoot of a tawny owl. A flight of duck passes unseen overhead, pinions whistling. Then suddenly it comes – the sound we are after: the deep, guttural grunt of a full buck on the rut.

There he goes – one, two, three, four grunts-cum-snorts, like those of a colossal pig. The voice sounds like that of the buck I am trying to call, an animal with a freak right antler.



DUFF HART-DAVIS

Another buck strikes up, much farther away. I wait until our own buck calls again, and then, having verified his position, whisper, "Let's go!" Make as little noise as

you can. Ease each boot down gently. At the junction we wait and listen again. There he goes, louder now.

Turn left, move on. In the gloom I can just discern my marker log, laid there to pinpoint the beginning of a secret path which I keep swept clear of leaves and twigs. Duck slow, now. Feel for every step. Duck under this branch. Twenty yards on, we come to a natural lip, where the hillside drops steeply away. We slide into position and settle on a fallen tree.

Silence below. Has something shifted them? No – a stick cracks.

Then the buck lets fly. Here among the echoing tree-trunks the noise is tremendous – harsh, urgent, primeval, hair-raising.

Glimmer by glimmer, light penetrates the forest. What is it that has drawn the buck back to this traditional rutting stand? For generations, come late October, his predecessors have staked out their territory on this one small patch. Are they influenced by ley-lines? Or is it just that the open glade, and the overhead cover, make them feel secure?

Now movement is visible in the gloom. Binoculars reveal black shapes flitting through the foliage. Then comes a clatter of bone on

wood as the buck thrashes at some branches. By the changing focus of the grunts, he is heading north now, to our right.

In a moment he will turn back, quartering his chosen patch. The light is growing by the minute. Soon we shall see him. The wind, drifting uphill, brings his pungent scent. He has been urinating in a mud wallow and rolling in it, to freshen himself for the fray.

More movement below. Through the glasses, I can make out the pointed faces of does and fawns – the harem, hovering in attendance.

By his voice, the buck is on his way back. Yes – there he comes,

head-down, snuffling along the ground. Such is the stress of the occasion that he will have stopped eating days ago: his stomach will contain nothing but a sludge of earth.

As he stops in a light patch I catch a glimpse of his antlers. Hell! This is not the freak, but a bigger animal in his prime, too good to shoot.

But another dark shape appears: this is the freak, dislodged from his place in the wings. For a few seconds he and the master-buck walk parallel, three yards apart. Then suddenly they wheel inwards; their antlers meet with a crash. Locked together, the two heavyweights

smash through the bushes as they wrestle.

Then, barely 10 yards away, a stick cracks. I glance sideways. A single doe has been drawn by the commotion. Too late to lie flat – she has seen us. Pray God she doesn't bark in alarm.

She does. Away she bounces on rigid legs. She barks again. Down below, the whole wood dissolves into movement. Ten, 15, 20 beasts stream away. In seconds the stage is empty.

Another blank morning – but never mind. We had the luck to witness one of the most ancient and mysterious rituals of the autumn woods.

Dreams of very big house in the country

In your late twenties and renting? One day you may want to own a house like the one you grew up in. Will you ever afford it?

For generations of home owners the property market has been like an escalator. They got on at the bottom and the machinery of rising prices gradually took them up. For today's first-time buyers, the escalator that served their parents so well has broken down. How will they be able to rise up the market when prices are at a standstill?

Those most badly hit by the collapse are between 24 and 36, the prime age for trading up. Nearly one in three who were first-time buyers in 1988 and 1989 are still in negative equity. Many of their peers, shocked by the experience, have gone through their twenties as tenants. Yet despite their enthusiasm for renting, every survey shows that they see it as a short-term option. Ultimately they hope to live in their own home. Will they ever be able to afford it?

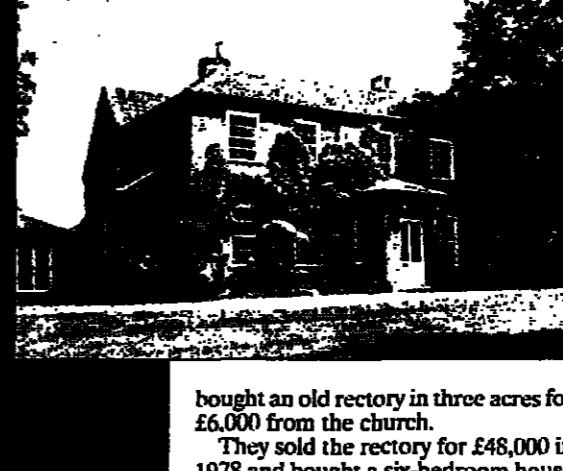
Many in the business say the answer is yes – but that they will finance the move differently from their parents. John Brain, chairman of Hamptons, is one of many who believes the desire to provide the best possible home for the family is overwhelming. But he doubts whether any but the most confident double-income families will risk taking out a huge mortgage. However, bonus payments and inheritance could well be used to finance trading up.

Neville Casingena, managing director of the north London agents Goldschmidt and Howland, is seeing a new generation of young purchasers buying their first home with inherited money. "We have a couple who bought their home in Hampstead in 1957 for £9,000," he says. "They recently sold it for £800,000. They have bought themselves a flat in St John's Wood for £400,000 and have given £200,000 each to their two children. We've sold a property to one of those children."

Of course, most parents do not have the odd £400,000 to pass on. Many do have a small lump of money tied up in their home but their biggest fear now is that the money could be swallowed up in nursing-home fees.



Patrick and Sarah Eve in their one-bedroom flat. They hope one day to be able to buy a country house similar to the one where Patrick was brought up (inset). Photograph: Edward Webb



bought an old rectory in three acres for £6,000 from the church.

They sold the rectory for £48,000 in 1978 and bought a six-bedroom house with five holiday cottages in the grounds for £94,500. They sold off the cottages for the same amount six years later and live in a house now worth at least £250,000. "We have consistently been able to make money out of housing," Mr Eve says.

Neville Casingena believes the trading-up dilemma is a case of "where there's a will, there's a way". He thinks couples looking to trade up will decide what kind of house they really want and move to a location where they can afford it. "I have three negotiators, all of whom live within two miles of the office in Hampstead until they started families," he says. "Now one lives in Watford, one in Bushey and the other in Hampstead Garden Suburb. People want a good environment for their children. If they are not able to afford it in the area where they live, they will move to an area that is cheaper."

His expectations are very different from those of his father, George, who is in the same profession of surveying. George and Belinda Eve, who live in Norfolk, bought their first house for £2,750 in 1963. A few years later they

So how will they buy the house in the country, with a garden, which is the kind of place they dream of raising a family? "It depends entirely on what we earn," Noni says.

In particular, it depends what the men earn. This generation of late starters plans to enter home ownership at about the same time as they start a family. And they may well find their finances stretched to the limit just as they are having to drop from two incomes to one.

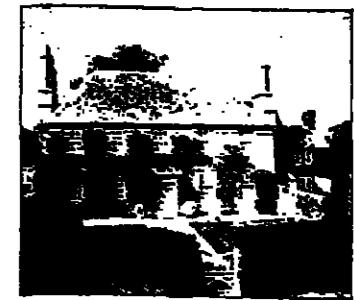
Patrick and Sarah Eve, a newly married couple in their late twenties, acknowledge that they will have to make big sacrifices in order to have the home they want. It is a big leap from

their one-bedroom flat in London. "We would both like the sort of house we were brought up in," says Patrick. "It's a top priority, more important than cars or holidays. We'd rather buy the house and make everything else fit."

"To get that we are going to have to spend £150,000 plus. The only way to get that is from me making enough money, or from our families, or from making a profit on our own flat – which I think is unlikely."

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Househunter Lechlade, Gloucestershire



Only the creeper on the front wall disturbs the symmetry of Sherborne House, a listed William and Mary property just a few minutes' walk from the centre of Lechlade. The house sits in more than an acre of walled gardens, with an 18th-century gazebo, a swimming-pool and an orchard where peaches grow up the wall. The house has three reception rooms, six bedrooms and three bathrooms. It is for sale through John D Wood, London (0171-493 4106), and Butler Sherborn in Burford (01993 822325) at a price of £495,000.

For what it's worth

The number of people moving house has fallen this year by 10 per cent, with August producing the lowest figures since February 1993. In the first eight months of 1995 there were just 786,000 transactions compared with 868,000 up to the end of August 1994. With autumn once again failing to provide a seasonal boost, the pattern looks set to continue until the end of the year. That would leave annual house moves at less than 1.2 million compared with around 1.6 million in the early 1980s.

Who's moving

A run of successful TV series and movies has allowed the actor Sean Bean to leave his double-fronted Edwardian house in Muswell Hill, north London, for a period property with a big garden a few miles out in Totteridge.

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AVON <input type="checkbox"/> BRADLEY STONE - from £52,500+ - all range of 2 & 3 bedroom houses by Taywood. <input type="checkbox"/> CITE Illustration Park - from £62,500+ - full range of 2 & 4 bedroom houses by Taywood.	WEST MOORS (for Fulwood) - £34,500 - £20,500 includes 5 bedroom high specification detached houses in reputable area by Cliffe Homes.	QUARRINGTON (in Shoreditch) - £33,500 - £125,500 - 3 and 4 bedroom detached bungalows and houses by Cliffe Homes.	CHARTERHOUSE - from £125,000+ - 3 and 4 bedroom houses by Taywood.
CAMbridGESHIRE <input type="checkbox"/> WISBECH ST MARY for Wisbech - from £63,950+ - 2 and 3 bedroom bungalows and 4 bedroom houses.	LLANelli - from £55,000 - 3 and 4 bedroom houses by Taywood.	LLANDaffWOOD Wells and Welsh - from £53,500+ - 3 and 4 bedroom houses by Taywood.	SEAFORD - from £77,000 - 3 and 4 bedroom detached houses located and integrated within the Becontree National Park by Taywood.
DEVON <input type="checkbox"/> BROWNE TRACY - £51,500 - £114,500 - 2, 3 and 4 bedroom quality houses, NHBC approved planning permission.	ST. LAWRENCE Bay for Milford - from £69,500 - 2 bedroom bungalows by Hunting Gate Homes (Video available).	LOCKE Heath - £119,500 - £132,500 - 4 and 5 bedroom detached houses, popular choice for South Devon by Taywood.	CHICHESTER - from £52,500 - 3 bedroom houses, 4 and 5 bedroom 3 storey town houses, 1 & 2 bedroom apartments to release by Gleeson Homes.
HAMPSHIRE <input type="checkbox"/> ANDOVER - £108,500 - £132,500 - 4 and 5 bedroom classical style luxury detached houses in favoured area, first release, by Cliffe Homes.	CHANDLER FORD - £52,500 - £104,500 - 3 and 4 bedroom houses, convenient to M2 junction and good schools, by Cliffe Homes.	FRANBOROUGH - £62,500 - £145,500+ - 1 and 2 bedroom apartments, 28 and 4 bedroom houses by Taywood.	NEWHAVEN - £78,000 - £103,500+ - 3 and 4 bedroom detached houses by Taywood.
<input type="checkbox"/> HARDLEY (Myrtle) - £14,600 - £229,500 - 4 and 5 bedroom classical style luxury detached houses in favoured area, first release, by Cliffe Homes.	<input type="checkbox"/> FEATHERSTONE - from £52,500 - £104,500+ - 3 and 4 bedroom detached executive homes by Taywood.	GLOUCESTERSHIRE <input type="checkbox"/> LOCKE Heath - £119,500 - £132,500 - 4 and 5 bedroom detached houses, popular choice for South Gloucestershire by Taywood.	SEAFORD - £10,950 - £13,950+ - 4 and 5 bedroom detached executive homes by Taywood.
<input type="checkbox"/> HORSHAM - £45,000 - £135,000+ - Selected plots - 2 and 4 bedroom semi-detached and detached houses by Cavanna Homes.	<input type="checkbox"/> FRIMPTON - £52,500 - £104,500+ - 3 and 4 bedroom houses by Taywood.	<input type="checkbox"/> MARSHFIELD (for Fulwood) - £57,000 - £84,500+ - quality 2 bedroom detached houses, 3 & 4 bedroom houses, comfortable. The Pastures, Tidford at Shirley-Fletcher Homes.	SEAFORD - £10,950 - £13,950+ - 4 and 5 bedroom detached quality family houses. Seaford area, close to school by Cliffe Homes.
<input type="checkbox"/> INDI <input type="checkbox"/> INDIANTONI for Tonypandy - from £115,000 - 2 and 3 bedroom houses, village location amidst rolling countryside by Cliffe Homes.	<input type="checkbox"/> GUERNSEY - £52,500 - £104,500+ - 3 and 4 bedroom houses by Taywood.	<input type="checkbox"/> MARSHFIELD (for Fulwood) - £57,000 - £84,500+ - 2 and 3 bedroom semi-detached executive homes by Taywood.	SEAFORD - £22,500 - £27,500+ - 1 bedroom, exclusive 5 bedroom detached houses by Showdown close to Goff Caves, Cliffe Homes.
<input type="checkbox"/> INDIANTONI for Tonypandy - from £115,000 - 2 and 3 bedroom houses, village location amidst rolling countryside by Cliffe Homes.	<input type="checkbox"/> HEREFORDSHIRE <input type="checkbox"/> WYE VALLEY for Tonypandy - from £59,500 - 2 bedroom cottage style executive homes by Taywood.	<input type="checkbox"/> NEWTON - £52,500 - £104,500+ - 3 and 4 bedroom executive houses by Taywood.	SEAFORD - £22,500 - £27,500+ - 1 bedroom, exclusive 5 bedroom detached houses by Showdown close to Goff Caves, Cliffe Homes.
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shopping

Gear freaks The roller-blader

By Sally Williams

Also known as: in-line skater (technically the correct term for rollerblading). Rollerblader Inc being a company, but as sure as vacuuming is Hoovering, the brand name looks set to stay; "rec" skater (likes parks); street skater (likes doing stunts off the kerb); hardcore or aggressive skater (likes railings, benches, vertical ramps and spinning in the air); artistic skater (likes spangly outfits and Torvill and Dean); speed skater (likes to skate very, very fast); hockey skater (likes sticks and balls).

Numbers nationally: 400,000 regular in-line skaters.

Magazines: *Skatermag: Skater In-Line: Hockey International* (about to be relaunched as *In-Line Hockey International*); *1st In-Line* (about to be launched).

Favourite locations: outside: the Broadwalk in Kensington Gardens, particularly at 4.30pm - the golden blading hour; on cycle tracks in Hyde Park, the Serpentine Road and, on Sundays, South Carriage Drive; along promenades in Brighton, Bournemouth, Dover, Folkestone; on city streets in the middle of the night (around 350 skaters take part in an organised skate through San Francisco every Friday night); Bath Skate Park; at all-night skate raves.

Hazards: skidding on the sand and gravel laid on banned walkways in the royal parks; skate patrols - in New York patrols cruise through parks stopping irresponsible skaters and have direct line with the police; uneven pavements; rubbing shoulders with Kylie Minogue, Adam Faith, the Duchess of Kent, Tiggy Legge-Bourke and other celebrity in-line enthusiasts; twisted, sprained or broken ankles; being fined for speeding (Errol Spence was stopped by police in Liverpool last month for skating at 30mph. The downhill record is 75mph); "whacking the sack" (crushing your testicles on a rail).

The kit: from a skate designed in 1980 as an out-of-season practice boot for ice-hockey players, to a market which in 1994 was worth around \$700m (approx £480m), roller-blading is one of the fastest growing sports in the world. So fast, in fact, has the craze boomed, that there is little in the way of clothes specifically for skating. Three hundred



thousand pairs of skates may have been bought in Britain last year, but what do the new wheel generation wear on their skates? A pick and mix jumble of cycling, jogging, aerobics, state-boarding and surfing clothes and accessories. However, this is about to change.

Rollerblade and other companies have recently announced a line of "in-line apparel" to be launched next year.

The gear: Rollerblade's Aeroblade skates with air pump, ventilation and adjustable activated break, £220; two pairs of Polisox Tube Socks, £10; Everlast USA Sweat, £24; Trek USA Lycra cycling shorts, £24.95; Animal Beanie hat, £18.

Accessories: Bauer wrist guards, £14, Bauer elbow pads, £10; Bauer Knee pads, £12; Bauer In-Line backpack with skate compartment, £35; Arnet Full Metal Jacket shades, £10.

Optional extras: Lowe Alpine bum bag, £10.95; Nautilus Simulate Machine which recreates the motion of skating, tones the inner and outer thighs and uses interactive computer graphics to mark progress through various courses, approx £2,500.

Ultimate gadget: Speedtool Sonic Folding In-Line Skate Tool, £12. Used to remove bearings and spacers and ensure the easy rotation of worn wheels.

Ultimate experience: Gliding (the nearest sensation to flying without leaving the ground); winning the Mental Circus competition; Big Air (jumping high in the air).

Bare essentials: hired skates and pads, £10 a day.

Six of the best alarm clocks



1 **Bugs Bunny**, £9 Old-fashioned wind-up alarm with a loud ring. Shows Bugs Bunny creeping up on Taz. From Warner Bros Studio Stores, at Regent Street, London WC1 and nationwide. For information on store locations and mail-order, call 0171-432 7018



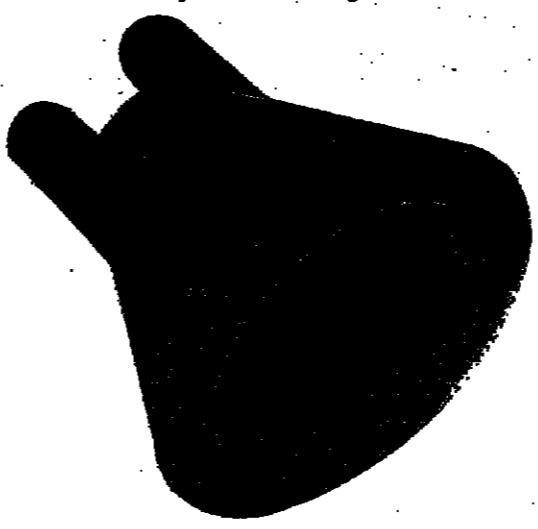
2 **Bunnytime**, £22.95 You set the rabbit into sleeping position at night (eyes closed, ears down) and he wakes in the morning at a pre-set time. Children mustn't get up till bunny wakes. For weary parents. Natural History Museum catalogue: 01793 431900



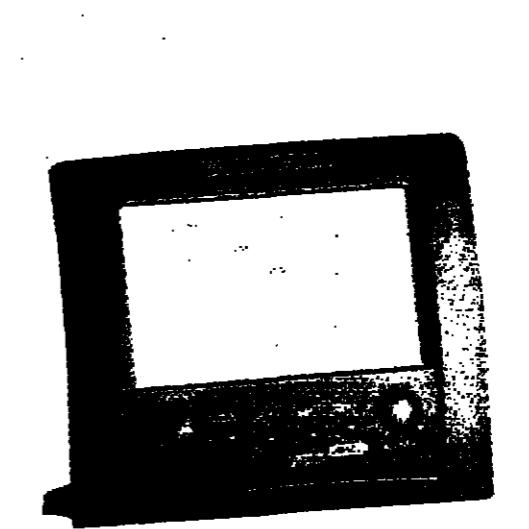
3 **Mr General**, £14.99 This portly general wakes you with a bugle-sounding alarm call, rather than the rat-a-tat of his machine gun. But it's probably not one for PC homes anyway. From H Samuel stores nationwide



4 **Dream Traveller**, £29.95 This alarm clock wakes you with birdsong; it also has a "go to sleep" facility which features sounds of tumbling streams, surf with wildlife or ocean surf with seagulls. From The Science Museum catalogue: 01793 480200



5 **Vergertrige clock**, £29.95 Cartoonish-looking clock designed by Julian Brown in chunky plastic. Comes in various wild shades, and grey. From Purves & Purves, 80-81 & 83 Tottenham Court Road, London W1, or mail-order on 0171-436 8860



6 **Temperature-reading clock**, £21 Wake up to this, and it will not only tell you the date, in case you've seriously overslept, but what the temperature is. So you'll know if the central heating's working. From The Conran Shop, 81 Fulham Road, SW3



bazaar

Should shops open... earlier?

Expert view: The clocks go forward tonight, giving us an extra hour of daylight in the morning. But can we capitalise on it? Shops seem to be opening later and later, particularly in London. We asked Celia Vaughan, retail consultant with retail analysts Verdict Research, whether they should open earlier.

"In fact most shops open at 8.30am during the week and on Saturdays. They can't open before 10am on Sundays because it's against the law except in certain instances like newsagents. Any town centre first thing in the morning is pretty quiet, people tend not to want to shop first thing in the morning. Shops do tend to open when people want them to, you don't see crowds of people waiting for shops to open, say at 9.15am on a Sunday. John Lewis bowed to public opinion by opening on Saturday afternoons. For people who work, Sunday opening is a big boon, as is late-night shopping. So really they have plenty of opportunity."

Good thing

Smile calendar, £19.95

You know those annoying people who send you photos of their children on Christmas cards? Well now you can go one better, with a personalised calendar. Simply collect 12 snaps of yourself, your own children, or your dog (not transparencies or negatives) and Smile will make the calendar up. Smile Calendars Ltd, PO Box 365, Guildford, Surrey GU4 8YN (01483 898 000). Add £1.50 for p&p



Mad thing

Woolly bloomers, £4-£20

Do your plants always die? Don't worry, help is at hand in the form of these jolly hand-knitted ones. Choose from an array of poppies, tulips, daffodil or perky cacti to brighten up your home. Not suitable for window boxes though. From Liberty, Regent St, London W1 and Gill Wing, 194-195 Upper Street, N1 or call Woolly Bloomers on 0171-358 9063 for mail order



WIN A LOTUS ELISE with the INDEPENDENT



INDEPENDENT

THE LONDON
MOTOR
SHOW
EARLS COURT
19TH - 29TH
OCTOBER 1995

£5 off Adult Entry or £1 off Child/Senior Citizen Entry to the London Motor Show. This voucher entitles one person to the above discount for one day at the London Motor Show (Earls Court Exhibition Centre). Please present this voucher at the ticket office. Valid 20-29

in association with and

New cars excite such love and loyalty as a Lotus. Launched in 1948 by the legendary Colin Chapman, the Lotus appeal is summed up by its two most famous marques - Esprit and Elise. Now a new thoroughbred joins the Lotus stable, the Elise.

Launched to acclaim at the Frankfurt Motor Show in September, this futuristic two-seater is perhaps their most exciting car ever - and we have one to give away.

Lotus describe their new model as "small, strong, ultra-light, very fast and great fun to drive". The low weight of 675kg benefits braking, handling and steering response.

The adjustable driver's seat gives firm yet comfortable support and the minimalist instrumentation displays clear, immediate information.

Visionally the car is stunning, the curvaceous lines set off by unique five-spoke alloy wheels. The light weight and aerodynamic shape makes the Elise a "green" machine, cutting down on fuel consumption and thus carbon dioxide emissions.

The 1795cc 4-cylinder fuel-injected engine delivers a top speed of around 120mph and the Elise, worth approximately £20,000, comes with catalytic converter, engine immobiliser, cloth trim and black vinyl hood.

Lotus are exhibiting the Elise at this month's Motor Show at London's Earls Court and to make it easier to view our prize car, there is a voucher on this page that gives £2 off the normal entry price of £9.

As well as receiving the keys to a Lotus Elise, our competition winner will also get

one year's free insurance provided by Norwich Union Club Insurance. This service offers a 24-hour Clubline which, should you have an accident, connects you to a dedicated Club Incident Manager who will take immediate care of the problem.

To be in with a chance of winning our prize you must collect six differently numbered tokens from the 14 we are printing in the *Independent* and the *Independent on Sunday*. At least one token must come from the *Independent on Sunday*. Today we are printing Token 7 and we will print an entry form at the end of the competition. Rules as previously published.

For further details on Norwich Union's Club Insurance call 0800 828547 for an information pack.

INDEPENDENT

TOKEN 7

There's no escaping it: Christmas starts here

This year, why not buy all your presents by mail order. Do it now, then just sit back and enjoy. By Genevieve Fox

Vis there are still 54 shopping days till Christmas. But today I saw my first display of fairy lights, and even as I write shopping-centre managers are dusting off their Marlow Sings Rudolph tapes.

I can't face it. For mail-order junkies there are going to be no trips up the high street this year. Instead, I'm going to spend the next week calling in catalogues and will choose all my presents from the depths of my orange Conran Shop sofa.

And I won't be leafing through Freemans or Littlewoods' low-budget letterbox-busters. Mail-order has become increasingly specialised, and upmarket: there are catalogues for kitchen equipment, craft objects, gardening tools, fishing tackle, even French children's book characters.

So fetch the phone and dig out your cheque book. Christmas shopping starts – and ends – here.

SIX OF THE BEST CATALOGUES...

Purves & Purves

0171-436 8860
A small but select catalogue with modern home and office accessories. Typical is their Italian armchair espresso maker, in colours like burnt-sun and fuchsia (£16). It would make a perfect gift for a) a difficult to please but design-conscious brother; b) hardened coffee addicts resilient to bright colours first thing in the morning. Not suitable for conservative grannies wary of foreign appliances. A modern granny might, however, be delighted with an ivory or pistachio green plastic armchair (£15). Less risky gifts from this collection include brightly-coloured lamps, the whole of which lights up (£49); and any of their clocks (from £18.75).

Nauticalia

01932 253233
This is the Christmas secret that will take the pain out of shopping for grand-dads, uncles, and sailors manqué. Nauticalia has thought of everything, from ornamental diving helmets (from £39.95) and brass porthole ashtrays (£14.95) – to a weather vane featuring a gullrigged ketch (£39.95). All the practical stuff, such as referee jackets and sou'westers, is here too. But for the sailor who believed he had everything on board our Long John Silver himself: a talking parrot. A snap at £19.95, it sits expectantly on a plastic perch and when you press a button will repeat whatever you say. Several times. "Clever Polly," boasts the catalogue, "will irritate all the family."

In Particular

0701 0702 027
In Particular's stable of 13 British craftspeople offers everything from candle lamps to wine racks. Its colourful china octopi (£21) are especially suitable for those who spend all day in the bathroom. If you've got a younger sister who is

dripping with pendants, chokers and earrings, but who still demands more, buy her a piece of Diane Flint's pewter jewellery (from £8), whose simple designs acquire a baroque luxuriance with the addition of bright-coloured glass. In fact, this entire catalogue is the stop for gifts for the gals, young and old. Look out for funky glass perfume bottles (from £31) and calico cushions (£38.50).

Barclay & Bodie

0171-372 5705; catalogue, costs £2 This could be a life-saver if you're faced with mustering yet another festive token for a very old friend who already has everything, or for a seasonal guest you barely know. Delight the former and enjoy the reaction of the latter with leopard-print slippers (£15.95). If feeling more daring, doubly delight the former and (possibly) horrify the latter with a hot water bottle with breasts (£24.95) if he's male – and, if female, go for the Adonis who snoozes among crumpled sheets on an ironing-board cover (£16.50). You could also do worse than give the guest some washing-up gloves that could as easily be worn at a Jacobean ball as at a Boxing Day washing-up fest. In sticky black rubber, they have check gauntlets covered in plastic fruits (£19.95).

Grand Illusions

0181-744 1046
A something-for-everyone catalogue. For would-be gardeners, buy mugs covered in watering cans and urns. For home-makers, an iron hen from India does nothing, but is quite charming (£15.95).

For those who panic at the very mention of Christmas shopping there is a page entitled "presents for him", including Tintin silk ties (£29.95) and horoscope cufflinks (£20). The "presents for her" are considerably cheaper. But the thought of a man wanting to give his beloved a cuddly bear wearing a jumper with a heart on it (£16.50) is terrifying. The bear is indisputably adorable; it is just better suited to a child. The best of the collection is a 22in long-painted wood ocean liner. It's £49.95 and would look delightful in bathroom or bedroom, whether his or hers.

Art Room

01993 770444
Tasteful yet fun, you could tick off your entire Christmas list right here. They've managed to put well-known art works on everything from cufflinks to the inside of umbrellas. Cheer up a male friend's morning ablutions with a daily vision of Botticelli's Venus on a cotton shower curtain (£39.95). Segments of the Venetian vision also feature on a set of buttons (three, £6.95), while a tamer-haired Venus is available as a weighty Greek-style plaster bust (£39.95).

You will also cheer the cockles of the staunchest Christmas-hater with a tray featuring a detail of God reaching out to Adam in Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel fresco. Handmade in wood, it is gilt-edged and well worth £19.95.

Hitchcocks

01225 330646
A small, well-chosen collection of craft goods. Best buys: flowerpots in blue or yellow glaze, with contrasting spots (£12.50); fury mole (£5.95); velvet scarf in smoky green and gold (£58.50).

Designer

0171-494 1197

Minimalist home and office from Japan. Best buys: zinc box (40 x 20cm), £22.50; recycled paper scrapbook, £5.25; ball pen PVC briefcase, £35.

Tous Mes Amis

01252 733 188
Books and products associated with cultish French chil-



Presents by post (from left): terracotta art (In Particular); Tefal check oven gloves and clock with star (Purves & Purves); ceramic octopus (In Particular); iron hen (Grand Illusions); talking parrot (Nauticalia); ocean liner (Grand Illusions); letter holder (Barclay & Bodie); bird butter dish (Grand Illusions); plaster bust (Art Room); port hole ashtray (Nauticalia); bulb lamp (Purves & Purves); film-star wash bag and breasts hot water bottle (Barclay & Bodie); Klutz cushion (Art Room); teddy (Grand Illusions)

Photograph: Dillon Bryden

... AND THE BEST OF THE REST

Arts

British Museum: 01353 668400

All the gifts are replicas of, or based on items in the collection, but they've managed to do it super-tastefully. Best buys: Pompeii kit (excavate and recreate your own replica bowl), £19.95; Lewis chessman mug, £9.95; head of Sophocles in resin (13in high), £9.95.

Royal Academy

0151-708 0555

An up-market collection based around RA artists and exhibitions. Particularly good for children's toys. Best buys: Archiblocks (wooden building blocks with architectural shapes), £49.95; Elizabeth Blackadder frontstone dish, £99.95; stuffed spider toy, £16.95.

Crafts

Hitchcocks: 01225 330646

A small, well-chosen collection of craft goods. Best buys: flowerpots in blue or yellow glaze, with contrasting spots (£12.50); fury mole (£5.95); velvet scarf in smoky green and gold (£58.50).

Designer

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Tous Mes Amis

01252 733 188
Books and products associated with cultish French chil-

dren's books: Tintin, Asterix, Le Petit Prince, Madeline, Babar. Best buys: Arthur (from Baber) watch £20; Babar silk tie £29.95; Madeline paper dolls with outfit, £5.99; fluffy Obelix toy, £22.95.

Home & Garden

Bay tree: 0114 285 4525

Claudy gardening things. Best buys: copper planter, £39.95 (£27.50 in zinc); chilli tree ("ball" of dried chillies on a stick in terracotta pot), £32.95; lead planters with 18th-century designs, £125/£129.

Diverimenti

0171-386 9911

Kitchen shop catalogue that is foodie heaven. Best buys: brass spice mill, £24.95; four Cafetière Belgian chocolate bars in box, £5.25; bag of dried wild fungi, £7.95; geared citrus press in stainless steel, £45.95.

McCart

01793 433 499

A huge selection of essentials and less essentials for the house, garden and office. Best buys: Chick-a-tea kettle (kettle shaped like a hen), £29.95; Christmas pudding, with sixpence, £9.99; classic Dualit two-slice toaster, £115; Harley Davidson pen, £24.95.

National Trust for Scotland

0131-243 9393

Wholesome gifts with a Scottish theme. Best buys: Scottie doormat, £19.95; Scottie spectacle case tapestry kit, £6.95; 1500-piece golf jigsaw, £16.95; hand-painted marzipan pot with modelled oranges and leaves, £39.50.

Science

Science Museum: 01793 480200

Full of great toys and gadgets. Best buys: Capsela 250 (kit to make a motorised go-kart or digger, from aged 7), £32.50; Star Trek wall clock, £24.95; IQ2: the Mensa board game, £34.95; magic floating pen and clock, £5.95.

Stocking Fillers

Hawkin & Co: 01986 782536

All sorts of small old-fashioned toys and oddities. Best buys: a soap cat that sprouts hair when wet (£2.40); the outer Space UFO ball (K54 £2.35); resurrection plant ("springs to life when placed in water") (£1.95); Jaques' happy families cards, with 1851 illustrations, £2.50.

NSPCC Stocking Fillers

01793 410016

Cheap and cheerful. Best buys: ice fountain (indoor firework), 99p; inflatable gladiator helmet and duel-stick set, £4.99; Christmas toothbrush, 99p; star-shaped sparklers, £1.25; happy families cards, with 1851 illustrations, £2.25.

LISE INDEPENDENT

1995

john moore's

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF!

The John Moores Liverpool Exhibition, held every two years since 1957 is the survey exhibition of progressive British art. Visit the Walker Art Gallery and see if you agree with the judges' decision.

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1995

john moore's

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FRIDAY 20 - SUNDAY 22 OCTOBER

• Royal Academy of Arts, Piccadilly W1, 10-4 daily, Reception 10.30am-5pm, Last admission 4pm Bookings 0171-403 6575, 0171-403 6576, 0171-403 6577, 0171-403 6578, 0171-403 6579, 0171-403 6580, 0171-403 6581, 0171-403 6582, 0171-403 6583, 0171-403 6584, 0171-403 6585, 0171-403 6586, 0171-403 6587, 0171-403 6588, 0171-403 6589, 0171-403 6590, 0171-403 6591, 0171-403 6592, 0171-403 6593, 0171-403 6594, 0171-403 6595, 0171-403 6596, 0171-403 6597, 0171-403 6598, 0171-403 6599, 0171-403 6600, 0171-403 6601, 0171-403 6602, 0171-403 6603, 0171-403 6604, 0171-403 6605, 0171-403 6606, 0171-403 6607, 0171-403 6608, 0171-403 6609, 0171-403 6610, 0171-403 6611, 0171-403 6612, 0171-403 6613, 0171-403 6614, 0171-403 6615, 0171-403 6616, 0171-403 6617, 0171-403 6618, 0171-403 6619, 0171-403 6620, 0171-403 6621, 0171-403 6622, 0171-403 6623, 0171-403 6624, 0171-403 6625, 0171-403 6626, 0171-403 6627, 0171-403 6628, 0171-403 6629, 0171-403 6630, 0171-403 6631, 0171-403 6632, 0171-403 6633, 0171-403 6634, 0171-403 6635, 0171-403 6636, 0171-403 6637, 0171-403 6638, 0171-403 6639, 0171-403 6640, 0171-403 6641, 0171-403 6642, 0171-403 6643, 0171-403 6644, 0171-403 6645, 0171-403 6646, 0171-403 6647, 0171-403 6648, 0171-403 6649, 0171-403 6650, 0171-403 6651, 0171-403 6652, 0171-403 6653, 0171-403 6654, 0171-403 6655, 0171-403 6656, 0171-403 6657, 0171-403 6658, 0171-403 6659, 0171-403 6660, 0171-403 6661, 0171-403 6662, 0171

AY 21 OCTOBER 1995

going out

t store

urs, made his debut and 24 adventures on the world over. That by the time of creation would have sold 200 million Haddock, Bianca's worth more than all he decreed that no written, but this didn't of hungry account, how about or even Tintin carpets first Tintin store, 1984, Tintin has thousand products. world's eighth shop. Sloane Avenue takes the first Tintin published was *Tintin* is now very definitely

opens today

Cars of tomorrow, today

If there's any truth in the old adage that men would rather have a shiny car than a nagging woman for company, then the London Motor Show promises to be something of a peep-show-cum-mass orgy, as more than 500 models are wheeled in for the delight of the slavering public. During the 10-day exhibition, there are over 50 new cars being unveiled, with major launches from Ford, Vauxhall, Mitsubishi (with the dubiously-named Carisma), and the stunning new 120mph Lotus Elise (right), one of which is currently being given away by the *Independent* (see page 14). Tuesday sees the introduction of the first-ever Classic Car Day, and auction house Brooks is holding four classic car auctions. If you've got a spare £700,000, then you could land a 1930 7.1-litre supercharged Mercedes sports. Thursday is Motorsport Day with celebrity drivers and exhibits from the racing world, including a reconstruction of the RAC rally on the Earls Court forecourt, and an Impreza rally-car simulator to give you a taste of the action. If this is not enough to satisfy the boy racer in you, then make your way to stand 196, where you'll find the smoothest engines of all – the BBC Top Gear team.

London Motor Show, Earls Court, London SW5 (0171-244 0338) to 29 Oct.



SOMERSET NEWS

10, places to go weekend

1. Banksy, Southwark (0202) 10am-5pm
50, family (2+2)
Here you can see the art using the past of 400 years ago at the Globe as go on the site. Kids (£2) so they can sing

1, London (01933 640000)
e day, kids £4/£3, featuring world of technology. TV to access the special feature is a clude face-painting.

X-Ray Trail Science Museum, Exhibition Rd, London SW7 (0171-938 8000) daily
Come, See! Marks the centenary of the discovery of X-rays in 1895 by German physicist Wilhelm Röntgen. Part of the programme will concentrate on hidden rainbows for ages six plus. Learn about the parts of the rainbow that we can't see

London International Circus Festival to 29 Oct, Old Deer Park, Richmond, Surrey (0181-932 1444) Extravaganzas of circuses from around the world. Try stilts-walking and trapeze (5-14 yrs), and tuition in foot-juggling, clowning, tightrope and the flying trapeze. Or attend a master class in Radical Clowning.

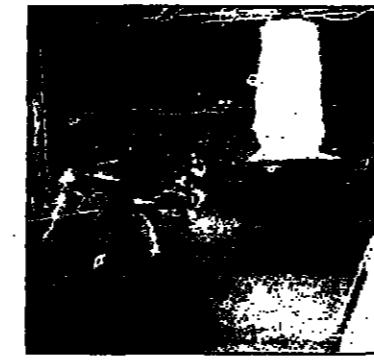
Noddy Orchard Theatre, Dartford (01322 220000) 24-28 Oct Noddy is touring the UK, for details of other venues ring (01608 661198)

oice**ROCK
ANGELA LEWIS**

5 Hill The first outing to shores in over a year for the rappers, whose previous album, *Sunday*, spawned many a new long-player. *Temples of Empire* (2nd Oct., Britton Academy)

**CLASSICAL
ROBERT MAYCOCK**

Chinese music, traditional and modern, meets the classical forms of Europe in Sunday's *New Tide*. Leading emigre Tan Dun – the composer who lost his Proms performance in a power cut this summer – conducts the London Sinfonietta. QEH, South Bank

**DANCE
LOUISE LEVENE**

Sculptor Richard Deacon and choreographer Hervé Robre stage their Anglo-French collaboration *Factory* at the Riverside Studios in Hammersmith this weekend. The studio has been transformed into an interactive open space filled with sculpture and movement.

LONDON CONCERTS
London New Production of *Dieci*. Today 2pm & 7.30pm. £14.50. St Martin's Lane, WC2 (0171-432 8300) ♦ Leicester Square

Oxford

APOLLO THEATRE, WELSH INTERNAL OFFICE
Welsh National Opera. *Gianni Schicchi*. Today 7.15pm. £15-£27. George St (01865 212444)

Richmond

THEATRE IN THE ROUND
Theodor and Sofya Rostova's comedy, in David Papy's translation. Tonight 7.45pm. £10-£22. The Green (0181-940 1991)

London

LAST WAY LEGENDARY rock'n'roll guitarist, Brian Setzer's Bush Girls 12.30-1pm, 7.30pm. £10-£12.50. The Mall, South Bank

LEICESTER SQUARE
John Peel's Underground man *Music for the Masses*. Tonight 7.30pm. £10-£12.50. The Mall, South Bank

THE INDUSIONS *Over the Moon*. Tonight 7.30pm. £12-£14.50. The Mall, South Bank

BRITISH WATERWAYS *British Waterways Boat Show*. Saturday 10am-5pm. £5-£10. The Mall, South Bank (0171-242 9324)

STAMMER CHURCH *Stamper's Whistlers*. Friday 7.30pm. £10-£12.50. The Mall, South Bank

WHITECHAPEL GALLERY *South Asian Modern Art in Africa*. Tonight 7.30pm. £5-£10. The Mall, South Bank

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MEXICO: START HERE

A sunshine version of Checkpoint Charlie concreted across the six-lane sweep of Highway 101 protect the world's richest country, the US, from 6,000 miles of Third Worldness. Thread your tortuous way across this border and you enter the seductive frenzy that is Latin America.

Between here and Tierra del Fuego, at the tip of Chile, you can find everything you could want from a journey. Ancient civilisations of amazing complexity, vestiges of the Spanish colonialism that destroyed Mayan and Aztec life, and the revolutionary recent history of Mexico. Some of the best beaches on the Caribbean and the Pacific have already been colonised by *Norteamericanos*, but others (particularly on the Baja California peninsula) are culturally unsullied. The food, too, has largely fended off the burger bombardment.

Travelling through Mexico is a trail between the ultra-modern and the endearingly traditional. The average off-the-beaten-track village is a picture of indolence, ranged raggedly around a Plaza Major where only the church peeks above shoulder height. At the other extreme, the high-altitude, high-octane capital is rapidly acquiring high-rises.

The poverty that surrounds the glitter inevitably leads to crime, and the Foreign Office warns of armed robbery. It also cautions against travel to the troubled Chiapas region and says that the earthquake earlier this month disrupted Colima state. But for every reason to be wary, there are many more incentives to go. Never have airfares been so low, with flights to the capital around £300 (through agents such as Passage to South America, 0171-602 9889, and South American Experience, 0171-976 5511). Favourable exchange rates mean travel around the country is cheap. The biggest risk is that once you have been south of the border, you may never want to cross back.

Simon Calder

Far below, the river wound like a tiny silver thread, and around us grey boulders dotted the earth

Mark Mann visits the Copper Canyon

If the Copper Canyon, or Barranca del Cobre, lay 200 miles north of the Rio Grande in the southern US, instead of 200 miles south in northern Mexico, it would be flooded with visitors. Similar to Arizona's Grand Canyon, except that it is five times bigger, the Copper Canyon is a vast primordial fissure carved out of the rugged Sierra Madre hills, an immense, harsh, semi-desert landscape of rock towers and wild shapes sculpted by wind and water. But, in a way, this example of American insularity is a good thing, for it allows you peace and space in which to contemplate the immense forces that created such an awesome setting.

As a bonus, you can reach the canyon by one of the world's most spectacular train rides, the Chihuahua Al Pacifico. Climbing steeply from the coastal heat of the Gulf of California, at Los Mochis, it winds through 88 tunnels and across 39 bridges up into the Sierra Madre. Begun in 1892, it was completed only in 1961.

You don't see the canyon itself until a 15-minute stop in a middle-of-nowhere place called Divisadero. You rush from the train, past a handful of souvenir sellers, and abruptly find yourself against a rail, hanging over a huge cliff. In front is a vast panorama – endless folds of hills and wind-blasted turrets of rock. All too soon, the train whistle goes and the

passengers hurry back on board, bound for Creel. High in the Sierra, this is one of the coolest places in the country. Vestiges of winter snow still dot the landscape in June, while only a few hours away, in the desert around Chihuahua, the sun and heat are almost unbearable. Creel is a good base from which to explore the canyon. One road goes to Batopilas, a hot little village on the canyon floor, its adobe houses shaded by palm trees. It's a bumpy but spectacular eight-hour trip.

In the 18th century silver made this remote village one of the richest places in Latin America. Remnants of that wealth are still visible: the tunnels of the Porfirio Diaz mine, the abandoned mansion of the American Shepherd family who owned it; and an enormous, deserted, bat-infested church locally known as "the lost cathedral".

From Batopilas you can hike to the railway at Bahia de Chihuahua, a two- or three-day trip across the Barranca del Urique, another branch of the vast canyon network. Or you can hike into the Barranca del Cobre itself. Tours operate from Creel, but a cheap and interesting alternative is to return to Divisadero and find a local Indian guide.

The region's 50,000 Tarahumara Indians are an interesting people, although they are hard to get to know. Related to the Apache, whose own home-

land is a little to the north, they are one of the most isolated Indian communities in Mexico. Many shun contact with outsiders after the discovery of silver in 1631; the Tarahumara suffered a great deal, worked to death in the silver mines and driven up into the harsh, less fertile regions of the sierras by land-hungry Spanish settlers.

The Tarahumara are famous for their running ability (they call themselves Raramuri: "Those who run fast"). In an annual race lasting 70 hours, contestants kick a wooden ball for 180 kilometres across rough, hilly terrain. Traditionally, they hunted deer by chasing one until the exhausted animal collapsed.

Finding an Indian guide is not easy: the Tarahumara often speak no Spanish. Your best bet is to ask the advice of other travellers in Creel. This is how we located our guide, Nazereno, in a village near Desiderado. A slight, wiry man who looked half his 60 years, his manner was typically quiet, proud and cautious. He was dressed in a cowboy hat and jeans and one of his hands was missing.

The canyon, once you get into it, is silent. There are few animals; a consequence of overhunting. Uncontrolled logging has destroyed much of the forest of the upper canyon slopes that once provided shelter for bears and wolves, bluejays, wild

turkeys and deer, leaving tough, low, scrubby vegetation instead.

The paths to the bottom are steep and slippery – and can be hard going for those not used to chasing deer around. The lower reaches can also be stiflingly hot. Pine trees give way to cacti, then tropical vegetation. Finally you reach the fast-flowing river, looking up at towering cliff walls.

My lasting memory will be of spending two nights (one going down, one coming up) sleeping in a cave. What made it special was its position, halfway up the side of the canyon, dwarfed on all sides by the vast, crumpled landscape. Far below, the river wound like a tiny silver thread, and around us grey boulders and spiny green shrubs dotted the brown earth.

We sat on the rocky ground beside the campfire, where Nazereno was cooking tortillas, and watched the crags and spires of rock turn orange in the setting sun. Later, we fell asleep to the sight of shooting stars. I wouldn't have traded it for the most luxurious five-star hotel in the world.

To get to the canyon, take a bus from Mexico City to Chihuahua or Los Mochis (either way, about 20 hours) then catch the train to Creel.



Photograph: Robert Harding

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Pollution, crime, earthquakes: so what?

Don't let the three worst things about Mexico City put you off. They didn't bother Jonathan Hollins.

Mexico City is a city of squiffy buildings. But if you plant a metropolis of some 20 million people on a huge bowl of jelly, the bed of Lake Texcoco, and throw in the San Andreas fault for good measure, you can hardly expect perfect lines. I arrived burdened with misconceptions: that the city was largely levelled by the 1985 earthquake, and that the air was like rarefied minestrone soup. True, the government has counselled its citizens not to take outdoor exercise, but the air seems no worse than in London and the city has a remarkably intact historic centre.

Its heart is the main plaza, the Zocalo. This is flanked by the colonial Baroque façade of the Palacio Nacional and dominated by the sky-thrusting hulk of domes and towers that comprise the magnificent 300-year-old cathedral. It is a focus of activity: amber sellers and mounted police mingle with Mayan dancers and tradesmen.

In the centre, beneath the Mexican tricolour, Zapatistas (young supporters of the contemporary Mexican revolution in Chiapas) share their politics and sell T-shirts depicting their leader, the Bala-clava-headed, pipe-smoking Marcos. As I stopped to buy one, a small army of drumming soldiers poured out of the Palacio Nacional to lower the flag. The Zapatistas made way reluctantly with powerful sidelong glances, and the atmosphere became tense. The previous day the two groups had collided with inevitable consequences.

inevitable consequences.

Since the earthquake a fever of restoration has gripped the city. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the cathedral itself. A portly Mexican with a tobacco-tinted moustache took me around its glorious but grossly deformed interior; earthquakes and ground shrinkage have exacted heavy tolls. The downhill gradient of the undulating floors shares much in common with a beginner's ski slope, and the structure looks as if it is supported with enough green scaffolding to dispel Mexico's national debt.

On a taut cable from the apex of the main cupola hangs a 50kg bronze plumbob. It hovers before one of the many altars like a latter-day pagan idol, its bul-

it's like a multi-day pagan fest, as our

let-shaped nose millimetres from the floor, recording shifts on a graph as the cathedral totters on its unsteady feet. Above the crypt stairwell a screen relays live pictures of besmeared men in vests scooping up buckets of chocolate sludge; they are 20 metres below, excavating and shoring up the foundations. As a result, the great dome has lurched back a break-

In another time the Zocalo was the hub of that almost legendary city Tenochtitlan, seat of the Aztec warlord Moctezuma. It was in the early 16th century that Hernan Cortez, on seeing Tenochtitlan with its temples, pyramids and causeways strung out across the lake, reported to Spain that it was "surely the most won-

derful capital the world has ever seen", but with typical lack of religious tolerance he slaughtered the Aztecs and razed the city to the ground. The conquest was ruthless. In two years the 300-year-old theocratic culture of the Aztecs was expunged.

History, though, has a habit of doing the occasional heartwarming backflip.

Ritual and revolution.
Drumming
soldiers lower
the Mexican
flag outside
the Palacio
Nacional.
Right:
Marcos, the
enigmatic
leader of the
rebel
Zapatistas
Photographs:
Jonathan
Klein

Beneath the city the highly efficient Metro recalls Paris, except that the complexions are swarthier, the canned music Latin American, and the carriages like meat presses. I uncharitably mistook a sultry Indian girl, who constantly eyed my groin while manipulating a lollipop with her tongue, for a prostitute, whereas in fact she was a proficient thief.

fact she was a proficient thief.

Later, in the offices of Protectur, where it is possible to see one of the most dejected queues of tourists in the world, I bemoaned my stupidity to Alejandro, the amiable police interpreter. "But it is as well you did not stop her, my friend," he commiserated. "They always travel in pairs; her accomplice would have knifed you to create a diversion."

I spent my evenings at the timeless Bar La Opera, consuming such delights as sweet white onions and fierce green chilies soaked in lime, enchiladas mole poblano (a sauce of more than 60 ingredients, including chocolate), and very acceptable Mexican Cabernet Sauvignon from Baja California, while a dapper string quintet sidled from table to table scraping out serenades.

A brief leg-stretch from here is the opera house itself, the deliciously white Art Deco Palacio de Bellas Artes. I watched in awe as the massive Tiffany glass stage curtain was winched ponderously into the dome, thinking it a brave concept for an earthquake zone. Two entrancing hours followed in which the Ballet Folklorico de Mexico performed regional dances, including a gem of tragicomedy in which a whirling dancer snagged a violin, sending the unfortunate piece arcing through the air to implode noisily on the front of the stage. It was a discordant experience, but not without charm — rather like Mexico City itself, indeed.

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travel britain

A rainy-day heaven in Oxford

Beverly Pagram visits the Pitt Rivers museum

In 1608 the Virginia Company, desperate to consolidate their stakes in the Chesapeake Bay area of America, flattered the Algonquin chieftain Powhatan with a mock coronation. They presented the father of the legendary Princess Pocahontas with a copper crown and a four-poster bed. In return he gave his tribal mantle and too many concessions. His magnificent robe, eight foot by five foot, of deer hide decorated with shells is today a prize exhibited in Oxford's Ashmolean Museum.

How did it get there? Captain John Smith (famed for having been saved from death by Pocahontas) donated the cloak to his London friends the Tradescants, father and son, famed royal gardeners and collectors of exotica. A German visitor of the day was not amused by the Tradescants' relaxed attitude to their "Cabinet of Curiosities". "Even the women are allowed up here for sixpence," he complained. The Cabinet was much coveted by canny antiquary Elias Ashmole, who, after litigation with Tradescant the Younger's widow, acquired the rarities. In 1683 he grandly donated them to Oxford University for "usefull and curious learning".

The Ashmolean, the Pitt Rivers, Oxford University Museum and the Museum of the History of Science comprise rainy-day heaven for those of us fed up with the concept of the museum as educative theme park. These museums of yesteryear's curatorial habits on the whole spurn spotif display minimalism and hands-on gadgetry. "I love a little bit of secret history," said Samuel Johnson. In Oxford you'll find secrets and "usefull and curious" learning aplenty in the gloomy labyrinths of glass cases.

Begin a ramble through Oxford's jumble of rarities at the neo-Grecian palace of the Ashmolean, which houses the surviving nucleus of the Tradescant's Cabinet. Admire Chief Powhatan's cloak in all its immense glory. Near by is a collection of eccentric 17th-century footwear that would make Vivienne Westwood's eyes pop — some of these ladies' "chop-

pines" elevated the wearer 10 teetering inches above the street mire. The lantern Guy Fawkes was carrying when he attempted to blow up the Houses of Parliament was given to Oxford University by the son of Robert Heywood, a Justice of the Peace present when the hapless Fawkes was arrested.

The Old Ashmolean building, next to the Sheldonian in Broad Street, is where the Ashmolean collection was housed until 1895. Now this unspoilt 17th-century building, the oldest purpose-built public museum in the country, is the atmospheric setting for the under-publicised Museum of the History of Science. It houses an unrivalled collection of early astronomical and mathematical instruments (armillary spheres, orreries, globes, astrolabes, quadrants, instruments of navigation and surveying). This is also the microscopist's spiritual home — solar microscopes, lucernal microscopes and compound microscopes abound. On one wall sits an early copy of the telescope (about as sophisticated-looking as a table leg) through which Galileo first spied Jupiter's moons. One dusty display case is devoted to the sad tale of the stingray, whose skin was routinely used in the 18th and 19th centuries in the manufacture of spectacle cases, mathematical instrument cases and the like.

Move on, past the exquisite laboratory-ware made by Josiah Wedgwood and Einstein's boffin blackboard, to the medical section. Silver ear-trumpets and "Nelson's Armatized India-Rubber Court Plaster and Styptic Paper" are most entertaining. More alarming is the 18th-century trepanning set, Mr C R Harness's "Electric Corset for Health, Comfort and Energy", and the 1830 steel vaginal speculum like a cheese-grater.

The Oxford University Museum is a breathtaking Victorian Gothic structure with a glass roof. Each of its stone columns is hewn from a different British rock, embellished with carvings of botanical specimens, birds and animals. Oxford University's collection of zoology, entomology, geology and mineralogy lives

Mummy coffin from Western Thebes, c720BC, in the Pitt Rivers museum

here, along with bits of the last British dinosaur and the dodo relic that inspired Lewis Carroll.

Sitting adjacent to this absorbing collection of Victorian learning is Oxford's gem of eccentricity, the Pitt Rivers Museum. "Here there are more 'real' objects per square foot than any other museum I know," says Sir David Attenborough in his foreword to the museum's guide. This is an understatement. Every Victorian

glass case in this amazing place is crammed to bursting point with weird ethnographic objects from the known and disappeared world. Here a mummified child from Chile; there Inuit rainwear made from walrus intestines and Mohave Apache "ghost mucus" on a stick. There are some corners so dark you almost need a torch to see tantalising Victorian labels on drawers such as "Witches' Ladder, Somerset".

Photograph: John Lawrence

Ashmolean Museum, Beaumont Street, Oxford (01865 278000), Tue-Sat 10am-4pm, Sun 2-4pm. Museum of the History of Science, Broad Street, Oxford (01865 272280), Mon-Fri 10.30am-1pm, 2.30-4pm. The University Museum, Parks Road, Oxford (01865 272950), Mon-Sat 12 noon-5pm. Pitt Rivers Museum, Parks Road (01865 270927). Mon-Sat 1-4.30pm. Admission free.

Museums with a touch of eccentricity

England seems to breed travellers who regard the world as a public collection of objects to be brought home and put in private collections. Never mind the state-approved thievery of the British Museum; several other compendiums of kleptomania are dotted around the country.

Boyd Dawkins room, Buxton Museum. An acquaintance of Darwin, Sir William Boyd Dawkins ransacked the world for exotic objects and brought samples back to his native Derbyshire. The souvenirs include a Bronze Age skull, tin cans, patent medicines and a Japanese tea-caddy. Museum and Art Gallery, Terrace Road, Buxton, Derbyshire (01298 24658). Open Tue-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 9.30am-5pm. Admission £1.

Powell-Cotton Museum, Quex House, Isle of Thanet. The explorer Major Powell-Cotton killed a massive menagerie of African animals, stuffed them and created a museum for them on the Isle of Thanet in east Kent. The beasts are exhibited in "action" poses, and the museum explores the logistical problems of getting them to the Major's home. Powell-Cotton Museum, Quex House, Birchington, Kent (01843 8421680). Call for opening times and prices.

The Horniman Museum, Forest Hill, London. On a windblown section of the South Circular Road, tea-trader Frederick Horniman created an Art Nouveau stash for his orchestrated collection of musical instruments and pickled parts of animals. You may feel the integrity of his original concept has been eroded by more modern additions, such as the aquatic eco-system; the only sort of wildlife Mr Horniman seemed to favour was the dead sort. The Horniman Museum, 100 London Road, London SE23 (0181 699 1872). Open Mon-Sat 10.30am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. Free.

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True: When I went to Trailfinders to pick up my ticket and get my jabs, I was sceptical that the small package of medicines was as good value as the company claimed. "They would say that, wouldn't they?" was my reaction. So I noted the contents of the £17 kit and crossed over Kensington High Street in London to the Pestle & Mortar chemist shop.

The pharmacist there was unable to match the quantities precisely: he could supply 96, not 75, water sterilisation tablets; paracetamol was in a pack of 50 rather than the 24 supplied in the Trailfinders' kit. The

total cost of Imodium diarrhoea tablets, Dioralyte rehydration sachets, Savlon antiseptic, Eurax HC (the "HC" in this sting treatment cream stands for hydrocortisone, I learnt), plasters, Melonina dressing, a reel of non-allergenic surgical tape and some antiseptic wipes — not to mention a natty plastic container to carry the kit — was just over £20.

So Trailfinders was right — and if you get ill abroad, the value of your medical kit can rapidly become priceless.

Simon Calder

UK DEPARTURES

The chance to stitch up your mates takes place in Warwickshire from 7 to 12 November. Dr Jon Dallimore will be teaching lifesaving skills to "all those venturing to wild and remote places" away from professional medical help. The course on Advanced Medicine for Remote Foreign

Travel includes training in administering saline drips and applying sutures (you practise on pork bellies). The course costs £330 including your accommodation, all meals and materials. Call 01926 882763 to register.

The world's biggest map and travel bookshop, Stanfords, is organising a series of travel lectures at the Royal Geographical Society in London. Next Tuesday, 24 October, John McCarthy and Sandi Toksvig will be talking about their book *Island Race: An Improbable*

Voyage round the Coast of Britain

While on 23 November the writer Michael Jacobs looks at how artists depicted European travel before the invention of photography. Tickets for both events cost £5; call 0171-836 1915 to book by credit card.

Few holiday brochures have the breadth of coverage to include the islands of Madagascar, Sicily and Anglesey. But the 1996 collection from The British Museum Traveller, published this week, includes all three. The company (0171-323 8895) is an offshoot of the British Museum, whose curators lead tours to places all over the world. The emphasis is on the Middle East, but Wales gets a mention, too, with a four-day bus trip next July around Edward I's castles in the Principality.

something to declare

Bargain of the week

A three-day insurance policy for the United States and Canada: £9.95. For 17 days: £25. Travellers should note, however, that this does not cover insurance for your documents, cameras or money. From Columbus, 17 Devonshire Square, London EC2M 4SQ (0171-375 001).

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Teesside with a bit of kick



LAST RESORT

The Brazilian footballer Juninho has transferred to Middlesbrough. What will he find there? By Anne Spackman

The cooling towers and chemical works of Middlesbrough shouldn't come as too much of a shock for the newly arrived Brazilian footballer, Juninho. He has effectively transferred from ICI's South American headquarters in São Paulo to their British base on Teesside.

Middlesbrough is not one of England's prettiest places, but it is on the up. Where once it had the highest level of unemployment in mainland Britain, now it has attracted industrial giants such as Samsung. Where Next once struggled to maintain a branch, a shop called Psycho has just won the title of best menswear shop in the country.

Then there is the football club. There is nothing like success in football to lift a town. Middlesbrough's new Riverside Stadium is one of a number of projects trans-

forming the once-derelict industrial landscape along the Tees. Even before the arrival of Juninho, Brian Robson's team were riding high in the Premier League. Now, thousands more will pour into Middlesbrough to see the Brazilian player of the year.

What else will they find?

The town centre is, like many others, dominated by the shopping centre, council offices and modern law courts. But the few Victorian landmarks which remain are being improved. What was once a run-down bingo hall is now a smart night club, its ornate interior restored. Over the road, by the railway bridge, the Corner House is the trendiest bar for music.

Traditionally, those who made their money on ICI's Ammonia Avenue have spent it in the dozens of pretty villages which dot the countryside further south. Places such

as Osmotherley, Great Broughton, Great Ayton and Stokesley, lying in the foothills of the North York Moors, are rich in good country pubs.

Further up is the Lion on Blayke Ridge, where winter visitors may hope to get snowed in – with a vast pie and a roaring fire. Another

major culinary landmark is The Tontine, the renowned restaurant and brasserie just off the A19, run by the McCoy brothers. It is a sign of the times that their latest venture was to re-open The Purple Onion, not in the attractive commuter villages, but in Middlesbrough itself.

Suppose you suggest a solution switching to the Seville flight, equidistant from your destination, would save you arriving in Spain in the early hours. Suddenly your Viva Air ticket becomes an encumbrance. Yes, Iberia would be happy to help me out, but for an extra charge of £40. This seemed a bit rich when the delay was hardly my fault. But since the alternative was an arrival in Spain at 1am, I offered the cash. Then someone spotted I was travelling on a promotional ticket, and recalculated the surcharge: £294 – much more than the ticket had cost in the first place. With my credit card unable to withstand that sort of expense, I did what everyone else was obliged to do: hang around at Heathrow, and hope the airline had made some sort of provision for our arrival in Malaga after all local transport had closed down. It had not. And the benches at Malaga airport are even less comfortable than those at Heathrow.

The new international rail schedules that begin tomorrow will increase the number of Eurostar trains between London and Paris, but Stella Carter of Abingdon warns families to check that they are seated together. "We booked our tickets together seven weeks earlier, but when we turned up for the return journey we found I was in Coach 1 while my daughter was in Coach 16. My daughter is 10 years old."

The initial solution proposed by Eurostar staff was to place them both in Coach 1, but at opposite ends of the carriage. Eventually the train controller found them seats together, but perhaps inevitably the *loi de Murphy* came into play. "The seats were in coach 18, so we had to drag our luggage for 300 metres through the train."

Ms Carter points out that her daughter is a potential business traveller of the future, and wonders if this is the way Eurostar hope to persuade her to use the trains in the future.

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Buckley, Cheshire, London area.
Box No: L 857.

SHY BUT CONFIDENT MAN:
sporty, caring, open, honest,
seeks 30s girlfriend in London. Box No: L 858.

THE TWO WANTON WOMEN think:
"Mellow" for the 21st century.
but, generally, lonely, and who knows?
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I particularly want to hear
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you know who went to bed for me!
Box No: L 859.

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shy, 30, shrewd, born to be leader.
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MAN: I am a glove snob here.
Box No: L 861.

SAFEST WHEN WITH ONE
MAN: I am a glove snob here.
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and fit, seeking a woman
interested in traveller, golf, music
whatever. Write in details. Fax 00
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motoring family

It happens to us all eventually: the moment when the big family car looks attractive

David Bowen traded in his Audi coupé for an MPV. Regrets, he has a few, but then again...

It was the dog that did it. Yes, we had a baby on the way and my slinky Audi coupé would have been a bit awkward, but it was big and bouncy Grumble who made us realise we needed a load carrier. My wife said: "What about an Astra estate?" She had a friend who had one with several hundred thousand miles on the clock. I winced. It's nothing to do with image (I will insist to my dying day), but I really could not cope with the leap from near-Porsche performance to a 1300cc chugger. Unless, that is, there was something interesting about the new car that would make up for the lack of oomph.

I wondered about a Land Rover Discovery, but it was too expensive (we wanted to spend about £8,000), and even I found it difficult to justify four-wheel drive in south London. The obvious alternative was a "multipurpose vehicle" which in those days - 1993 - meant a Renault Espace. I have always had a soft spot for slightly weird French cars and this was ... a slightly weird French car. It was also big: maybe this was the way out of my Astra-angst.

So we went to look at an Espace. It was frighteningly expensive: £7,000 for a seven-year-old car with 80,000 miles on the clock. That was because there were so few around, and it at least meant it should continue to hold its value well. But my wife liked it, because it reminded her of a van and was therefore friendly and unflashy. I liked it for more or less the opposite reasons: it was an amusing car that had plenty of things to play with ("Open the sunroof, will you?" "Which one?"), and I liked its ostentatiously silly looks. It also had a spectacular sound system - very important if you are no longer allowed to be a boy racer.

Eventually we paid just over £9,000 for a five-year-old 2000-1 with 55,000 miles and a nice rural history. The previous owner was arthritic and had bought the car because unlike any other, the driver's seat swivelled round.

That was two years ago. We now have two children and the dog is even bigger; we also carry grannies and other relatives regularly. But we are not one those families that needs an MPV because it has so many seats: we do not even own the extra two seats that would convert it from a five to a seven seater. We could, I suppose, all fit into an Astra Estate.

I am glad we do not have to try: our luggage - or rather the children's - manages to expand to fit the space available with no effort. We bought a full-size pram partly because it can fit straight in the back without folding up. It is also useful to be able to move the seats around in strange ways, even if we have never turned the front seats right round and had a picnic, as advertisements assure us we can.

But these are just excuses. The real reason I like the Espace is the driving position. You sit right up in the air (though not as high as in a Discovery), and feel just a little bit superior to those beings crawling along the ground beside you. It is this that has made the car an adequate replacement for the Audi coupé: I have given up speed as a drug, and replaced it with height. I find it gives me at least as much of a buzz.

The bad news is that my wife is not quite as convinced. She finds the Espace awkward in towns compared with her beloved Peugeot 205; she also complains, justifiably, about the heavy clutch.

She (and I if you insist) are also a little upset



that we had to spend £2,000 a year ago because the heater had leaked into the computer, and blown it up. There is a sophisticated "engine management system" - a computer - that sits on the floor just ahead of the gear lever. Above this is the heater system through which hot water flows. When the water started to flow out through a broken hose, it went straight into the silicon chips beneath it and *pouf!*, she blows up. This is an example of the terrible design detail that the French specialize in. It would never have happened in a Japanese car.

Last week I went to the Motor Show to look at the raft of "multi purpose vehicles" that is threatening to destroy the oh-so-strong second-hand value of my Espace. I sat in a Toyota Previa, a Ford Galaxy and a Peugeot 806, and found myself getting cross when I discovered something better than the Espace, and pleased when it was worse. This was sad - I had clearly developed unhealthy strong feelings towards my strange French friend, even though she is nothing but a bundle of polluting metal and plastic.

The point, I suppose, is that if you happen to like motor cars, life need not stop when you start breeding. I am in my late 30s, I have a proper family, I am saving up to join the National Trust. I am slightly in love with my Espace - but I have a worry. What happens when everyone has an MPV, as seems increasingly likely, and I can no longer tower above them? "You'll have to buy a furniture lorry," a friend said. He was joking, I think. But I have found myself wondering how much they cost...



Plenty of room, and plenty of things to play with (including two sun roofs), but one of the biggest attractions of an MPV is its high driving position

Photograph: Philip Meech

MPVs are big and have a price tag to match. So it pays to check out the second-hand market. By James Ruppert

Most car customers have been slow to grasp the concept of the MPV (multi purpose vehicle). To many British buyers, an MPV was little more than a van with windows - and a very expensive van at that. Not everyone needs that much space all the time. So, sales have been slow, mainly to an affluent sector who want to do the private school run in a style which has kept big

car prices high and the choices low - until now.

Manufacturers are mounting another attempt to convince us that people carriers make sense. The roll call of new MPVs is staggering. Volkswagen's Sharan is soon to be joined by the joint-project Fiat Ulysse/Peugeot 806/Citroën Sénégale, and from the US the Chrysler Voyager in 1996. But what of those old

models that everyone ignored? Used MPV prices are falling.

It's hard to overlook the first people carrier, the Renault Espace. Chic and spacious, it still sets the standard. But it has never been that cheap. It was introduced in 1985 with stylish plastic body panels and optional seven seats with two pivoting and five removable. Of the original models, the 2000-1 was

the best equipped, the Quadra, an unnecessarily complex four-wheel drive version and the TXE the nicest compromise with a 2.0 litre 120 bhp engine. Best of all, an Espace is easy to drive and fairly durable, although hard use will break up the interior, and the plastic paintwork scratches and fades. A restyled Espace from 1991 was better still, with a comprehensive range of engines with new diesel and V6 options.

The next generation arrives in 1996. Currently 1986 examples start at around £4,000, while better equipped TXEs from 1988 will be £7,000 and the 1991 models rarely dip below £10-£11,000.

Espace competition has always come from the Far East. Boxy and dated, the Mitsubishi Space Wagon embodies the old, tall estate car school of design. It has a great reputation for durability. There are lots around at the moment, forcing prices to reasonable levels. A similar style of vehicle is the Nissan Prairie. With more of a bonnet than the better packaged Espace, it hardly looks the part. A smoother facelift in 1989 improved matters.

The privately advertised 1992 1.8 GLXI for £8,000 seemed good value. But the best central location for MPVs turned out to be the Trade Centre in west London. Just the one Space Wagon, a 1993 seven-seater 2.0 GLX at £9,999. A solitary Toyota Previa - an automatic 1992 2.4 GL - was £10,000 more. Better news on the Espace front, with five to choose from. Starting at £8,999 for a basic 1993 RN and rising to £12,499 for the frugal turbo-diesel model. Better still, I would have plumped for a well equipped, petrol powered R with air conditioning, at the same price.

Priests seem to be thin on the ground. At a large Toyota dealer, Hassop in Willesden, London, they could only come up with two N-plated automatic models at a whopping £21,995.

More interesting, though, was an almost prehistoric 1984 Spacemaster. A one-owner, 75,000 mile example seemed pricey at £3,995, but, allowing for the condition and history, was not unreasonable.

box and clutch take a real beating in the school run and urban traffic. Overload an MPV and the suspension will go soggy and the brakes could become less than effective. Buying from a main agent removes most of these headaches although the retail price is likely to be steep. If you are paying top money, make sure that the MPV has a full history and perfect presentation.

Out in the MPV marketplace there are a lot of Mitsubishi Space Wagons around. Apparently demobbed servicemen from Europe are bringing them home. I found several in the classified ads that seemed to fit this description, and what you need to be careful of is a lower Euro, rather than premium priced British, specification: electric windows and central locking could be missing.

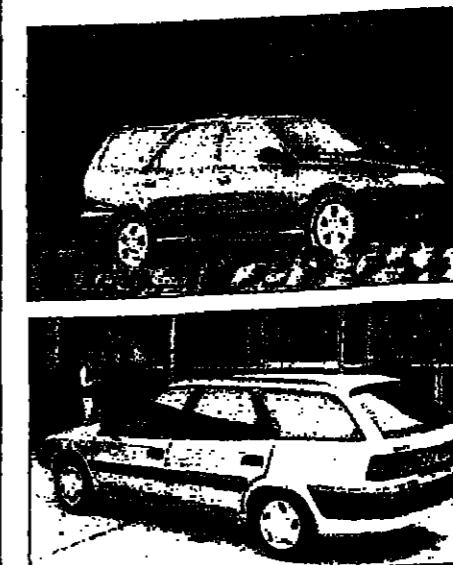
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road test/test estates

Renault Laguna Citroën Xantia



When industry statisticians reported a drop in sales of middling estate cars, pundits had a ready explanation: off-roaders and MPVs were marginalising the traditional estate. Not so, said Renault, who advanced another theory: lack of talent in a market sector dominated by the fleet-oriented Ford Mondeo and the moribund Peugeot 405 - both honest holdalls but neither of them likely to quicken the pulse. Renault's new Laguna estate was the car to stimulate sales.

Renault is on a roll in Britain: its market share increased to 6.4 per cent in the first half of 1995, so confidence is not misplaced in its striking newcomer. It is not alone, however. Citroën, also enjoying a sales spurt in Britain, has countered with a long-awaited estate version of the Xantia. Far from being starved of options, buyers are suddenly spoilt for choice if they want Gallic flair.

The French have a strong estate car tradition which both these cars admirably uphold. But which is best? If style is a high priority, the elegant Xantia wins hands down. Its extended tail blends in seamlessly, as though shaped from scratch as an estate. The Laguna looks like a saloon with a grafted-on cubicle above the boot. Roof rails (invisibly recessed on the Xantia) visually tie the blocks together.

Citroën makes much of the Xantia estate's load volume, which is greater than that of the Mondeo, 405 and VW Passat. By a small margin, however, the square-tailed Laguna is even more capacious. Renault has ruthlessly put function before form, whereas Citroën has successfully merged the two with little sacrifice to either.

The Laguna will carry slightly bigger and heavier loads than the Xantia - up to 750kg (1,653lb or 14.8cwt). But then the Xantia's wonderful suspension, centred on gas/oil springs, won't sag under the weight of a dozen growbags. Regardless of load, the ride height remains constant and flat. What's more, at the pull of a lever between the seats, the Xantia will squat down on its springs, like a kneeling camel, to facilitate loading (it will also rise on tiptoe to increase ground clearance over bumps). A cruder form of self-leveling rear suspension, which ideally all estates should have, costs extra on the Renault.

Getting down to details, the advantage swings towards the Laguna. It has a split rear tailgate - you can open just the glass or the whole door - that lifts well out of the way; the one-piece tailgate of the Xantia is a head-cracker for six footers. Roof-level stop lights are fitted to both cars. The option of a neat rear-facing child's seat (useless for adults) makes the seven-up Renault the better choice as a personnel carrier. Rear window demisters maintain a clear view with a steaming rugby squad on board, and body reinforcements add protection against a rear-end shunt.

Although the Renault has (for me) the better seats and driving position, I prefer the dynamic qualities of the Citroën, as always the individualist, if no longer the maverick. Supple springing gives a magic-carpet ride, and the steering and brakes are unusually sensitive - delicate inputs are required to drive smoothly. The less highly strung Laguna, which also rides and handles well on its conventional metal springs, is more forgiving of clumsiness, but less eager to please.

Subjectively, there is little to choose between the 1.8- and 2.0-litre petrol engines on offer in both cars, but the 1.9-litre turbo-diesel of the Xantia feels livelier than the 2.2-litre non-turbo of the Laguna. Prices span the £13,000-20,000 range, according to engine, trim and equipment.

Pick of the bunch? The £14,795 Xantia 1.9 TDLX on my scorecard. But if you want class-leading space, practicality and versatility, at the expense of style, the Laguna has the edge - for the time being. Next year's arrival of Audi A4, Peugeot 406 and Vauxhall Vectra estates will further stimulate sales in a market sector that looks anything but stagnant from where I sit.

Roger Bell

Specifications

Renault Laguna 1.8RN estate, £12,390
Engine: 1783cc, four cylinders, 95bhp at 5000rpm Transmission: five-speed manual gearbox, front-wheel drive. Top speed 109mph, 0-60mph in 13.5 seconds, average consumption 32.9mpg.

Citroën Xantia 1.8LX estate £13,850
Engine: 1761cc, four cylinders, 8 valves, 103bhp at 6000rpm. Transmission: five-speed manual gearbox, front-wheel drive. Top speed 110mph, 0-60mph in 13.3 seconds, average consumption 33.2mpg.

motoring

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That crock of gold waiting for you at retirement could turn to dust if you don't plan properly

By Dennis Young



Beware: that salesman may not provide a scheme that gives you what you expect

The Government last year decided to allow personal pension policyholders to wait until age 75 before requiring them to use the accumulated funds to purchase an annuity, fixing income for the rest of their lives.

This initiative was intended to give more flexibility. The objective was to allow pensions holders to pick the optimum point to buy an annuity. In the meantime they could invest the capital and draw an income.

But according to Bob Woods, a partner in the Leicester-based independent pension consultants Mattioli Woods, this freedom could be misused, causing a pensions disaster on an even greater scale than the mis-selling of personal pensions in the late Eighties.

Thousands of people on the point of retiring with a

"crock of gold" in their personal pensions plan could now be persuaded to transfer their funds, with competing insurance companies promising them an attractive income.

Taking too much income from the pension fund capital – instead of buying an annuity – could eat up the capital if it failed to earn the return needed to provide an adequate income in the meantime.

Until the 1995 Finance Act, personal pension policyholders had to secure their pensions at retirement through the purchase of an annuity, an annual income fixed for the rest of their lives.

Annuities pay out more than a similar sum invested would do because the annuity includes an element of compensation for the capital that was used to buy it. But

timing the purchase of an annuity has always been a tricky business, because the annual payment that a given amount of capital will buy is heavily influenced by current interest rates as well as by the age, sex and therefore life expectancy of the purchaser.

Once purchased, however, the annual payment is usually fixed for the rest of the pensioner's life.

He or she will not automatically be protected against inflation and no longer has any claim to the capital sum used to buy the annuity.

It is possible to buy annuities that do keep pace with inflation, and annuities that guarantee to repay some of the capital if the pensioner dies within, say, five years of retirement.

It is also possible to buy annuities that pay out a pen-

sion for surviving spouses. But all these improvements are expensive and result in a sharp reduction in the basic payout.

Five years ago a male aged 65 with a £50,000 pension fund on retirement could expect to buy a level annuity of around £7,500 a year for life.

Since then a combination of factors, including falling long-term interest rates, increasing longevity, operating expenses and shareholders' profits have helped to undermine the value of the annuity contract, and the same £50,000 might now only buy £5,500 a year.

To meet this problem the new Act's provisions now allow anyone on retirement to defer buying an annuity, and in the meantime draw a pension from the underlying pension policy proceeds, at a rate that is itself based on

the yields available from 15-year gilts.

This more flexible method of pension payment allows the pensioner to fix a higher level of annuity by waiting until he or she is older, and interest rates are low, and therefore better investment returns can be obtained elsewhere.

In the unfortunate event of the pensioner dying before age 75, all of the funds will still be intact to provide either a widow's pension or be distributed to beneficiaries, albeit less a tax charge – choices not available once an annuity has been purchased.

On paper, then, the development of annuities looks extremely attractive, with the possibility of a higher annuity, or greater inflation protection from a given amount of pension capital, allied to the substantially improved position in the

event of death. Mr Woods points out however, that the theory is flawed in a number of ways.

First, there is an implicit assumption that when interest rates are low, annuity rates are also low, and therefore better investment returns can be obtained elsewhere.

But, he argues that "this assumption does not stand up under close scrutiny. When interest rates and, therefore, long-term gilt yields are relatively low, the only fundamental alternatives are asset-backed investments, mainly equities and property".

However, the scenario of low interest rates is no guarantee that either equities or property would out-perform them.

The last five years have seen a steady fall in interest rates and a stock market

which can not even match annuity returns, let alone surpass them.

He believes the industry is almost certainly aware of the problems associated with managed pensions.

"It is perhaps the challenge of the '90s for companies to develop the investment products that the market so desperately needs," he says. "Or will they let the public down yet again?"

To reduce the risk of eroding the capital to generate income, while minimising or eliminating investment risk, Mattioli Woods has created a bespoke asset and liability matching module to manage the fund.

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من الأجل

Testing times for Tessa holders

Savers should look to see what lenders are offering before the leap for Tessa 2. By Alison Eadie

The Tessa 2 season is fast approaching and building societies and banks are feverishly finalising plans to hold onto the money they already have and attract a fresh wave.

The popularity of Tessas (tax exempt special savings accounts) when launched nearly five years ago means £16bn will mature in the first quarter of next year, according to an estimate from the Building Societies Association.

The challenge for Tessa providers is how to keep hold of this money and prevent it being scooped by more tempting Tessas from other providers or by competing investments.

In January 1991, the most competitive Tessas paid interest at 15.3 per cent. Now the best rate from Britannia Building Society is a fixed 7.65 per cent.

Most variable-rate Tessas pay less than 7 per cent. By contrast, the new kid on the block, corporate bond personal equity plans, provide a tax-free yield in many cases of 8 per cent and more.

Nationwide Building Society recently asked MORI to find out what Tessa-holders planned to do. The research showed that 74 per cent of people intended to reinvest all or part of their capital, but only 61 per cent were planning to reinvest it in a Tessa.

That still means up to £10bn could find its way back into Tessas. Most building societies and banks accept that they are going to have to provide a choice of Tessas, including variable and fixed rates.

A spokesman for Abbey National said: "The bog-

standard Tessa of five years ago is not enough. Customers are more sophisticated and want to know what a Tessa can do for them."

Nationwide has said it will offer a variable-rate Tessa 2 and a range of fixed-rate products if market conditions allow.

Portman Building Society is offering its Tessa holders a follow-up Tessa paying guaranteed interest at 7 per cent in the first year, rising by 0.5 per cent a year to 10 per cent in year five. The full £20,000 capital has to be reinvested and is guaranteed to grow to £13,300.

Take-up of this competitive offer is running at more than 60 per cent, the Portman says, but no decision has been taken on whether to extend it to the public at large.

Robert Fleming is openly touting for Tessa 2 business. Its fixed rate of 7.5 per cent a year guarantees a maturity value of £12,920 on an investment of £9,000.

HSBC Asset Management has also put down its marker, saying it intends to launch the first Tessa with returns determined by the FTSE 100-share index.

It will guarantee a minimum return of 25 per cent over five years, even if the stock market bombs. The maximum return is 50 per cent, however much the market moves up.

An investment of £9,000 could therefore grow to between £11,250 and £13,500, but staying the five-year term is essential in order to reach such returns.

Alan Gadd, managing director of HSBC Asset Management, says the figures may prove conservative.

tive and the actual deal when introduced in late January could offer more.

These are the few who have shown their hand, however. Most other Tessa providers are still debating how to pitch their terms.

Whether or not to invest in a Tessa 2 depends on the Tessa-holder's circumstances five years on and the merits of competing investments.

Maturity values of fully topped-up Tessas will be close to £12,000.

If holders re-invest elsewhere, similar tax-free products include corporate bond Peps, National Savings guaranteed income bonds (GIBs) and zero-dividend preference shares.

Likely investments would be a high-income Pep like Perpetual Income, Schroder Income or M&G Equity Income.

Such a course would, however, catapult Tessa-holders into the world of stock market volatility and unpredictable returns.

After considering the alternatives, they may prefer to stick with a high street deposit account and lap up the loyalty bonuses.

Portman is adding a 2 per cent bonus on the entire balance of Tessa 1 on maturity, worth up to £232.

Nationwide has now promised Tessa 1 customers who reinvest in its Tessa 2 for the full five years an interest-rate bonus for Tessa 2 on maturity and a special incentive.

Over the coming weeks all Tessa providers will have to set out their stalls. Savers should wait and see the full offering before jumping.

They have six months after maturity of their first Tessa to make up their minds.

can be bought and sold at any time and are free of income tax though liable to capital gains tax.

The trusts have 10-year lives and their redemption values on winding up are not guaranteed, but are usually well covered. Garfmore Scotland, redeemable in July 2001, is presently yielding 8.1 per cent with a generous 12.5 per cent cover.

Alternatively, Tessa-holders may want to raise their risk profile and try equities. Reinvested in a Pep, the tax-free attractions of a Tessa would be retained while potential returns over time would increase.

Corporate bond Peps offer higher yields than Tessas – Commercial Union Monthly Income is currently paying 8.9 per cent – but most also levy initial and annual charges.

They are more flexible as they need not be held for five years, but are not guaranteed and capital erosion is a danger.

Corporate bond Peps can also only accept investment of £6,000 a year per person, so they can shelter half of the full Tessa maturity value.

National Savings GIBs are akin to Tessas in that they are five-year deposit accounts.

The forty-second issue pays a fixed 5.85 per cent a year and the index-linked eighth issue pays 3 per cent above inflation. GIBs also lock the money away for five years and presently pay around 7 per cent fixed per annum.

Zeros, one of the classes of share in split-capital investment trust and available through stockbrokers,

What you need to know about Tessas

Tessas (tax exempt special savings accounts) were launched in January 1991 as a five year tax free deposit account.

Savers can put in up to £9,000, with a maximum first year deposit of £3,000, up to £1,800 in each of the next three years and £600 in the final year. Interest can be withdrawn net, but the tax free status is lost if the capital is touched.

Tessa 2 will be available from January. Holders of existing Tessas can reinvest their capital up to a maximum of £9,000 in a Tessa 2 in the first year provided they do so within six months of the old Tessa maturing.

If they miss the rollover opportunity, the first year investment limit reverts to £3,000 for Tessa 2s. The old investment limits apply to new savers.

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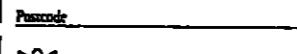
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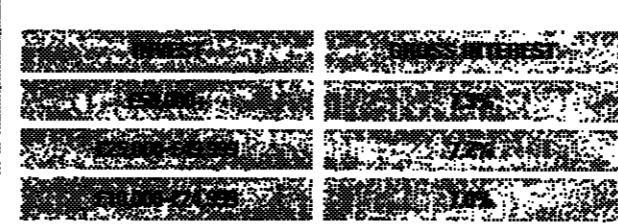
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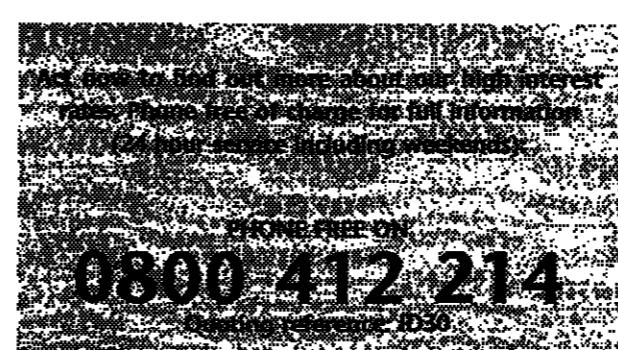
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money

What price customer loyalty? Supermarket shoppers will get discounts under glitzy new schemes. But Big Brother may come to rule the till

Frances Howell looks at the latest weapon being wielded in the trolley wars

Last week, Safeway joined Tesco in launching a nation-wide customer loyalty card. For anyone who has ever used a petrol service station, the system is all too familiar. Customers are allocated "smart cards" to nestle next to their Amex. At the check-out, the card is swiped, and points are credited in line with the amount spent.

However, unlike their petrol station predecessors, supermarket card points can be redeemed against not only china, but also against the weekly shopping bill.

On the surface, these cards seem too good to be true. Instead of simply taking huge chunks out of many families' weekly income, supermarkets now profess to be giving money back.

Supermarket chains are, however, big business, not charitable organisations. If they were not getting more out of customer loyalty cards than they put in, they would not be dangling these carrots in front of us. As Roger Ramsden, director of brand marketing at Safeway, admits: "These cards generate a sufficient increase in sales to cover their cost."

Sales are not the only bonus for supermarkets. Each time that your card is swiped, it registers not only the total amount spent, but exactly what you have spent on it. The supermarkets can therefore build up a customer profile of each card holder.

Tesco claims that this will enable it to provide a personalised service, at least at mailshot level. The flipside is a Big Brother-like databank that could result in letters such as: "We note that you almost exclusively purchase pick'n'mix chocolates, croissants and chicken tikka

masala. This is an extremely unhealthy diet. May we suggest that you boost your vitamin C levels by taking advantage of our current satsuma offer?"

The real plus for the supermarkets from the cards is cheap market research. But how does it add up for shopper?

The bottom line is individual customers win. The losers are likely to be specialist stores, like chemists and fruiterers, who provide some or all of the products offered by the supermarkets.

What you get depends on where you shop. Safeway's scheme differs from those of both Tesco and Sainsbury, which are only promoted in selected stores. Safeway awards points for every £1 spent, whereas Tesco and Sainsbury have a minimum spend of £10 to get points, which are then awarded per £5 spent (in Tesco), or per £10 (in Sainsbury). In Tesco and Safeway, to cash in points requires a minimum spend of £250 or £100 respectively, whereas Sainsbury has no lower limit.

The value of these points varies from chain to chain. Over six months, the average family of four, spending about £75 per week, should get £20 off their bills at Tesco and Safeway, and a princely £50 off from Sainsbury.

At the other end of the scale, the £10 per week shopper will earn £2.50 worth of points from both Tesco and Safeway, and a marginally higher £3.00 from Sainsbury. This works out at an approximate 1 per cent discount at both Tesco and Safeway, whereas the average family of four can save 2.5 per cent on a Sainsbury Saver Card.

So, how do the supermarket

rank? In terms of discounts, Sainsbury offers the best value for the big weekly shopper. Although any money spent that falls between £10 units counts for nothing, the greater return makes up for it.

If you are only spending £19.99 per week, however, you might get better discounts at Safeway, which will credit you with points for £9 of that £9.99.

Unless you spend at least £10 at each shop, and you buy in £5 units, Tesco will give you points for less of your shopping than Safeway, at the same rate of return.

Tesco defends its points system on two counts. "We decided not to award a point per £1, as customers then end up needing a ridiculous 800 points to get Mr Blobby cake," says Andrew Coker, Tesco's press officer.

"Also, independent research has shown that Sainsbury is 3 per cent more expensive than Tesco, and Safeway is 5 per cent more expensive."

If this is the case, then the extra discounts at Tesco's competitors are written off by the higher costs of shopping. Another catch with the Sainsbury Saver Card is that it is only used in a couple of hundred stores at a time, and for six-month stretches only. At the end of this period, unused points expire.

Cash discounts for points earned are only part of the picture for Tesco and Safeway. Safeway's ABC Card offers free products and services or family days out instead of, and to a greater value than, its cash discount equivalents.

The marketing is carefully directed: bright photographs of free chocolates and alcohol prevail in the offer catalogues. Take a list and stick to it.

WHEN YOU'VE JOINED UP

do

Take advantage of all three cards. Think about any difference in price before you think about the discounts.

Remember that Safeway money-off points can be redeemed only in the store in which you register, so choose the most convenient one.

don't

Be tempted to spend more simply to get another point on your loyalty card.

Remember that the rate of return may only be 1 per cent, so you are better off saving your money.

Take a list and stick to it.



Loyalty cards can be worth having but it's not worth spending more to gain extra points

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How to feather your own pensions nest

A revolution in financial services is in the making. By Brian Tora



If you work for yourself make sure your pension works for you

A revolution is taking place in the financial services industry. The growing number of contract workers, either working from home or "hot desking" in technology centres, are having to buy the protection normally provided by big companies.

Permanent health insurance, death-in-service benefits (or their equivalent) and pensions will all need to be bought, offering opportunities for financial advisers. Uppermost in the minds of the self-employed will be pensions.

It is too early to say how far the shift from corporate to self-employment will go, but job security has been declining and there is an increasing tendency for people to have more than one employer during their working lives. This complicates pension provision.

Anyone who has changed jobs knows that transferring pension rights from one company to a new employer is not always the right course of action.

Increasingly, workers are making their own arrangements for pension provision, or arranging for a former employer's pension contributions to be transferred into a personal plan.

But these personal pensions carry two potential disadvantages. First, they are by definition money purchase schemes. That is to say the pension provided will depend upon how much money is available, which in turn depends on the perfor-

mance of the underlying fund. Performance varies considerably. Over the past 25 years a personal pension invested in the best managed fund would deliver around five times the income of the worst performing fund – an alarming discrepancy.

Moreover, the cost of managing these pension plans can be quite high. The charges involved in personal pension provision can often take the edge off performance and will accumulate over a period of time to represent quite a tidy sum.

For those keen to avoid these pitfalls, a new option is growing in popularity. The self-invested personal pension (Sipp) has been around for a few years, but it has only recently begun to attract widespread support.

The concept is simple. An insurance company provides the package into which the Sipp contributions are placed, and the person whose pension it is makes arrangements for the management of the money.

For those interested and capable of making their own investment decisions, this can mean taking the decisions on the portfolio yourself. But for the most part Sips are looked after by professional investment managers, able to tailor investment strategy to suit the needs and aspirations of the individual.

This can be important. If you are in a final salary scheme, the investment strategy adopted by the

managers will reflect the objectives set by the trustees.

Actuaries guide the managers on how to balance the portfolio so that existing and future pensioners' positions are adequately protected.

For personal pensions, though, no such overview exists. Determining the strategy can be complex. Yet most people buying a straightforward managed fund will have the same underlying investments whether they invest their money into a scheme 30 years before taking benefits or just three.

One advantage of a Sipp is that you can start to build a more risk-averse portfolio as you approach retirement and avoid the consequences of having to cash in when market conditions are unfavourable.

The investment strategy can also take into account the possibility of phased retirement – whereby you take your pension benefits gradually, rather than all at once – and the new facility of taking income from the capital, instead of buying an annuity.

But Sips are not suitable for everyone. Few managers would recommend setting up a Sipp with less than £100,000, unless you had many years of contributions ahead of you. Even then, £50,000 is likely to prove an absolute minimum. Also, appointing an individual investment manager is not necessarily a guarantee of riches. All it does is give you much greater under-

standing of what actually goes on and direct access to the fund manager.

The market leader in the provision of Sips is Winterthur, part of the Swiss insurance giant. It dominates the market and has a competitive charging structure. On to that you must add the costs of independent pension advice and the investment manager.

In these competitive days it is usually possible to negotiate for investment management at a rate of as little as 0.5 per cent on sums of £100,000 to £250,000 – perhaps lower for larger amounts.

On top of that there would be transaction commission, of course. Some stockbrokers will even manage a Sipp for commission alone.

Six-figure sums are not unusual in the personal pensions market. Often the transfer value for someone in well-paid employment, with 15 or 20 years' service, can amount to a six or seven figure sum.

A 50-year-old who is not in an employer's scheme and is anxious to bolster a pension ahead of retirement can contribute 25 per cent of relevant earnings each year. For those just into the 40 per cent tax bracket, this can be a cost-effective way of accumulating capital for the future. Once it was said that the biggest asset you were likely to own is your house. Now it could well be your pension fund. And how it performs will govern how well you live in retirement.

Your questions answered by a panel from Coopers and Lybrand

I have £40,000 invested in the Halifax Building Society, the proceeds of selling a property. I expect to qualify for a windfall payout as and when the Halifax converts into a bank. But could I use the money now as a deposit to buy a new home with the aid of a mortgage from the Halifax, and still qualify for a payout as a borrower rather than an investor?

To qualify for the merger payout you need to have had an account open on the 25 November, 1994 and still have the same account open, with a minimum of £100 in it on the date of a special general

meeting next year. The date is yet to be announced. For further information on the merger or special meeting, contact the members' Helpline on 0800 888844.

I understand the ACT paid on distributions and dividends has been cut to 20 per cent in the current financial year. How does that affect me when I receive a dividend? I am a higher rate taxpayer.

ACT paid on distributions and dividends was reduced to 20 per cent from 1 April, 1995. Since 6 April 1993, a tax credit of 20 per cent has been attached to dividend pay-

ments. As a higher rate taxpayer, an additional 20 per cent tax liability arises, which is due to the Inland Revenue by either 1 December following the tax year or 30 days after the issue of an assessment, whichever is later. If your marginal rate of tax was at the basic rate, no additional tax would be due.

When buying a property it is possible to have it in only your name or jointly with your partner. If it is in joint names your partner will be entitled to a share of the property. The exact share depends on the legal way in which the property is owned. If you buy in your name solely and your partner does not put in capital he may be entitled to a part share on the property, depending on whether he contributes to bills and upkeep of the property.

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FEAR OF FINANCE

Clifford German



The concrete around next month's Budget is still wet, although it will be setting fast following yesterday's meeting of the Treasury ministers at Dorneywood. But the pressure groups will press their cases to the bitter end.

The rumours about a possible commitment to pay nursing fees (but not the cost of accommodation) for old people in homes suggest the Chancellor is still being pressed to ease the fears of middle class Tory voters that they will lose their inheritances if their parents' homes have to be sold to pay for care.

Mindful of its political clout the housing lobby too is still fighting gamely for measures to revive the housing market and prevent a further increase in negative equity. And the drinks lobby still lives in hopes of cuts in duty to stem the flow of cross-Channel booze.

There is always the possibility the Chancellor will look for a few increases in indirect taxes to help make room for headline cuts in direct taxes. Over-indexing tax on petrol is more or less guaranteed, and the insurance industry is currently working itself into a lather about the possibility the tax on insurance premiums will double from 2.5 per cent to 5 per cent and lose them business.

But it now seems certain that the best we can hope for is a choice between some cuts in direct taxation, largely paid for by reductions in public sector spending, or a cut in interest rates. It would be too much to hope for both because the currency and bond markets would react badly if the Chancellor appeared to be playing pol-

itics with inflation and the public sector deficit. So which should we be looking for? Tax cuts would renew the Government's rather tarnished commitment to lower taxes, an important consideration in an election where slogans could play a crucial part. Tax cuts will benefit everyone in work, rich and poor, borrowers and savers, and could encourage the missing feel-good factor, without which the Government's chances of winning the election appear slim.

But tax cuts are an inflexible instrument. Cuts announced next month would not take effect until April, and phased tax cuts covering the next two tax years would not be fully effective until after the last possible date for an election in 1997.

A cut in interest rates could at least be faster and more flexible. It would take effect more quickly and could be increased or reversed at short notice. It would benefit borrowers in general and home-owners in particular, and would benefit business. But it would not suit savers, whose goodwill is equally important to the Government.

And because they benefit debtors (who simply want to reduce their debts) more than creditors (who might actually spend the money) interest rate cuts pound for pound are probably less effective than tax cuts in stimulating consumer spending, which, as the latest retail sales figures show only too clearly, is the sector that has so far failed to benefit from the recovery. It is also the sector where elections are won and lost. Put your money on direct tax cuts.

Best borrowing rates

MORTGAGES					
	Telephone	% Rate and period	Max adv %	Fee	Incentive
Fixed rates					
Bristol & West BS	0800 100117	0.95 to 30/11/96	90	£275	
Chelsea BS	0117 929 2444	3.24 to 1/1/97	80	£195	Free ASU insurance
Coventry BS	0800 126125	4.75 to 1/1/98	85	£250	
1st Mortgage Securities	0500 050055	5.75 to 1/1/98	75	£275	
Britannia BS	01249 655971	7.24 for 5 years	95	£295	
TSB	Local branch	8.54 to 30/9/05	95	£250	Free valuation
Variable rates					
Scarborough BS	0800 590547	1.79 for 1 year	95	—	£150 cashback
Halifax BS	Local branch	4.99 to 30/11/97	90	—	Free val, £250 cashback
Coventry BS	0800 126125	6.24 to 1/10/99	95	—	£300 cashback
National Counties BS	01372 739702	6.49 for 5 years	70	—	
PERSONAL LOANS					
	Telephone	APR	Fixed monthly payments		
Unsecured			£3,000 for 3 years		
Midland Bank	Local branch	15.40	With insurance	Without insurance	
N&P BS	0800 808080	15.50	£16.54	£16.14	
Yorkshire Bank	0113 231 5324	15.50	£18.22	£13.29	
Secured			£19.34		
Clydesdale Bank	0800 240024	8.80	Max adv %	Max term	
Royal B of Scotland	0800 121121	10.10	95	2 to 25 years	
First Direct	0800 242424	10.30	70	3 years - retirement	
			Up to 40 years		
TYPICAL OVERDRAFTS					
	Telephone	Authorised EAR %	Unauthorised EAR %		
Barclays Bank	Local Branch	19.20	29.80		
Lloyds Bank	Local Branch	19.40	26.80		
Nat West Bank	Local Branch	18.90	33.25		
BEST OVERDRAFTS					
	Telephone	Authorised EAR %	Unauthorised EAR %		
Woolwich BS	0800 400900	9.50	29.50		
Alliance & Leicester	0500 959595	9.50	29.80		
Abbey National	0500 200500	9.90	29.50		
CREDIT CARDS					
	Telephone	Card	Min Income	Rate pm %	APR Annual fee
Standard					
R Fleming (S&P)	0800 282101	MasterCard/Visa	—	0.98	12.40
Royal B of Scotland	0800 161616	MasterCard	—	1.14	14.50
TSB	Local branch	MasterCard/Visa	—	1.38	17.90
Gold cards					
Lloyds Bank	Local branch	MasterCard	£20,000	1.15	16.50
Midland Bank	Local branch	Visa	£20,000	1.30	18.10
MBNA International	0800 062620	MasterCard/Visa	£20,000	1.45	18.90
STORE CARDS					
	Telephone	Payment by direct debit	Other methods		
John Lewis	Local store	% pm APR	% pm APR	APR	
Marks and Spencer	01244 681681	1.90	25.30	2.00	26.80
Burtons Option	Local store	1.97	26.30	2.21	29.90
APR Annualised percentage rate. EAR effective annual rate. All rates subject to change without notice.					

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Best savings rates					
Telephone Number	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest interval
INSTANT ACCESS					
City & Metropol.	0181 464 0814	City Gold	Instant	£10	4.75 Year
Portman BS	01202 292444	Instant Access	Instant	£100	5.00 Year
Skipton BS	01756 700500	High Street	Instant	£2,000	5.60 Year
				£15,000	5.75 Year
POSTAL ACCOUNTS					
Manchester BS	0161 839 5545	Money by Mail	Postal	£1,000	5.50 Year
Leeds & Holbeck	0113 243 8292	Albion Investment	Postal	£10,000	6.00 Year
Northern Rock BS	0500 505000	Go Direct	Postal	£20,000	6.10 Year
Leeds & Holbeck	0113 243 8292	Albion Investment	Postal	£25,000	6.20 Year
NOTICE ACCOUNTS					
Gainsborough BS	01427 611011	Capital Share	30 day	£500	5.05 Year
Scarborough BS	01723 368155	Scarborough 50	50 day P	£1,000	6.60 Year
Catholic BS	0171 222 6736	Jubilee Bond II	90 day	£2,000	6.67 Year
National Counties	01372 742211	90 Second Issue	90 day	£20,000	6.70 Year
MONTHLY INTEREST					
Manchester BS	0161 839 5545	Money by Mail	Postal	£5,000	5.37 Month
Britannia BS	01538 392808	Capital Trust	Postal	£2,000	5.46 Month
Northern Rock BS	0500 505000	Current Acc Gold	Postal	£10,000	6.08 Month
Northern Rock BS	0500 505000	Current Acc Gold	Postal	£25,000	6.31 Month
TESSAS (tax-exempt special savings accounts)					
Britannia BS	01538 392804	—	5 year	£8,315	7.65 F Year
Sun Banking	01438 744500	—	5 year	£8,575	7.50 F Year
Barclays Bank	0800 400100	—	5 year	£1,000	7.40 F Year
Tipton & Cosey	0121 557 2551	—	5 year	£1	7.35 Year
HIGH-INTEREST CHEQUE ACCOUNTS					
Woolwich BS	0800 400500	Current	Instant	£500	3.20 Year
Halifax BS	01422 333333	Asset Reserve	Instant	£5,000	4.50 3 Mths
Chelsea BS	0800 717515	Classic Postal	Instant	£2,500	5.00 Year
Northern Rock BS	0500 505000	Current Acc Gold	Postal	£50,000	6.50 Monthly
OFFSHORE (gross)					
Portman CI	01481 822747	Instant Gold	Instant	£5,000	6.20 Year
Alliance & L IOM	01624 663566	Maximum	Instant	£25,000	6.65 Year
Newcastle GIB	00 350 76168	Novia 90 O'shore	90 day	£50,000	7.25 Year
Portman CI	01481 822747	Gold Bond Acc	3 year	£5,000	7.75 F Year
NATIONAL SAVINGS Accounts & bonds (gross)					
Investment Accounts			1 month	£20	5.25 Year
			£500	5.75	Year
			£25,000	6.00	Year
Income Bonds			3 month	£2,000	6.50 Month
			£25,000	6.75	Month
Capital Bonds		Series I	5 year	£100	7.75 F Maturity
First Option Bonds		Series II	12 month	£1,000	6.40 F Year
Pensioner's G'ted Income Bond		Series 2	5 year	£20,000	6.80 F Month
NS Certificates (tax-free)		42nd Issue	5 year	£100	5.85 F Maturity
		8th Index linked	5 year	£100	3.00+RPI Maturity
Children's Bond		Issue G	5 year	£25	7.85 F Maturity
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19 October 1995

SHOULD YOUR PAST EMPLOYER CONTROL YOUR FUTURE?

Changed jobs?
Should you leave
your pension in your
old company's scheme
or transfer it to your
new company?

Early Retirement?
Redundant?
Should you leave your
Company pension
where it is?

Or would you be better off
with a personal plan?



Television

By David Liss

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY		
10.00 See Hear! (S) (523539). 10.30 Sueños - World Spanish (S) (1108006). 10.45 This Multimedia Business (S) (1195261). 11.00 The 11th Hour (S) (31700). 12.00 Countryfile Photo 95 competition (S) (67280). 12.30 News; on the Record. Stephen Daldry (27803). 1.30 Film 95 Special - Apollo 13 (S) (80629). 2.00 The London Motor Show. The Top Gear team are your guides (S) (3714754). 2.55 EastEnders. Omnibus (S) (7065919). * 4.20 Junior Masterchef. The final, judged by Michel Roux Jr and Sir Terence Conran (S) (9070822). * 4.55 The Clothes Show. The return of Katherine Hamnett (S) (2371174). * 5.20 The Great Antiques Hunt. In Harrogate (S) (3043396). * 6.00 News; Weather (898483). * 6.20 Regional News (319071). 6.25 Songs of Praise. The 10th anniversary of the Radio 2 Choral of the Year (S) (316700). * 7.00 Last of the Summer Wine (S) (8218). * 7.30 The Entertainers. Ronnie Corbett. Err... right (S) (273539). 8.20 Children in Need (S) (820342). * 8.30 Keeping Up Appearances (S) (5613). * 9.00 Pride and Prejudice. 5/6. Distressing news from Longbourn. Lydia has taken up with Wickham (276803). * 9.50 News; Weather (872551). * 10.05 In Search of Happiness. Angus Deayton continues his quest in the realms of love and marriage (S) (7239179). 10.45 Other Worlds. New series about ancient beliefs in the modern world, beginning with voodoo as practised today in New York (S) (255513). 11.35 Barefoot in the Park (Gene Saks 1957 US). Enjoyable, feel-good film of Neil Simon's Broadway comedy, with lawyer Robert Redford persuaded to move into a rundown Greenwich Village apartment by his romantically bohemian wife Jane Fonda (414714). 12.00 Weather (951868). To 1.25am. REGIONS: Wales: 12.00pm Homeland. 10.05 Gwyn Alt - People's Remembrance. 11.05 In Search of Happiness. 11.45 Other Worlds. 12.35 Film: Barefoot in the Park. Nt: 2.00pm The Twelve Mile Snipers. 2.30 Now You're Talking. 10.45 The London Motor Show. 11.40 Other Worlds. 12.35 Film: Bultseye!	7.30 Steven Spielberg's Amazing Stories (2830025). 8.15 Discovering Eve. Toyah Willcox and a new series about "Women's spirituality" (S) (6539358). 8.30 Breakfast with Frost (34342). 9.30 First Light (S) (48782). 10.00 See Hear! (S) (523539). 10.30 Sueños - World Spanish (S) (1108006). 10.45 This Multimedia Business (S) (1195261). 11.00 The 11th Hour (S) (31700). 12.00 Countryfile Photo 95 competition (S) (67280). 12.30 News; on the Record. Stephen Daldry (27803). 1.30 Film 95 Special - Apollo 13 (S) (80629). 2.00 The London Motor Show. The Top Gear team are your guides (S) (3714754). 2.55 EastEnders. Omnibus (S) (7065919). * 4.20 Junior Masterchef. The final, judged by Michel Roux Jr and Sir Terence Conran (S) (9070822). * 4.55 The Clothes Show. The return of Katherine Hamnett (S) (2371174). * 5.20 The Great Antiques Hunt. 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Terry Nutkins looks at burrowing animals (S) (5522551). 11.40 Star Trek (R) (5509532). * 12.30 The Sunday Show. With Donna McPhail and Katie Puckrik (S) (3119777). 1.15 The O Zone. The Shaman and Eternals - who seem eternally on our screens (S) (2805468). 1.30 Around Westminster (S) (8241). 2.00 Sunday Grandstand. With Dougie Donnelly. 2.05 Snooker Grand Final. 2.45 Rugby League: Australia vs New Zealand. Live coverage of the second semi-final from Huddersfield. 4.45 Sports News Round-up (20138754). 5.10 Rugby Special. Bristol vs Gloucester, and Harlequins vs Bath (S) (5248208). 6.10 Trials of Life. David Attenborough looks at hunting and escaping (R) (S) (753700). * 7.00 Jeremy Clarkson's Motorworld. India's car culture (R) (S) (3700). * 7.30 Timewatch. Kamikaze pilots. See Preview, p32 (622731). * 8.20 The Money Programme. To coincide with London Fashion Week, a profile of designer Paul Smith (955754). * 9.00 Cinema Europe - The Other Hollywood. The spotlight turns to France in David Gill and Kevin Brownlow's authoritative history of European cinema. The first French cinema peaked with Abel Gance's astonishing 1927 movie Napoleon, of which Brownlow and Gill know quite a lot since they themselves restored it (S) (6625). * 10.00 Pacific Grand Prix. Highlights (S) (715990). 10.40 Snooker Grand Prix. Highlights (S) (810714). 11.40 Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown (Pedro Almodóvar 1988 Sp). Delirious goings-on in Almodóvar country when small-time actress Carmen Maura discovers her boyfriend's infidelity. See The Big Picture, p32 (972304). 12.00 London Stage 95. Theatre reviews (5877694). 12.35 Sledge Hammer (S) (5375287). 1.05 Hollywood Report (R) (84848439). 1.35 Tenball (S) (S) (6505491). 2.20 Cue the Music. Tony Slattery introduces Asia in concert (7370304). 3.20 The Caine Mutiny (Edward Dmytryk 1954 US). A strange time to find this classic naval drama with an obviously sick Humphrey Bogart giving a brilliant performance as the perfectionist captain in charge (or not) of a World War Two destroyer (9495168). 5.30 News (24675). To 6.00am.	6.00 GMTV. 6.00 The Sunday Review. 6.30 News and Sport. 7.00 The Sunday Programme (44261). 8.00 Disney Adventures. The cartoons are <i>Guimmi Bears, Bonkers and Aladdin</i> (S) (3107396). * 9.25 Disney Parade (S) (5687236). 10.15 Link (S) (2075754). * 10.30 This Sunday. Rabbit Lionel Blue talks about coming out as a gay man. 11.00 Morning Worship from St Gregory's, South Shields (S) (60532). * 12.30 CrossTalk (99434). 1.00 News, Weather (28062667). * 1.10 Jonathan Dimbleby (S) (3204358). 2.00 Opening Shot. Series that profiles young talent focuses on 24-year-old fashion designer Gerald Fox (S) (94938). 2.30 The Sunday Match. Crystal Palace vs Millwall (90839193). 5.15 Murder She Wrote. Jessica is kidnapped at the airport. Strangely enough, the old woman she has been mistaken for ends up murdered (5673700). 6.10 London Tonight (874803). * 6.30 News, Weather (649984). * 6.40 Schofield's Quest. Philip Schofield embarks on a nationwide experiment to see whether - and this is rather apt - there is life after death. Nothing too ambitious (751464). 7.30 Heartbeat. Ventress reports seeing a UFO (S) (715481). * 8.30 You've Been Framed! (S) (3209). * 9.00 Cracker. 1.3. <i>Brotherly Love</i> . We find out (eventually) what happened between DS Penhaligon and DS Beck, and a prostitute is murdered. See Preview, p32 (1237464). 10.15 Hale and Pace (S) (947006). * 11.00 London: Countdown to the Millennium. Trevor Phillips presents the first of five annual films looking at what the future holds for London in the 21st century (10261). 12.00 London Stage 95. Theatre reviews (5877694). 12.35 Sledge Hammer (S) (5375287). 1.05 Hollywood Report (R) (84848439). 1.35 Tenball (S) (S) (6505491). 2.20 Cue the Music. 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Sunday Television and Radio

BBC1

7.30 Steven Spielberg's Amazing Stories (2830025).
8.15 Discovering Eve. Toyah Willcox and a new series about "Women's spirituality" (S) (6539358).
8.30 Breakfast with Frost (34342).
9.30 First Light (S) (48782).
10.00 See Hear! (S) (523539).
10.30 Sueños - World Spanish (S) (1108006).
10.45 This Multimedia Business (S) (1195261).
11.00 The 11th Hour (S) (31700).
12.00 Countryfile Photo 95 competition (S) (67280).
12.30 News; on the Record. Stephen Daldry (27803).
1.30 Film 95 Special - Apollo 13 (S) (80629).
2.00 The London Motor Show. The Top Gear team are your guides (S) (3714754).
2.55 EastEnders. Omnibus (S) (7065919). *
4.20 Junior Masterchef. The final, judged by Michel Roux Jr and Sir Terence Conran (S) (9070822). *
4.55 The Clothes Show. The return of Katherine Hamnett (S) (2371174). *
5.20 The Great Antiques Hunt. In Harrogate (S) (3043396). *
6.00 News; Weather (898483). *
6.20 Regional News (319071).
6.25 Songs of Praise. The 10th anniversary of the Radio 2 Choral of the Year (S) (316700). *
7.00 Last of the Summer Wine (S) (8218). *
7.30 The Entertainers. Ronnie Corbett. Err... right (S) (273539).
8.20 Children in Need (S) (820342). *
8.30 Keeping Up Appearances (S) (5613). *
9.00 Pride and Prejudice. 5/6. Distressing news from Longbourn. Lydia has taken up with Wickham (276803). *
9.50 News; Weather (872551). *
10.05 In Search of Happiness. Angus Deayton continues his quest in the realms of love and marriage (S) (7239179).
10.45 Other Worlds. New series about ancient beliefs in the modern world, beginning with voodoo as practised today in New York (S) (255513).
11.35 Barefoot in the Park (Gene Saks 1957 US). Enjoyable, feel-good film of Neil Simon's Broadway comedy, with lawyer Robert Redford persuaded to move into a rundown Greenwich Village apartment by his romantically bohemian wife Jane Fonda (414714).
12.00 Weather (951868). To 1.25am.
REGIONS: Wales: 12.00pm Homeland. 10.05 Gwyn Alt - People's Remembrance. 11.05 In Search of Happiness. 11.45 Other Worlds. 12.35 Film: Barefoot in the Park. Nt: 2.00pm The Twelve Mile Snipers. 2.30 Now You're Talking. 10.45 The London Motor Show. 11.40 Other Worlds. 12.35 Film: Bultseye!

BBC2

7.00 Playdays (R) (S) (4316349).
7.45 Jackanory: Woods or Pictures. The cast of the writer and illustrator Jill Murphy (S) (3614551).
8.00 Pacific Grand Prix. Repeat showing of the whole of this morning's Pacific Grand Prix from Japan (S) (93085087).
9.55 Travel Bug (S) (5765377).
10.20 Grange Hill (R) (1677700). *
10.50 The Little Vampire (S) (3213822).
11.15 Growing Up Wild. Terry Nutkins looks at burrowing animals (S) (5522551).
11.40 Star Trek (R) (5509532). *
12.30 The Sunday Show. With Donna McPhail and Katie Puckrik (S) (3119777).
1.15 The O Zone. The Shaman and Eternals - who seem eternally on our screens (S) (2805468).
1.30 Around Westminster (S) (8241).
2.00 Sunday Grandstand. With Dougie Donnelly. 2.05 Snooker Grand Final. 2.45 Rugby League: Australia vs New Zealand. Live coverage of the second semi-final from Huddersfield. 4.45 Sports News Round-up (20138754).
5.10 Rugby Special. Bristol vs Gloucester, and Harlequins vs Bath (S) (5248208).
6.10 Trials of Life. David Attenborough looks at hunting and escaping (R) (S) (753700). *
7.00 Jeremy Clarkson's Motorworld. India's car culture (R) (S) (3700). *
7.30 Timewatch. Kamikaze pilots. See Preview, p32 (622731). *
8.20 The Money Programme. To coincide with London Fashion Week, a profile of designer Paul Smith (955754). *
9.00 Cinema Europe - The Other Hollywood. The spotlight turns to France in David Gill and Kevin Brownlow's authoritative history of European cinema. The first French cinema peaked with Abel Gance's astonishing 1927 movie Napoleon, of which Brownlow and Gill know quite a lot since they themselves restored it (S) (6625). *
10.00 Pacific Grand Prix. Highlights (S) (715990).
10.40 Snooker Grand Prix. Highlights (S) (810714).
11.40 Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown (Pedro Almodóvar 1988 Sp). Delirious goings-on in Almodóvar country when small-time actress Carmen Maura discovers her boyfriend's infidelity. See The Big Picture, p32 (972304).
12.00 London Stage 95. Theatre reviews (5877694).
12.35 Sledge Hammer (S) (5375287).
1.05 Hollywood Report (R) (84848439).
1.35 Tenball (S) (S) (6505491).
2.20 Cue the Music. Tony Slattery introduces Asia in concert (7370304).
3.20 The Caine Mutiny (Edward Dmytryk 1954 US). A strange time to find this classic naval drama with an obviously sick Humphrey Bogart giving a brilliant performance as the perfectionist captain in charge (or not) of a World War Two destroyer (9495168).
5.30 News (24675). To 6.00am.

ITV/London

6.00 GMTV. 6.00 The Sunday Review. 6.30 News and Sport. 7.00 The Sunday Programme (44261).
8.00 Disney Adventures. The cartoons are *Guimmi Bears, Bonkers and Aladdin* (S) (3107396). *
9.25 Disney Parade (S) (5687236).
10.15 Link (S) (2075754). *
10.30 This Sunday. Rabbit Lionel Blue talks about coming out as a gay man. 11.00 Morning Worship from St Gregory's, South Shields (S) (60532). *
12.30 CrossTalk (99434).
1.00 News, Weather (28062667). *
1.10 Jonathan Dimbleby (S) (3204358).
2.00 Opening Shot. Series that profiles young talent focuses on 24-year-old fashion designer Gerald Fox (S) (94938).
2.30 The Sunday Match. Crystal Palace vs Millwall (90839193).
5.15 Murder She Wrote. Jessica is kidnapped at the airport. Strangely enough, the old woman she has been mistaken for ends up murdered (5673700).
6.10 London Tonight (874803). *
6.30 News, Weather (649984). *
6.40 Schofield's Quest. Philip Schofield embarks on a nationwide experiment to see whether - and this is rather apt - there is life after death. Nothing too ambitious (751464).
7.30 Heartbeat. Ventress reports seeing a UFO (S) (715481). *
8.30 You've Been Framed! (S) (3209). *
9.00 Cracker. 1.3. *Brotherly Love*. We find out (eventually) what happened between DS Penhaligon and DS Beck, and a prostitute is murdered. See Preview, p32 (1237464).
10.15 Hale and Pace (S) (947006). *
11.00 London: Countdown to the Millennium. Trevor Phillips presents the first of five annual films looking at what the future holds for London in the 21st century (10261).
12.00 London Stage 95. Theatre reviews (5877694).
12.35 Sledge Hammer (S) (5375287).
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5.30 News (24675). To 6.00am.

Saturday Television and Radio

32



The big picture

Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown

Sun 11.40pm BBC2

If there were an Oscar for Best Film-Tite, this would be a strong contender. Pedro Almodóvar's delicious farce boasts a frenetic plot about suicide and revenge, acted with panache by the director's usual repertory company, headed by the wonderful Carmen Maura (above, right). Watch for Antonio Banderas, who, on the back of being a lust-object in *In Bed with Madonna* and starring roles opposite Sylvester Stallone and new love Melanie Griffith, is being touted as "the new Valentino".

BBC1

7.25 News; Weather (1215470).
7.30 SuperTed (R) (S) (2470911).
7.35 Willy Fog (R) (S029597). *
8.00 Addams Family (R) (52976).
8.30 The New Adventures of Superman. The repeated adventure of, in fact (R) (4210653). *
9.15 Live at Kitching. Jim Davidson, Eternal, and Head of BBC Children's Programmes, Anna Head, are the guests (S) (50236808).
12.12 Weather (4245711).

12.15 Grandstand. 12.20 Football Focus. 1.00 News.
1.05 Motor Racing: Murray Walker reports from Japan on the final practice for tomorrow's Pacific Grand Prix. 1.25 Racing from Newbury. 1.30 1995 Newbury Breeders Cup Gala Evening Raced Stakes. 1.40 Snooker: Skoda Grand Prix from Sunderland. 1.55 Racing from Wrexham. 2.00 Newgate Stud Race Day. 2.10 Snooker. 2.25 Racing from Newbury. 2.30 Perpetual St Simon Stakes. 2.40 Rugby League: England vs Wales. Live coverage of the World Cup semi-final from Old Trafford. Commentary by Ray French. See *The Big Match*, above. 3.45 Football Half-times. 4.40 Final Score (5372864).
5.20 News; Weather (6109173). *
5.30 Local News; Weather (529470).
5.35 Dad's Army (R) (50513). *
6.05 Jim Davidson's Generation Game. Jim Davidson is a sparky show host, but is he the right man to step into Brucie's slip-ons? Is he warm enough to helm this threedecker, 24-year-old show? Can you imagine him saying "Take a look at the old scoreboard" and all that? (42395).
7.00 Noel's House Party. Another returning series. Sean Blowers from London's *Burnning* receives the Gofcha (S) (592995).
7.50 The National Lottery Live. Robson and Jerome press the button (S) (680082).
8.05 Casualty. Rachel loses her rag and Ash finds romance, as cerebrally palsy and hypothyroidism pass through the wards (S) (104044). *
8.55 News and Sport; Weather (Followed by National Lottery Update) (S99150). *
9.15 **Desperate Justice** (Armand Mastrotianni 1993 US). A 12-year-old girl is attacked, the suspect is released, and the girl's mother shoots the man dead. Now the only person who can help her is the lawyer who got the suspect freed in the first place. With Leslie Ann Warren, Bruce Davison and Annette O'Toole (484518).
10.45 Match of the Day. Chelsea vs Manchester United, and West Ham vs Blackpool, and all the other games from the Premiership (S) (2753696).
11.50 They Think It's All Over (R) (S) (564228).
12.20 **The Hunting Party** (Don Medford 1971 US). Oliver Reed kidnaps rancher Gene Hackman's wife, Candice Bergen, so Hackman tools up and goes looking for Reed. Daft and violent way of seeing out British Summer Time (4724071).
2.05 (BST) Weather (9693803). To 1.10am.

RECOMMENDED VIEWING THIS WEEKEND

by Gerard Gilbert

Bet Gilroy may have gone, but her spirit lives on in *An Audience with Shirley Bassey* (Sat 11.40pm BBC2), where the singer/survivor/gay icon makes two breathtaking costume changes bang her way through a back catalogue of songs, and takes questions from a studio audience that looks like one of Piers Morgan's wet dreams – or the cover of *Sergeant Pepper* as redesigned by a tabloid sub-editor. "Seriously darling," asks Barbara Knox, *Coronation Street's* Rita Sullivan, "I've been a fan of yours for years." But then Sullivan said pretty much the same thing to John Major at this year's Conservative Party Conference.

The new series of *Cracker* (Sun 11.40pm BBC2) finally finds somewhere to park its inconvenient 75-minute-long opening episode – bumped up against the fifth episode of *Pride and Prejudice*. No contest, as they were saying at *Juventus* this week – I'll be watching Lydia Bennett make a fool of herself with Mr Wickham.

Fitz, as played by Barry Colman, is a marvellous invention, but I think *Cracker* is overrated. If you compare the way its storylines deal with their stock figure, the psychopath, to the way the *Prime Suspect* series

handles them, *Cracker* looks overwrought, ramshackle and bordering on the gib. The Ross West trial tells it better. Say "no" to serial-killer chic.

Perhaps (*Bed BBC2*) flirts with the present in a double-bill of Harold Pinter's *Landscape* and Jim Cartwright's *Bed*. Pinter's double-hander was written in 1962, but first staged only last year, in Dublin. Ian Holm sits at a kitchen table discussing his day out feeding the ducks in the park, while his lover (played by Holm's real-life wife, Penelope Wilton) remembers long-lost summer passion. They eventually connect.

Cartwright's *Bed* is set partly in a hospital and partly inside Lionel Jeffries's head, a dreamscape where Jeffries shares a giant bed with a dream cast: Maurice Denham, Phyllis Calvert, Dora Bryan, June Brown, Robin Bailey and Renée Asherson. Richard E Grant plays the Bed Head.

Hidden Hands (Sun 11.40pm BBC2) calls itself a "different history of Modernism", a new four-part series looking at aspects of modern art which art historians have deliberately underplayed. It's an unorthodox where most people are probably unaware of the orthodoxy, which

An Audience with Shirley Bassey Sat 9pm ITV
Performance: Landscape Sat 9pm BBC2; Bed Sat 9.40pm BBC2
Timewatch Sun 7.30pm BBC2
Hidden Hands Sun 8pm C4
Cracker Sun 9pm ITV

Preview



The big match

Rugby League: England vs Wales
Sat 2.40pm BBC1

There are few more majestic sights for either rugby code than Welsh star Jonathan Davies (above) breaking and leaving defenders for dead. He is one of those rare players whom supporters of either side will applaud after a particular stroke of magic. His appearance in the Halifax Centenary World Cup semi-final may be his last league international before his much-touted – and no doubt highly lucrative – switch back to Union. If this should be the case, to paraphrase Bill McLaren, they'll be singing in the Valleys – and weeping in the North.

BBC2

8.20 Open University: Developing World. 8.45 Living with Technology: Food. 9.35 The Right Course for You? (4169297).
10.00 Chansaya (S) (8301841).
10.40 Video Byte (S) (2930363).
10.50 Network East. Movie star Sanjay Kapoor is a guest (S) (6710773).
11.50 Film 95 with Barry Norman. Recycled Beatz, criticising *Nine Miles*, *Clueless* and *Il Postino* (S) (5764266). *
12.20 **Saturday Matinée: Robbery Under Arms** (Jack Lee 1957 UK). Rip博尔伍德的 fine adventure novel is stripped of any excitement in this adaptation, starring Ronald Lewis and David McCallum as two farming brothers who join a notorious outlaw in 1860s Australia (246624).
1.55 **Saturday Matinée: The Sundowners** (Fred Zinnemann 1960 US). Underated, little-known gem set in 1920s Australia and boasting great, unhammed performances from Robert Mitchum and Deborah Kerr. He's an itinerant sheep-shearer, she is his long-suffering wife, forever moving on in search of work and because he can't settle down. With glowing Technicolor scenery (47043808).
4.05 The Oprah Winfrey Show. Does sparing the rod spoil the child? (S) (7139170). *
4.45 TOTP2 (S) (8398266).
5.30 Snooker – Grand Prix. David Vine reports from Sunderland (S) (640042).
6.10 Pride and Prejudice. 4.6. Second-sitting Jane Austen (S) (413518). *
7.05 News and Sport; Weather (986518). *
7.20 Assignment. Alan Little relates the distressing story of Knin, which, over the course of one August week, was "ethnically cleansed" of its entire 200,000-strong Serb population – the largest one-off migration in Europe since the Second World War (749452). *
8.05 The Boss. Portrait of Mike Woodhouse, one of Britain's leading industrialists and now chairman of the Prince's Trust (S) (102686). *
8.55 Close Up. Director John Miliss on a scene from *Return to Paradise*, starring Gary Cooper (171150).
9.00 Performance: Landscape. The first half of a double-bill stars Ian Holm and Penelope Wilton in Harold Pinter's 1968 play. See Preview, above (S) (151537). *
9.40 Performance: Bed. Lionel Jeffries and Richard E Grant star in Jim Cartwright's drama in which seven old people share their memories and the same bed. See Preview, above (S) (428711). *
10.40 Blind Ambition. 4/4. Rip Tom's Richard Nixon faces the possibility of impeachment in the concluding episode of John Dean's account of Watergate (R) (7437457).
12.15 Snooker – Grand Prix. Highlights from Sunderland (S) (6403532).
1.15 (BST) Tennis: Brighton Ladies Championship. Highlights of today's semi-finals (16378803).
4.45 (GMT) Pacific Grand Prix. To 7.00am.

ITV/London

6.00 GMTV. 6.00 News; Weather. 6.10 Re-Wind. 6.45 Eat Your Words. 7.10 Barney and Friends. 7.45-8.55 Saturday Disney. The guests are former Neighbours Natalie Imbruglia and current EastEnders Martine McCutcheon. 8.55 Mighty Morphin Power Rangers (7937179).
9.25 Saturday & Co. Their weekend guests are Soul II Soul and TLC (S) (22985402).
11.30 The Chart Show (R) (S) (247111).
12.30 Duaine's World. Clare Buckfield from *2point4 Children* is a guest (S) (99995).
1.00 News; Weather (64885380).
1.05 Local News; Weather (46844179). *
1.10 Movies, Games and Videos (8837131).
1.45 Cartoon Time (91411537).
1.50 The Monstros Today (S) (6765818).
2.20 The A-Team (R) (2913889).
3.15 Airwolf. The adventures of a little hi-tech helicopter and its crew. Hawke and Dominic become unwitting accessories to a gold bullion robbery (R) (288977).
4.15 Speakeasy Does the Business. "Dream jobs." Two teenagers are posted to RAF Lyneham to train as pilots (S) (285970).
4.45 News; Sport; Weather (57123151). *
5.05 London Tonight and Sport (1627632). *
5.20 New Baywatch. The Beach Boys (including Brian Wilson) play themselves as Mitch organises a fund-raising concert (S) (3479727). *
6.15 Gladiators (S) (726266). *
7.15 Band Data. What happened to Manny and Kirby in Spain? (Including Lottery Result) (S) (265150). *
8.15 Raise the Roof. A townhouse in Spain is on offer (S) (571063). *
8.45 News; National Lottery Update; Weather. Then Local Weather (99/028). *
9.00 An Audience with Shirley Bassey. Loads hits, loads celebs. See Preview, above (6286).
10.00 **Double Impact** (Sheldon Lettich 1991 US). Jean-Claude Van Damme is twice as wooden as usual when he plays identical twins (one slicks his hair back, the other doesn't) in this typically bland action movie from the "muses from Brussels". The brothers are cut to avenge their parents' murder (S) (696294). *
11.55 Tropical Heat (S) (917792).
12.25 **Dead Run** (Vincent McEveety 1991 US). Initially atmospheric thriller in which a young Texan wife goes on the run after witnessing her husband kill his mistress. She takes refuge with farmer Robert Uri, who has a few dark secrets of his own (70805025).
1.30 (GMT) American Gladiators (4511193).
2.25 The Big E (S) (2828358).
3.15 BPM (S) (5482377).
4.10 Best of British Motorsport (1352464).
4.35 Running the Edge. Running, cycling and canoeing from the Western Isles of Scotland. Sounds as effective as counting sheep (1866209).
5.30 News. To 6.00am.

Channel 4

6.05 Sesame Street (R) (4239247).
7.05 Ovride (2213624).
7.15 Sonic the Hedgehog (R) (9090889).
7.40 First Edition. Repeat current-affairs programme from last week's C4 Schools programmes (16121808).
8.00 Trans World Sport (66860).
9.00 The Morning Line (S) (922366).
10.00 Blitz American football (S) (29773).
11.00 Gazzetta Football Italia (49537).
12.00 Sign On (S) (48773).
12.30 The Great Marathons (S) (6981112).
12.55 The Late Show (S) (7223650).
1.55 Ballooning over Everest. Adventure cameraman Leo Dickinson takes a balloon flight over Mount Everest (R) (2344334). *
3.00 Channel 4 Racing from Doncaster. 3.10 Racing Post Stakes (7) (340 Racing Post Trophy (1m); 4.15 Charles Sidney Mercedes Benz Doncaster Stakes (6); 4.45 Ladbrokes H'cap Stakes (1m 4f) (S) (84850).
5.00 NBA Live: The McDonald's Championship. Live coverage of the final from the London Arena (4649089).
7.25 The People's Parliament. The delegates ponder French nuclear testing and how we should respond (S) (625711). *
8.25 **Solomon's Choice** (Andy Tennant 1992 US). Emotional drama about a family whose daughter has leukaemia and needs a bone-marrow transplant. Although her little brother may be her only hope, the mother is against it. Starring Joanne Kims, Bruce Davison, Reese Witherspoon (77810570).
10.10 Rory Bremer – Who Else? (S) (367353).
10.50 Sean's Show. Sean may find romance at last. With Joanna Riding (R) (S) (214022).
11.25 Tribe Time: Run. Urban sub-cultures, looking this week at tribes on wheels. *Run* focuses on a scooter club from Portcawl. Yes, but an urban sub-culture? (S) (652727).
11.55 Beach. The souped-up Volkswagens and Fords that parade along the beach fronts of the northeast (S) (282773).
12.10 Westway. Drama set in the world of joy-riding and introducing Billy the Skid, who lives beneath the Westway, the airborne curve in and out of west London on the A40 (M) (8862716).
12.40 I Wanted to See Angels. Sergei Bodrov's portrait of contemporary Russian youth (688483).
2.15 (GMT) Blood Brothers. The Hell's Angels in Denmark, the chapter that has committed more murders than any other group (S) (693984).
2.15 **The Wild One** (Luis Bunuel 1953 US). "What are you rebelling against, Johnny?" "What've you got?" and all that, as Brando and chums take over a small Californian town (7267613).
3.35 Passengers (R) (S) (7810551). To 4.30am.

* NB: British Summer Time ends at 2am tonight: remember to put your clocks back one hour

ITV/Regions

ANGUS As London except: 12.30pm Movies, Games and Videos (59953). 1.10 A World of Wonder (2240557). 1.40 The Big Byte (47671902). 2.10 Picnic: The Man with One Red Shoe (2282383). 3.45 Alwin (2827471). 11.55 Film: Three Days of the Condor (2712531). 1.10am GMT American Gladiators (812261). 1.30am GMT America's Cup (2649576). 2.50am The Big E (6896732). 3.40am BPM (588551). 5.00-5.30am Movies, Games and Videos (58976).
TYNE TEES/YORKSHIRE As London except: 12.30pm Movies, Games and Videos (59953). 1.10 A World of Wonder (2240557). 2.05 GMT American Gladiators (812261). 2.30am GMT America's Cup (2649576). 3.45 The Morning Line (S) (922366). 4.15 Sports Extra (5972655). 11.55 The Hidden Room (937686). 12.0am The War of the Worlds (2704377). 1.10am Bodies of Evidence (9602280). 1.15am GMT Bryan Adams: Walking up the World (6838261). 2.00am GMT Adam's Apple (S) (6981112). 2.30am BPM (588551). 5.00-5.30am Movies and Videos (58976).
CENTRAL As London except: 12.30pm Heartland (59953). 1.10 The Murders Today (2240557). 1.40 Cartoon Time (9141265). 1.45 Movies, Games and Videos (223881). 2.15 WCW World Wrestling (786531). 2.55 Alwin (5370841). 3.50 Thunder in Paradise (598865). 4.15 York (S) (6972655). 5.15 GMT American Gladiators (9182445). 5.25am GMT American Gladiators (577251). 11.55 Film: The Pick-Up Artist (4713358). 1.35am GMT American Gladiators (9656754). 4.35am GMT American Gladiators (7582261). 5.20-5.30am Asian Eye (8563745).
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WESTCOUNTRY As London except: 12.30pm Summer of Sailing (59953). 1.10 World of Wonder (2240557). 1.40 Movies, Games and Videos (59953). 2.05 GMT American Gladiators (9182445). 2.30am GMT American Gladiators (577251). 3.50 York (S) (6972655). 4.15 GMT American Gladiators (9182445). 5.15 GMT American Gladiators (577251). 5.25am GMT American Gladiators (577251). 11.55 Film: The Pick-Up Artist (4713358). 1.35am GMT American Gladiators (9656754). 4.35am GMT American Gladiators (7582261). 5.20-5.30am Running the Edge (782920).
SAC As C4 except: 7.00am Outrage (6411173). 8.00 Turnaround Sport (269621). 11.00 The Peacocks (9537). 12.00 Sign On – Dark Moon (49773). 12.30pm Extended (6885112). 1.00 Channel Four Racing from Doncaster (736570). 1.30pm GMT American Gladiators (577251). 2.00pm GMT American Gladiators (577251). 2.30pm GMT American Gladiators (577251). 3.00pm GMT American Gladiators (577251). 3.30pm GMT American Gladiators (577251). 4.00pm GMT American Gladiators (577251). 4.30pm GMT American Gladiators (577251). 5.00-5.30am Running the Edge (782920).
THE OCCASION FOR TAYLOR'S WAS ALWAYS SPECIAL

Whether you choose one of Taylor's classic declared vintages, or

Taylor's Late Bottled Vintage, the occasion becomes something to remember.

Tamil rebels blow up key oil depots

TIM MCGIRK
New Delhi

Rebel commandos fought their way inside Sri Lanka's two main oil depots yesterday, blowing up storage tanks and killing at least 20 guards before they escaped. The explosions apparently were carried out by the Tamil Tigers in retaliation against the army's three-day assault on the ethnic rebel stronghold in Jaffna, on the northern tip of the island.

In two simultaneous attacks before dawn, rebels stormed the country's two largest oil storage facilities on different sides of Colombo. "Four attackers arrived in a lorry, and planted explosives on the tanks. One of the attackers blew himself up," said H M G B Kotadeniya, deputy inspector-general of police.

The Kollomaw and Orugodawatte facilities hold virtually all of the country's imported petroleum.

The blazing tanks of fuel shrouded the city in black smoke, causing thousands of residents to flee their homes, fearing that the fire could spread and engulf the city. Some camped in temples, others huddled on the streets as the sound of gunfire echoed from the nearby depots.

The blazing oil tanks served to highlight the dilemma of Sri Lanka's President Chandrika Kumaratunga: though her troops are scoring wins on the battlefields of Jaffna, that has not stopped the Tamil Tigers from dragging the war on to the streets of Colombo.

Many times during this 13-year ethnic war, Tamil suicide squads have slipped into the seaside capital, assassinating cabinet ministers, army generals and a president. They have threatened also to kill Ms Kumaratunga unless she calls off the military offensive against Jaffna.

As troops and fire-fighters rushed to the burning depots, the rebels opened fire, cutting down 23 soldiers and wounding 36 others. A BBC correspondent, George Arrey, was reportedly injured in a gun battle.

Witnesses said police and army had mounted checkpoints across Colombo yesterday in hopes of capturing the bombers.

So far, police have seized a rocket launcher and a truck laden with explosives.

The heat from the oil storage tanks was so fierce that fire-fighters had no choice but to watch helplessly as they burned out of control. Sri Lanka has appealed to India for help in putting out the fires. The government also imposed a 24-hour curfew, and state radio and television stations urged people not to flee. By late afternoon, many who had run away were starting to return.

Anuruddha Ratwatte, deputy defence minister, said that the explosions in the oil storage tanks would not hamper the army's offensive against the Tamil Tigers fighting for an independent state on the northern tip of the island. More than 35,000 troops are being hurled into battle against the Tamils, who have reportedly suffered heavy losses.



Burning bright: A series of blasts lights up the sky over a Colombo depot yesterday after the Tamil Tiger bombing

Western nuclear powers to sign pact

MICHAEL SHERIDAN
Diplomatic Editor

Britain, France and the United States yesterday announced they would sign the South Pacific nuclear free treaty, bowing to strong regional opposition to French nuclear tests and hostility towards the presence of foreign nuclear weapons.

The decision, first reported by the *Independent*, came after secret consultations between the three nuclear powers. It was timed to avoid a row at the UN's 50th anniversary meeting and the Commonwealth summit in Auckland next month.

The Treaty of Rarotonga came into force in 1986 and has been signed by Australia, New Zealand and nine other South Pacific states. It prohibits the acquisition, stationing or testing of nuclear weapons in a huge zone extending from the equator to the fringes of Antarctica.

"The decision ... reflects our wish to respond in a practical way to the concerns of those in the region and elsewhere about nuclear testing," the Foreign Office said. It confirmed Britain's belief that an end to all nuclear testing was in sight. But Australia's Environment Minister, John Faulkner, said the move would not defuse opposition to the tests at Mururoa Atoll.

Diplomats said yesterday's announcement merely committed the three powers to sign the treaty at an undecided date in the first half of 1996.

Tokyo fears wave of Okinawan anger

RICHARD LLOYD PARRY
Okinawa

In the southernmost reaches of Japan this week, a bill was enacted which may offer consolation to the struggling coalition government of Tomiochi Murayama, the Prime Minister.

Deep below the sea cloise to Kikajima, a tiny sub-tropical island 800 miles from Tokyo, there was a big earthquake. It was 6.7 on the open-ended Richter scale, powerful enough to split concrete and upset fishing boats. The island is sparsely populated. None of its inhabitants was hurt, and concerns for their welfare were soon supplanted by a greater fear – that a devastating tsunami, a seismic tidal wave caused by the submarine tremor, would spread outwards and strike mainland Japan. Urgent warnings were issued, beaches and ports evacuated and the forces mobilised. As the skies around the coast buzzed with television helicopters, the terrible wave arrived. It was four-and-a-half inches high.

South of Kikajima lies the larger island of Okinawa, which suffered a metaphorical earthquake of its own six weeks ago.

On September, a 12-year-old schoolgirl was raped by three American servicemen. The island is dominated by 16 American bases. The rape provoked national uproar – at the crime itself, but above all at the very presence of the bases, which take up one fifth of the island, and impair its infrastructure and development.

A series of almost daily protests will climax today at a mass rally near a Marine camp, 50,000 Okinawans are expected to turn out. Mr Murayama and his ministers have offered sympathy, condemnation of the crime, but no concrete proposals to reduce the number of bases maintained by their government under the US-Japan Security Treaty. They appear to be hoping that, like this week's tsunami, the tidal wave will be no more than a ripple.

On Thursday, however, it claimed its first casualty when Noboru Hoshizumi, a senior Defence Ministry official, resigned. Mr Hoshizumi was head of the Defence Facilities Administration Agency, responsible for the maintenance of the US bases, and the leases on the land which they occupy. A small part of that land is rented forcibly from unwilling landlords; last month the Governor of Okinawa, Masahide Ota, announced that he would not sign documents commanding it.

This was where Mr Hoshizumi's difficulties began. He flew down to Okinawa to reason with the Governor. But Mr Ota refused to see him. Back in Tokyo, Mr Hoshizumi recommended that court action be taken against the Governor, but Mr Murayama resisted. Last week, Mr Hoshizumi let his frustration get the better of him. "The business has been caused because the Prime Minister is stupid," he told a Cabinet official. "Tell him to act firmly with the law. If he does not, other countries will doubt whether Japan is democratic and law-abiding." Within 24 hours, he was clearing his desk.

Never a resolute prime minister, Mr Murayama is in a bind over the Okinawa affair. Temperamentally he must sympathise with Governor Ota: as leader of the Social Democratic Party (SDP), until recently he opposed the US-Japan Security Treaty on principle. But last June he formed a coalition with two conservative parties, and the SDP's pacifist principles were abandoned.

Pay your dues, Clinton to be told at UN summit

DAVID USBORNE
New York

President Bill Clinton will face an unusually frosty reception from traditional allies, including Britain, when he joins world leaders in New York tomorrow to mark the 50th anniversary of the United Nations.

What was meant to have been three days of celebration, with 145 heads of state and government in attendance, is likely to become a sombre forum on how the UN can be rescued from dire financial straits, precipitated principally by Washington's failure to pay its dues.

The European Union, in particular, has stepped up its criticism of the US, which, according to the UN, currently owes the organisation about \$1.4bn – more than the total UN budget for a year.

The UN is being forced to draw funds from a separate budget for peace-keeping, simply to keep the lights burning in its headquarters. Travel by UN officials has been curtailed severely, recruiting has stopped and there is doubt whether staff salaries will be paid after 1 December.

In a tactic that has strained relations in New York, British diplomats have been instructed by London to make references whenever the question of funding of UN operations arises, to the obligation on member states to make timely contributions.

Sir John Weston, the British ambassador, noted that what the US is expected to pay is hardly gigantic in relative terms. "The entire UN regular budget last year was a little over \$1bn, or the equivalent of no more than two-thirds of the annual costs of running the British Diplomatic Service, or the New York Police Department," he said in a speech.

Determined to withhold payments from the organisation, Bills have been passed in both houses of Congress that would reduce still further the size of the cheques that might finally be delivered to the UN.

The mood of antipathy has been reflected in the comments of such figures as Jesse Helms, the Republican chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, who recently described the UN as the "long-term nemesis of millions of Americans".

Meanwhile, the Speaker of the House, Newt Gingrich, recently went further, suggesting that the UN was a "totally incompetent instrument at any place that matters, which kills people by its behaviour". The UN's reputation was especially damaged by failed peace-keeping in Somalia, during which 18 US Marines were killed on one day in October 1993.

Mr Clinton is expected to reiterate tomorrow his commitment to the UN, but also to demand firm and accelerated progress towards some internal reforms. Diplomats hope that a bargain might be struck eventually, whereby proof from the UN that it is going on a slimming regime will allow the President to make a stronger case to Congress to reinstate some of the lost funding and reduce the outstanding debt. There is, however, no guarantee that Congress would be much impressed even then.

London was incensed by a recent incident in which seven British members of Unicom, the UN mission that monitors the Iraq-Kuwait border, arrived at Heathrow airport to leave for the region only to be told by the UN that there was no money for their flights. They went home.

For Mr Clinton, the affair is acutely embarrassing. Although his administration consistently insists that it supports the continuation of the UN, his hands are tied by Congress, which appears more rather than less



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international

Democracy comes to the isle of cloves

Zanzibar — It is given to few people to make history, to even fewer to rewrite it. But there are those in Zanzibar who believe that this weekend they will have a chance to do both. Tomorrow Zanzibaris vote in stage one of Tanzania's first multi-party elections.

Claims to a date with history might seem an absurdity for an island of fewer than 750,000 people that is not even sovereign. But in the words of a High Court judge, Wolfgang Dourado, "Zanzibaris, like all island people, have an exaggerated sense of their own importance."

It is glory days over and it is budget travellers, not seafarers from the exotic past, who now wonder the alleys of the old Stone Town. The only reminders of its mid-19th century pre-eminence as the world's largest producer of cloves and the largest slaving entrepot on Africa's east coast are the crumbling Arab buildings and the tours for which the backpackers sign up: the Spice Tour and the tour to the site of the old slave market.

However, it is not the distant past which Mr Justice Dourado talked of rewriting. Not the

Tomorrow's vote could be a chance to rewrite history, reports David Orr

Middle Ages, when the Shirazi Persians settled, nor even the decades after 1890 when Zanzibar was ruled as a British protectorate under the Omani sultan. The crucial years for Mr Dourado are 1963-64. In December 1963, a year after Julius

In April that year Zanzibar's fate was sealed. After talks between Mr Nyerere and President Abeid Karume of Zanzibar, Zanzibar and the neighbouring island of Pemba merged with mainland Tanganyika to form the United Republic of Tanzania.

"It was an unequal marriage from the start," said Mr Dourado in his office, the turquoise waters of the Indian Ocean framed in the window behind him. "The union has always favoured Tanganyika. When foreign aid has been given it has gone to the mainland; it has not been shared with Zanzibar. It's been like that with everything. Nyerere did no good for this is-

land. Now is our chance to rectify the mistake made more than three decades ago."

The main challenge to the governing Chama Cha Mapinduzi (CCM — Party of the Revolution) comes from the Civic United Front (CUF). Both are holding large rallies today. In contrast to the CCM incumbent, Zanzibari President Salmin Amour, who shuns

the press and public gatherings, the CUF candidate, Seif Sharif Hamad, has been leading a vigorous campaign. His main support comes from Zanzibar town and from his native Peponi. A former prime minister of Zanzibar, Mr Hamad is an ardent advocate of market forces and of Zanzibari autonomy.

"There's no question of us breaking away," Mr Hamad

said. "We simply want to negotiate the terms of the union and resolve the issues not dealt with in 1964. We need more control of fiscal and monetary matters. The CCM is moving towards one government for everyone. What we want is three governments: one for the mainland, one for Zanzibar and a third, federal, government which would decide union is-

sues. If we win in Zanzibar we

will hold a referendum on the question of a third government."

Mr Hamad's critics say he is funded by Oman and is en-

couraging the return of Arabs forced out in 1964.

If the CUF wins, Zanzibar

will be headed for almost cer-

tain confrontation with the

mainland, where the CCM is be-

tipped for victory when



Photograph: Harry Gruyaert/Magnum

Beach of dreams: Islanders hope the poll will put their ties with the mainland on a more even footing

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the saturday story

It was one of those quiet, civilised, friendly lunches that end with blood being spilt. There was, of course, no mess on the carpet at Wilton's when Max Hastings and Dominic Lawson left the club-like atmosphere of the Jemmy Street restaurant, but the die had been cast. Hastings's 10-year tenure as editor of the *Daily Telegraph* was soon to end.

There was more to it than mere newsroom politicking. For the struggle that has taken place for the soul of the *Telegraph* over the four weeks since then has spoken of something which goes to the heart of the crisis in the party that has ruled Britain for the past 17 years.

It was the third time Hastings had been put in the position of interviewing for the post of his deputy a young man who was far to the right of him in political complexion; first there had been Charles Moore (at that point editor of the *Spectator*), then Simon Heffer (deputy editor at the same magazine) and now he was talking to the *Spectator*'s current editor and son of the former Conservative Chancellor, Nigel Lawson. It looked, too, as though Dominic Lawson would follow in the steps of Moore and Heffer and join the country's largest-selling broadsheet paper as Hastings's deputy.

Their provenance was significant. The *Spectator* is owned by Conrad Black, the proprietor of the *Telegraph*, and was popularly seen as the training ground for a new generation of young Turks, all a decade younger than Hastings, whom Black seemed intent on planting inside the *Telegraph* to tread upon the heels of the editor, urging him on to a more unashamedly right-wing view of the world.

Max Hastings was of the old school of fair-minded, decent pragmatism that had once been the distinguishing feature of intelligent middle-England Conservatism. The Canadian Conrad Black, like the young acolytes whom he nurtured at the *Spectator*, was altogether more robust and ideologically rigorous. For a decade their interests had coincided as Hastings showed how it was possible to transform a highly conservative newspaper – technologically, commercially and journalistically – so that it won new readers without ever sacrificing the continuous character that kept existing readers on board.

But now, Hastings felt, the centre was falling apart. Black's political gaffe had been steadily rising as his disillusionment with John Major grew. It was a process accelerated by his marriage three years ago to Barbara Amiel, a viscerally right-wing Canadian journalist. It was clear that after the next general election, when most journalists and indeed most Tories anticipate a victory for Tony Blair, the Conservative Party would reassess and, almost certainly, lurch dramatically to the right. The unsteady Hastings-Black axis would not then hold.

Lawson – who was vigorously insisting, apparently with the backing of Black, that he should be brought in over the



Max Hastings's surprise resignation pitched Conrad Black into three weeks of soul-searching. **Paul Vallely** recounts who did what to whom

Turmoil at the Telegraph

heads of the other three deputy editors – was clearly being groomed to replace him. Hastings had seen off the threat from Moore and Heffer because he was producing a newspaper that was commercially successful. But after an election the balance would shift. He began, he told friends, to anticipate "bumpy passages". It was time to jump before he was pushed.

Soon after this, Hastings bumped into Sir David English, the former editor of the *Daily Mail* and now chairman of Associated Newspapers, who hinted that Hastings could take over as editor of the London *Evening Standard*, another Associated title, at the end of the year. Why wait till the end of the year, Hastings asked. Three days later he met English and the paper's owner, Lord Rothermere, to sign a five-year deal which, with a house and share options thrown in, was worth around £400,000 a year – considerably more than the

Hastings was of the old school of fair-minded, decent pragmatism

£184,000 he got at the *Telegraph* and with a considerably more secure future.

The next day, Friday 29 September, he rang the *Telegraph's* deputy chairman, Daniel Coulson, at his hotel in Sydney and resigned. Coulson was flummoxed. He thought, on the basis of conversations between

Coulson and Black flew to New York, where they spent two disconcerting days considering the situation. Hastings had caught them completely off-guard.

Black was in a dilemma. He wanted an editor who would swing instinctively behind a new Tory leader of the Redwood/Portillo strain. But he also needed an editor capable of boosting the circulation of the *Telegraph*, which had once been a substantial provider of cash to bolster the finances of his international media empire, but which was now suffering in the price war instigated by his arrival Rupert Murdoch with his *20th Times*.

Politically, the succession seemed to fall to Charles Moore, editor of the *Sunday Telegraph*. But although he had increased circulation by almost 100,000, his paper's internal research showed that many of them were – contrary to the youthful figures in its advertising campaign – former *Sunday Express* readers, whose

age profile was just as doddering as dying *Telegraph* readers.

The *Telegraph* men began to talk about "a commercial editor" who would raise the promotional and marketing profile of the paper. Even before Hastings resigned, Black and Coulson had been in talks with Andrew Neil, former editor of the *Sunday Times*. Black was known to admire his commercial "brilliance" and was hoping to bring him into his parent company, Hollinger, as a consultant to advise on how to combat the price strategy of Neil's old boss, Murdoch.

Observers outside the *Telegraph* claim that Neil was offered the editorship and, when he declined, was asked to become editor-in-chief of both the *Sunday* and daily. Those inside say no offer was made because Neil's colourful and combative republican and son-of-the-mass image would have frightened off existing *Telegraph* readers – and executives – in droves.

Whatever happened, the process tied up Black for almost two weeks. It was only a week ago that serious discussions began with Paul Dacre, editor of the *Daily Mail*. Dacre himself has played his cards closely, refusing to comment on rumours that he applied because of reports inside Associated that Max Hastings was being brought into the group

employer was that when he was editor of the *Evening Standard* he had been asked to edit the *Times* and had flirted with the idea, only to turn it down at the last minute when Associated made the counter-offer of the *Mail*. In the two years since he had edited what is regarded as Britain's leading tabloid with vigour and enthusiasm, it seems, without the stylish sophistication of David English.

Clearly fascinated by the challenge of editing a great broadsheet like the *Telegraph*, Dacre entered serious talks with Black. The two men met last weekend and came close to reaching agreement. Dacre actually had a contract on his desk at the *Mail* on Tuesday evening when English, alerted by Hastings, called to see him. The Hollywood version that circulated at the *Telegraph's* Canary Wharf offices was that Dacre was due to sign on Wednesday at 9am but that while he was on the way there he received a counter-offer

Moore may turn out to be more 'aggressive' than his detractors suggested

to take over from English in 10 years' time.

Dacre's great virtue was that he was of the same aggressive school as Neil – the School of the New Brutalism, as the old-style *Telegraph* staff regarded it. His disadvantage to a potential

from English over the car phone and told his chauffeur to turn the car round. Rumours abounded of a £100,000 rise to his £350,000 salary, an increase in editorial budget, a seat on the Associated board. Dacre kept mum but senior journalists at the *Mail* hint that, as negotiations progressed, English played on Dacre's growing doubts about the independence that *Telegraph* editors had from proprietorial interference. Sullier voices at the *Telegraph* pooh-pooh such talk and say Dacre leaked the offer to use as a bargaining chip to get a better deal from his existing paper.

Either way, on Wednesday morning Coulson summoned Lawson to meet him in secret at his home and offered him the job of editor of the *Sunday Telegraph*. At 11 am Coulson and Black called Moore up to the 16th floor to talk about the daily paper. They gave him a grilling. It lasted so long that they had to break off before they had finished because Moore was having lunch with Douglas Hurd at the Savoy. As Moore left the Savoy he bumped into English and reportedly said it would do him no good if anyone from the *Telegraph* saw them together just then. He returned to the meeting with Black and Coulson and at 4pm was offered the job, though the announcement was delayed until the stock market closed.

Black had seen other internal candidates, including Heffer, who – for all his military metaphors about having "his tanks on Max's lawn before Christmas" – was judged to have failed dismally in his task of gingering up Hastings's act. He also saw Veronica Wadley, who had been responsible for enlivening much of the paper's features coverage over the past decade, but she proved insufficiently right-wing. By the end of the week both Heffer and Wadley had left – he in a huff at not getting a consolation prize as editor of the *Spectator* and she summarily dismissed by Charles Moore, who may turn out to be more "aggressive" than his detractors suggested.

It may be, of course, that not inheriting the mantle as of right will sharpen up Moore's act, though those who caricatured him as an abstracted, high-minded intellectual interested only in the Catholic church and the Tory party were probably in for a surprise anyway. It may well be that Lawson, with his track record of muckraking stories at the *Spectator* – remember the expose of the *Guardian's* Richard Gott as a KGB contact, the cabinet minister Nicholas Ridley's goof about the Germans still wanting to take over the world or the Queen's secretary saying that Fergie was "vulgar, vulgar, vulgar" – will prove as good an editor as the *Sunday* could have hoped for.

In that case, in six months everyone will have forgotten there was ever a hiatus in the *Telegraph* succession. But if the two papers become as right-wing as must be expected, by then the Government will have far more important things to worry about.

Jo Brand's week

The British designer John Galliano has stunned Paris with his latest collection. So high were feelings running this week that crash barriers had to be erected outside his show. Why? Are women likely to trample him in a desperate bid to find out whether a green tank top can be safely sported with a pair of red slingsbacks? Apparently, Galliano mixed the "tacky prettiness of an 18th-century pastoral idyll with the stern sobriety of his Spanish background". Good-oh. Must look out for some of that down my local Marks & Sparks at the Elephant and Castle.



18th-century with stern sobriety

Boris Yeltsin has finally been revealed as a new lad. Not only has he apparently been too sozzled, on at least one occasion, to meet a fellow world leader, I now spot him on the news pinching a couple of women as he passed them. Dear me. Maybe it's about time that a few of his advisers took him aside and instructed him in the rudiments of how to behave in public.

I always used to admire the fact that in Russia women didn't seem to be discriminated against in jobs such as medicine. It now appears that the civilising influence of capitalism has, depressingly, sent Boris back into the Dark Ages as far as respect for women is concerned. Get him a job at



when I was in my early twenties, having whacked on three stone in the first six months. Optimistically I assumed it would drop off. Wrong: it stuck there solidly.

The idea of a male pill has been bandied around for years but you can bet your bottom dollar that any bloke vaguely thinking of taking it is going to take one look at the problems women have had and continue to spread his seed unchecked. Perhaps the answer is to allow only female researchers to work on making the Pill safe. At least they'll have more of an investment in the project.

Nice to see democracy so effectively applied in Iraq, as Saddam Hussein got back in to power without too much trouble. A number of hiccups were hastily rectified when some voters, panicking as they saw their friends give him the thumbs down, anxiously whipped away their

Democracy in action

mates' ballot papers and corrected the "no" votes. Some people even voted in their own blood. You'd think they'd manage to supply everyone with pens.

I'm about to go off on tour again this week and have therefore had to spend a day doing promotional interviews on the phone. What a joy to participate in 16 interviews on the trot and be asked the same questions over and over again. "How did you get started in comedy?" is a very popular one and, having given a truthful account to seven or eight papers, it does get very tempting to say things like, "A hippopotamus told me to," just to relieve the tedium.

Lots of journalists secretly think they've got you well and truly sussed, like one woman who triumphantly offered the theory that I wear black because I think it makes me look thinner. Perhaps she thought she'd found a chink in the armour and I was going to break down into girle weeping and cooing that, yes, I did want to get married to a graphic designer called Roger, live in a bungalow in Cheam and be able to sit next to someone on the bus. Unfortunately I don't want to, so I didn't say it.

I was sad to miss the results of the nation's favourite poem, although it wasn't a great surprise to discover it was one that lots of us did in English at school. I have to say I prefer the Mr Kipling who makes the cakes. "If" hasn't got much to offer to the female gender, I'm afraid. Besides, I always thought that "if you keep your head while all around are losing theirs", you were a bit thick and didn't realise the scale of the problem. At least Rudyard gives hope to all those men spending the housekeeping money on lottery Instants, safe in the knowledge that risking all their winnings had made them a man.

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After the bar-room brawl, we pick up the pieces

It has been a confusing week for students of the British state. The head-butting between Michael Howard and Derek Lewis, the sacked director general of the prison service, followed by the bottle-throwing across the despatch box between Mr Howard and his Labour opposite Jack Straw has left much glass on the floor but a good deal of mist on the saloon bar windows. It is not easy to see what is going on.

Even the most assiduous reader, who has followed in detail the arguments that arose from the Learmont report into British jails, must be thoroughly perplexed. To whom should we now address our complaints about the perilous condition of Britain's prisons? To Mr Howard? To Mr Lewis? To the impressive members of the Prison Board, headed by Sir Duncan Nichol, a former chief executive of the National Health Service? If Mr Howard is responsible for "policy", where does policy stop and managerial action begin?

The good news is that incidents like those of this week encourage us to re-examine one of the most far-reaching changes to the way that Britain is governed brought about by the period of Tory office since 1979, namely the creation of a series of agencies to take over work formerly conducted directly by departments of state.

The Prison Service is one of these "Next Steps" agencies, along with over a hundred others ranging from the Child Support Agency and the Benefits Agency to the Passport Office and the Driver and Vehicle Licensing Centre in Swansea.

The idea is that where there is a clear, identifiable job to be done, for example distributing

benefits, it is better done by a specialised organisation rather than by a group of generalist civil servants. This clarity of focus brings many potential advantages: expertise can be more systematically developed, customers will know better to whom they should address their demands and standards of performance can more easily be monitored and published. At a time when the public is becoming more demanding of the quality of the services government provides out of the 40p in the pound it takes from our pockets, agencies offer a break from the monolithic and centralised Whitehall machine towards a more flexible, variegated and modern network of service providers.

There is no doubt that a greater clarity of managerial purpose in many of these agencies has resulted in better services. The Passport Office and the Swansea DVLC are both examples of bodies that used to be a byword for inefficiency and about which we now hear little, because there is little about which we need to complain. Even the top civil servants, whose trade union, the First Division Association, has been loud in the prison service argument this week, admits that many of its members now like working in agencies. The old argument of principle, that agencies would somehow erode the very foundations of public morality in the British civil service, has been shown to be false.

It is evident, however, that there are still serious issues of accountability to be resolved. Just as we are still struggling to consolidate a system of regulation for the privatised utilities, so the responsibilities of those who run agencies and the



politicians to whom they answer are insufficiently clear. MPs are frustrated at their inability to get answers to questions on agency matters on the floor of the House of Commons. Although parliamentary committees have improved the quality of their oversight of the new agencies – as well as of older ones, like the Bank of England – MPs often look slow and ill-informed when interrogating the professionals who sit atop these powerful bodies. There are also important questions to answer about the mechanism for appointing members of agency boards, which in many cases have been staffed with business figures sympathetic to a Conservative government. Some agencies have also taken a rather contemptuous view of the need to be open to scrutiny by the media, although hardly more so than the traditional organs of government.

Above all, perhaps, there is the problem of how to distinguish between the political role of the minister and the executive role of the manager. Is a high-profile prison escape a matter for the director general because an individual prison officer behaved incompetently or is it a question for the Home Secretary, who failed to provide adequate training resources? Does a prison not fall on the shoulders of the agency for not enforcing discipline, or on the minister for imposing a harsh regime that raised tensions?

Clearly these problems are greatest in areas of the most acute public concern. The Child Support Agency could, in theory, have been an uncontroversial collecting body, like the local authority organisation that gathers up parking fines. The politics of the modern family ensured that it

would, in practice, be a source of such fierce dispute that, in the end, its first head was forced out. Prisons, with the risk of riot and breakout, fall naturally into the same category.

It would be a serious mistake, however, to give up or even slow down on agencies. All of the problems revealed so far are capable of being addressed. The appointments system could readily be made more transparent and open to public comment. It is not difficult to imagine how parliament could improve its methods of scrutiny. Much has been learned in recent years about public audit upon which we can build.

The most intractable difficulty in reality, and the least discussed, is that so long as central government pays for the work of agencies from the proceeds of general taxation, there will be a tendency towards central control, thus restricting the ability of agencies to respond to local conditions and to show imagination. To tackle this problem requires radical thinking about the future of local government and localised public bodies beyond the range of the current party political debate.

But we should not let Mr Howard's brawling bother us too much. He, or his successor, will in the end have to clarify roles and responsibilities, knowing full well that in a crisis, fingers will point in all directions. Their conflict may be bad for the conduct of Britain's prisons in that it reveals serious inconsistencies of strategy, as well as gaps in managerial performance. But the fact that we can see what is going on is in large measure because the prisons agency exists. Does anyone really think it would be better if the Home Office was in sole charge?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Narrow-minded, morally censorious depiction of single life

From Ms Kate Quill

Sir Surprising, and a tad ironic, to read such a morally censorious and narrow-minded interpretation of the single life by Angela Lambert (Section Two: "Will you be lonesome tonight?", 19 October). With a subject like this it must be very tempting to resort to stereotypes culled from TV commercials, but Ms Lambert's argument simply sounded as hollow and blinkered as the selfish, spiritually unconscious twentysomethings she was so keen to depict.

I don't deny the problems of the generation of young people who work hard and live alone. I'm sure many of them do suffer from "aching loneliness", and may also feel "spiritually dislocated". I do, however, object to the assumption that the single life is driven by nothing more than a pathological fear of commitment, self-obsession, ruthless ambition and spiritual emptiness. Coupled on may bring love, sex and contentment. It can also bring lethargy, apathy, smug suburban lifestyles and monumentally selfish unquestioning values. And, let's be honest, betrayal in the average marriage is not exactly uncommon, is it? I don't think any single person need take a "good example" from the average spouse.

The fact that people are, or are not, good, kind, caring, responsible personalities with a sense of what really matters in life. Whether they are in a couple or not is irrelevant. Ms Lambert's article served only to fuel the clichéd fears of the tonny – the single life means

nothing, produces nothing, and is, itself, the result of a selfish, unloving personality devoted entirely to its own wants. What utter tosh – and as if this didn't describe countless husbands and wives we have all known? But, for the single person who may long for company, what a jolly good old life it continues to be.

To anyone sitting alone reading this with a Marks & Spencer dinner for one, just count your blessings. Being lonely is indeed a horrible and destructive thing. But it's better to be lonely alone than lonely in a loveless relationship, which is the sort that aches most of all.

Yours faithfully,

KATE QUILLY
London, W14
20 October

From Ms Emma Bagnall

Sir Being 30, professional and single I was fascinated to read Angela Lambert's views on my generation (Section Two: "Will you be lonesome tonight?", 19 October). You see, dysfunctional as I am and completely unable to forge any kind of relationship with my fellow human beings (ah! cats are so useful especially on those long, lonely winter evenings when the telephone never rings), I find that newspapers are often my only link with the outside world – that glowing nuclear-fuelled utopia that exists, so frustratingly, just out of my reach. So I fell upon Ms Lambert's searching insights with interest and not a little fear. What if I am alone? What if everyone is paired off and having more fun than I am? What if I've missed the boat?

I live in hope, Ms Lambert. I live in hope that one day I can cross that Rubicon, cease to be the spectre at the feast, and get married, have 2.3 children, a Volvo and – joy of joys – arguments in Sainsbury's instead of last-minute comfort-food shopping. Maybe then I, too, will have the cheek to write ill-researched newspaper articles on subjects of which I know nothing.

Yours etc,
EMMA BAGNALL
London, N17
19 October

From Ms Rosy Wright

Sir Yes, I am lonely and depressed. I write as a divorced

mother-of-three in response to Angela Lambert's article as I would like to share my experiences with a dating agency.

From my first phone call in answer to an ad in the local paper, I deduced that the agency was very much a one-woman show. After an initial chat, the woman sent me a list of prospective suitable males – 22 of them – but I have no evidence of their actual existence, just Christian names, appearance and interests. She has repeatedly promised me phone calls from these members but none has materialised.

Three weeks after paying out my "lifelong membership" (what a dismal thought!) I attended one social event: This amounted to five women and one (bald) man meeting in a seedy pub in Brighton. The awful truth slowly dawned on me. We went to a casino, where the man soon disappeared with one of the women. I only lost £1.50 at the tables, but I had paid out over £100 to spend an evening gambling with three older women. I've had more fun playing Cluedo with my children.

I've written to the proprietor of the agency, asking for a complete refund. According to Angela Lambert, such agencies are common but should they be allowed to continue without restriction? I know I've been a sucker but how many others have fallen for the promise of pleasant company?

Yours sincerely,
ROSY WRIGHT
Eastbourne,
East Sussex
19 October

Many avenues in asthma research

From Ms Melinda Letts

Sir Anyone reading Liz Hunt's article (Magazine: "Wheeze", 14 October) might have mistakenly thought that the number of people dying from asthma is increasing and that much of this is due to the drug treatments they receive. It is not as simple as this. Indeed, there has been a slight downward trend in mortality rates over the last three years.

Hunt's article claimed that asthma research was focusing on pollution and other environmental issues to the exclusion of much else. The media may give pollution a high priority but research projects are far more concerned with the impact of drug therapies. Indeed, the National Asthma Task Force is conducting a major study looking at just the question Hunt says journalists have overlooked.

The debate around beta-agonist treatments is just one of many and highlights how much we still have to learn about asthma. Until we have a cure for asthma, people must work in partnership with their doctors to manage their asthma effectively.

Yours faithfully,
D. H. PERKINS
Emeritus Professor of Physics
University of Oxford
Oxford
19 October

As it was: the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, 1854 Mary Evans

an ability to think boldly and imaginatively will be essential if this project is to succeed.

I wish the contestants well with their proposals, but regret that nobody seems to have spoken for South London.

Yours faithfully,
STEPHEN KING
London, SE25
19 October

From Mr David Lloyd

Sir While welcoming the Millennium Commissioners' plans to fund large-scale projects to mark the advent of a new century, I do find it very sad that one such scheme involves the rebuilding of the Crystal Palace. We will never move forward as a country or as a society as long as we continually seek to look to the past for our architectural, spiritual and political inspiration. By all means, let's treasure the old

buildings we already have, but not build more of them.

Yours faithfully,
DAVID LLOYD
Westbury on Trym, Avon

From Professor D. H. Perkins

Sir I was interested to read your article today ("Crystal Palace may rise from the ashes", 18 October) on the proposed recreation of the Crystal Palace 1851 exhibition hall. I would merely point out that a replica of the building already exists in the middle of Dallas. It is used for exhibitions and the ground-floor walls have numerous photographs of the original building in the course of its construction in Hyde Park.

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Politics of art appreciation

From Mr Andrew Faulds, MP

Sir Polly Toynbee has got it wrong! Referring to Jenny Lee, she writes: "by the Seventies, Labour had lost that vision of high art for everyone" ("Politicians are the true philistines", 18 October). I was Shadow Minister for the Arts from 1970-73 but she will find in none of my frequent debates or too infrequent debates a mindless left-wing of art-for-the-people". I strongly supported a wider availability of the high arts and was never "tempted by the strains of cheap populism". I was, however, sacked by Harold Wilson in 1973 for quipping in support of the Palestinians, in a Foreign Affairs debate, that it was MPs on both sides of the House resolved whether they were "Members of the House of Commons or Members of the Knob". At the time, it seemed sage and sagacious advice.

Leaving aside the brilliant and extravagant patronage of Charles I, George III and George IV, it might be more accurate to maintain that the cult of the armed forces and the love of *la gloire*, allied with a fragile sense of civic liberalism, characterise the republican nature of government in France and Italy. Both countries have used their respective national cultures and their claims to linguistic superiority to justify insularity at home and dubious interventionism abroad.

I was not responsible for the arts in the mid-Seventies but, in my second stint as arts spokesman, 1979-82, I pursued the loftier aspirations of the high arts until I was sacked by Michael Foot for my opposition to the Malvinas exercise. Unfortunately, there will be no third chance to serve as (according to Lord St John of Fawsley) "the best Arts Minister we never had!"

ANDREW FAULDS
MP for Warley East (Lab)
House of Commons
London, SW1
19 October

From Mr Gerard van Werson

Sir: Polly Toynbee's article "Politicians are the true philistines" (18 October) asserts that our

Royal Family usurps the place in our heritage that rightfully belongs to great architects, writers and artists. By contrast, politicians in countries with a republican tradition have used their respective national cultures and their claims to linguistic superiority to justify insularity at home and dubious interventionism abroad.

Leaving aside the brilliant and extravagant patronage of Charles I, George III and George IV, it might be more accurate to maintain that the cult of the armed forces and the love of *la gloire*, allied with a fragile sense of civic liberalism, characterise the republican nature of government in France and Italy. Both countries have used their respective national cultures and their claims to linguistic superiority to justify insularity at home and dubious interventionism abroad.

The claim that "the Tories have never much liked the arts" does not account for the astonishing creation of domestic architecture and landscape gardening during the first half of the 18th century and continuing up to the present day. One can disapprove of Thatcherism, as I do, and doubt the accuracy of Mrs Toynbee's claim that Mrs Thatcher is "profoundly uninterested" in the arts personally.

Yours faithfully,
GERARD VAN WERSON
London, SW1

Quebec dam is off the agenda

From Mr Richard Guay

Sir In his article "First Nations' fight for freedom" (7 October), Hugh Winsor wrote on the position of the Cree and Inuit leaders of Northern Quebec in the forthcoming referendum on the sovereignty of Quebec and the proposal for a new partnership with the rest of Canada.

Mr Winsor referred to the site of the proposed giant Grande-Balaine hydroelectric power dam which has been opposed by the Cree. The project to which he referred was abandoned some considerable time ago by the Government of Quebec. This has led to substantial easing of tensions and both parties are now engaged in talks with one another, trying to settle some of the outstanding problems between them.

Yours faithfully,
RICHARD GUAY
Agent General
Quebec Government Office
London, SW1
13 October

Great impression

From Dr S. Roy

Sir: How dare Rose Shepherd cast such a slur upon Delta Smith ("Delta runs wild in the bookshop", 17 October)? Saini Delta, as she is known among my friends and relatives, provides her followers with more than merely safe "English" cooking. Her recipes are diverse, tasty, interesting and often exciting.

It is the fact that she takes time to explain exactly how to do something which sets her apart from the rest and makes her a firm favourite with novice and expert cooks alike. She takes the fear out of cooking, not the excitement.

One small complaint only, I've never yet mastered the Lemon Surprise Pudding – any advice?

Yours faithfully,
S. ROY
Mid-Kent College
Chatham, Kent
18 October

Correction: In our leading article yesterday ("Prudence and the Pill, revisited"), we referred to the older brands of oral contraceptives which were not affected by the Department of Health announcement as "oestrogen only". This is incorrect. Older pills with a lower thrombosis risk include those with higher doses of oestrogen and different kinds of progestrone compared to the newer pills. We apologise for the error.

DAVID AARONOVITCH

Sheer cupidity

So I went to the editor and said, "What has Anthea Turner got that I haven't?" Carlton TV are about to pay her a million pounds a year to dress up as Cupid and bring lovers together, while the *Independent* can only put up a pitiful sum to keep me in the style to which I wish to become accustomed. Is this fair?"

the pieces

PROFILE : Louis Farrakhan

Media demon and great black hope.
Mike Phillips sees a man to do business with

If you happen to be black, there's a curious sense of seeing this week's coverage of America's Million Man March through a looking glass. White commentators vied with each other in describing the march organiser, Louis Farrakhan and his Nation of Islam (NOI) movement as "grim" and "forbidding". Headlines screamed "race hate" and "demon". Farrakhan's adherents are characterised as young, angry, deprived or deluded. The picture is of a vicious cult leader who has built a following by cultivating communal hatreds.

From the other side of the mirror the picture looks very different. Anyone who uses any of the subways or bus stations in the black areas of a major city in the US will be familiar with the sound of Minister Farrakhan's voice blaring out from a portable machine next to a stand where a group of boys in bow ties and neat jackets are selling the NOI journal, the *Final Call*. In public venues like this, where the average black commuter is accustomed to being accosted by junkies or menaced by muggers, the sight of the NOI is a source of reassurance and pride.

Indeed, for most African Americans Louis Farrakhan's NOI is the only stable national black organisation operating at the grassroots. It rehabilitates junkies and gangsters. It runs its own businesses, a huge private security network, restaurants, bakeries, markets, bookstore and schools. White commentators tend to note that NOI membership is small, maybe less than a hundred thousand. But within the African American communities their impact far outweighs the actual size of the membership. What counts is the fact that NOI members are committed to a fierce self-discipline that imposes a reliable standard of behaviour. Ask any African American and the reply you get emphasises the Nation's central role in the community's image of itself.

As leader of the NOI Louis Farrakhan has



For most African Americans Farrakhan's Nation of Islam is the only stable, national and grassroots black organisation Rex

Kingmaker in waiting

and Malcolm became passionate rivals and when Malcolm rejected Muhammed's leadership and started his own movement, Farrakhan became an implacable enemy.

A few weeks before Malcolm's murder in 1965 Farrakhan wrote in the NOI newspaper, "Malcolm is worthy of death." The words were typical of what many see as his imperious style at the time. For years he was dogged by the accusation that if he hadn't ordered the assassination of Malcolm, he had created the atmosphere in which it had to happen.

Farrakhan denied it all. But for a time he

even held a public reconciliation with Oubilah's mother, Betty Shabazz. That event removed the last question mark that the bulk of black opinion was prepared to put against his name.

On the other hand, Farrakhan's tradition of statements about the Jews continues to cause deep offence. "Blood-suckers" is the latest and fairly mild quote. Such statements echo the tensions and territorial struggles in poor US inner cities: in the streets black blame Jews for making profits out of housing, local shops and state subsidies without putting anything back.

Other black leaders have traditionally distanced themselves from Farrakhan's anti-Jewish diatribes - although Jesse Jackson notably defied Jewish and liberal opinion recently to avoid condemning Farrakhan. He himself denies any anti-Semitic feeling, recently dismissing one of his lieutenants for insulting language about Jewish physical characteristics. None of this lets him off the hook and it will be a long time before Jewish minorities forgive and forget.

Despite this, it is too easy for white commentators to dismiss the appeal of Farrakhan and the Nation as an oasis of separation within which poor and ignorant blacks can nurse their hatreds. Over the past two decades, he has become the most popular and the sought-after speakers on black university campuses that house the most able, and most mobile young African Americans.

As if to contradict white assumptions about Farrakhan's status as an embittered ghetto spokesman, the majority of black men

on the Million Man march weren't disaffected ghetto youths or bitter ex-cons. Surveys of its membership showed that less than 20 per cent of the marchers were aged 18-25, while the largest proportion was aged between 30 and 50. There was a large number of professional men, doctors, lawyers, teachers. More than 20 per cent were earning more than \$40,000 a year, and as many as 11 per cent earned above \$100,000.

What's clear is that Farrakhan's appeal embraces a wide cross-section of the community, a fact to which most media commentators have reacted with bewilderment. For African Americans, who are continually reminded that the price of acceptance and equality is a model of identity defined and policed by whites, Farrakhan's outspoken speeches are cathartic.

This week Farrakhan has taken on a new importance in the spectrum of black leadership. No one else could have had the confidence or charisma to make it happen and he knows it. He has pitched directly into the arena of electoral politics, urging his audience to register for the vote, and to join any organisation "that is working for the uplift of the people".

In the circumstances it's hard to see any politician who wants to capture even a modest slice of the black vote opposing Farrakhan or failing to come to an accommodation with him. The word is that he's more interested in being a kingmaker than running for office. If that's so, the next two years should see a wide variety of American politicians beating a path to his door, eager to rehabilitate the man they've so far ignored.

was just a horse - four legs, teeth and the customary functions that are good for the roses. The answer is that Red Rum was seen for what he was - himself.

Most horses with a place in history owe their eminence to a human connection. Where would Black Bess be without Dick Turpin? Or Bucephalus without his regular jockey Alexander The Great? And think of poor old Copenhagen, hanging around all day waiting for Napoleon to get back on, just because the Emperor kept trying to go round corners with one hand still tucked inside his jacket.

The glory all those equines enjoyed was reflected glory because of the close connection



National hero: Red Rum

they had with humans - although history is reticent as to the identity of those animals linked with Catherine the Great, who is said to have taken the notion of "the love of horses" rather more literally than is recommended by the Pony Club.

But Red Rum is rightly seen as having done it all himself, the allure of his rise from obscurity to genuine greatness much enriched by the everyday nature of his surroundings - he was stabled behind a second-hand car showroom and trained on a beach. As the *Sporting Life* editorialised about him this week, with only a touch of hyperbole: "He was the people's horse, as ordinary as a cup of tea yet as rare as Halley's Comet."

We shouldn't worry that Sir Alec Douglas-Hume was upstaged by a horse. We have had loads of prime ministers, but only one Red Rum.

The writer is associate editor at the *Sporting Life*

He has become one of the most popular speakers on black university campuses

become the touchstone of these values. Born in 1934, he grew up in New York and was working the clubs in 1956 as a calypso singer when he met Malcolm X, then under the influence of the NOI sect leader Elijah Muhammed.

Farrakhan became part of the bodyguard around Malcolm, the Fruit of Islam. At the time the Nation was a relatively small sect, best known for Malcolm's oratory and later for recruiting the boxer Muhammad Ali. Farrakhan was a natural and emotional orator, and by the beginning of the Sixties he was Minister of the New York Temple. Relations with Malcolm soured as the latter began to question Elijah Muhammed's integrity. Farrakhan

lived under a cloud of controversy and menace. After Elijah Muhammed died, Farrakhan took over the leadership, since when he has shifted the doctrine of the NOI further from Elijah's vision than even Malcolm had proposed. Instead of moving towards orthodox Islam, he stepped up the blending of NOI doctrine with the Christianity of the fundamentalist black churches, reinterpreting the Old Testament as a metaphor about the journey of the African American nation.

He has defeated the issue of Malcolm's death, making his peace with Malcolm's daughter, Oubilah, who had plotted Farrakhan's assassination. Earlier this year, he

of the people. Yet no provision is made to demonstrate the existence of that support by holding a referendum before the parliament is established.

Second, the parliament will still be primarily reliant on Whitehall for its funds. The Convention has drawn back from the idea of assigning to Scotland the taxes raised in Scotland, presumably because it has found that they are insufficient to fund what is spent in Scotland now.

Instead the parliament will receive the funds that now go to the Scottish Office. True, these are currently fixed by formula, but it still means that if expenditure is cut in England, Scotland's budget is reduced, too. A Labour parliament in Edinburgh could still find itself at the mercy of Conservative cuts at Westminster.

Of course, the new parliament is to have its own tax-raising power, by raising (or cutting) income tax by up to three pence in the pound. But income tax is the most politically sensitive of all taxes, a fact that the Scottish Secretary, Michael Forsyth, has already exploited effectively by dubbing the proposal a "tartan tax". In short, the only weapon the parliament will have in its battle with Westminster is a nuclear one that could well blow up in its backyard, rather than in London.

Third, the proposals are decidedly vague about the division of legislative powers and responsibilities between Westminster and Edinburgh. In particular there are no firm proposals about how disputes between the two bodies might be resolved.

The Convention's proposals, then, are an important step on the road to making a devolved Scottish parliament a reality. But equally, yesterday's blueprint is very unlikely ever to come to fruition simply in its current form.

The writer is senior lecturer in politics at Strathclyde University and deputy director of the ESRC Centre for Research into Elections and Social Trends.

The makings of a tartan blueprint

Yesterday's proposals set a credible basis for a future Scottish parliament, argues John Curtice

Just imagine it. Paddy Ashdown and Tony Blair sit down and agree on a system of proportional representation for elections to the House of Commons. They decide to tear up the existing benches in the Commons and redesign them in the shape of a horseshoe. And they agree that the Prime Minister should be elected by the House of Commons rather than nominated by the Queen.

What's more, their plans are endorsed by the TUC and the major local authority associations. Even the Archbishop of Canterbury has a kindly word to say for them.

Fantasy? South of the border, undoubtedly yes. But this would be the English equivalent of what has just happened in Scotland. The proposals for a new devolved Scottish parliament, which were formally endorsed yesterday by the Scottish Constitutional Convention, are indeed a remarkable development.

Even viewed with Scottish eyes, yesterday's agreement was significant. The political parties, the key players, started poles apart. The Liberal Democrats favoured a federal structure for the whole of the UK, with England and Wales, as well as Scotland, having their own parliaments. Labour, in contrast, was committed to a Scottish parliament that would have significantly more powers than anything that might be created south of the border. The Liberal Democrats still retained their faith in the Single Transferable Vote system of proportional representation. Labour preferred first-past-the-post.

Yet despite these differences both parties are jointly committed to a detailed agreement to change radically the way Scotland is governed.

While it may be remarkable, does it matter? Why has Labour, which dominates Scottish politics, felt it worthwhile to talk to the Liberal Democrats, who have the support of little more than one in ten Scots?



Poles apart: but the key players at the Convention resolved many of their differences

A look at the history of constitutional change in post-war Britain provides the answer. It is littered with failure. Harold Wilson attempted to reform the House of Lords in the Sixties, and was defeated by an unlikely alliance between Michael Foot and Enoch Powell. And in the Seventies devolution to Scotland itself was lost thanks to the Labour MP George Cunningham's backbench amendment requiring that the proposals be endorsed by the support of 40 per cent of all Scots in a referendum.

Thus on both occasions governments were defeated by their own backbenchers. As John Major discovered with the Maastricht Bill, proposals for constitutional changes are particularly vulnerable to backbench rebellions because all MPs take part in the detailed committee stage of the bill rather than just a

small group hand-picked by the whips. Labour cannot be sure that its proposals for a Scottish parliament would not cause divisions in its ranks once again. Labour MPs from the north of England may well have some worries that creating a Scottish parliament in the absence of any clear commitment to regional assemblies for England could be to the disadvantage of their constituents. They might be particularly concerned, for instance, about the parliament's ability to direct industrial policy and regeneration programmes.

But north of the border, Labour needs to demonstrate that, unlike in this case, it can deliver. Whereas in England, Labour's electoral task may be to overturn the Tories, in Scotland its job is to keep at bay a nationalist party which in the past three years has clearly established itself as the principal opposition.

This is where yesterday's agreement is vital. By agreeing with the Liberal Democrats much of the detail about how a Scottish parliament should be formed, Labour's claim that this time it will succeed where previously it failed looks far stronger.

But the critics of devolution will still find plenty of ammunition to fire at this document. The most difficult job in establishing any devolved parliament is getting its relationship with Westminster right. And on at least three counts these proposals may not achieve that task. First, the Convention admits that what Westminster gives, ultimately it can take away. It has not found a way of entrenching a Scottish parliament so that it cannot be abolished by a future House of Commons.

Instead, it claims that no Westminster government would dare abolish a parliament that clearly had the support

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obituaries/gazette

Iri Maruki

Long before I ever dreamt I should one day be invited to teach English literature in Japan, I encountered the extraordinary paintings of Iri Maruki. It was in London in 1956, where an exhibition of his Hiroshima murals and panels was held at the ICA Gallery. I did not then know the artist's name, but as a pacifist I was attracted by the themes of the exhibition. Nothing had prepared me for the overwhelming impact of his images of the Hiroshima holocaust. They presented realistically but as in a Blakean vision of hell the intense human sufferings of that disaster.

I was so overcome by the sight of those helpless men, women, children and animals crawling and writhing with shattered skin in that furnace of agony, I had to leave the building. In a calmer mood, I returned to the exhibition, trying to control my feelings by making mental notes and scribbling in a notebook a few words and sketches. Eventually these became a poem whose title, 'Ghosts, Fire Water', is taken from the first three sets of panels, painted in 1950 by Iri Maruki and his wife Toshi.

It was a poem of 34 lines, but when I submitted it to magazines and weeklies for publications it was rejected as too frightening or too melodramatic. Such was the general indifference and ignorance of those times about these great works, the finest artistic protests ever made against the folly of war. In desperation, I put a typed copy of my poem in the visitors' book in the gallery. One of the organisers of the exhibition then wrote asking why I had not sent it to the *New Statesman* and was shocked when I told her it had been refused. Fortunately, the poem was eventually printed in my collection *The Descent into the Cave* (1957). I quote some lines that give something of the colours as well as the shapes of these paintings:

Grey, out of pale nothingness their agony appears.
Like ash they are blown and blasted on the wind's Vermilion breathlessness, like shapeless smoke.
Their shapes are torn across the paper sky...

In the shock of flame, their tears brand our flesh.
We twist in their furnace, and our scorching throats
Parch for the waters where the cool dead float.

We press our lips upon the river
where they drink and drown...

Iri Maruki knew violence and death in many forms, yet appeared to lead a charmed life, for he always escaped disaster. Such close calls with death made him a totally unsentimental observer of tragedy and terror.

It began with his birth, in 1901, when his mother fell down a flight of stairs in their small village home. He was born with a broad port-wine stain over the right half of his face. This saved him from having to perform military service in the war against China. In 1923, he emerged unharmed from the Great Kanto Earthquake. At the end of the Second World War, too, he survived unscathed the American saturation fire raids on Tokyo. Then he attempted to return to his family in Hiroshima, before the imminent Allied invasion of Okinawa, but could not obtain a permit to travel there on the packed trains.

He was still in Tokyo when the atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. But the next day he was able to make the slow, painful journey to the devastated city. Several of his friends and relatives had died, among them his father, though his mother lived on. "We carried the injured, cremated the dead, searched for food and water, made roofs of scorched tin sheets, wandered about just like those who had experienced the bomb, in the midst of flies and maggots and the stench of death" – that was how Iri and Toshi Maruki later recalled their experiences; these experiences formed the kernel of their vast works.

Iri Maruki was the oldest son of a poor peasant family who left home to apprentice himself to artists working in the traditional *saboku* ink-and-water techniques of Nihonga painting. Already in 1930 he was attracting attention because of his innovative techniques and a preference for large-scale paint-



"In the shock of flame, their tears brand our flesh": Iri Maruki's wife, Toshi, at the Maruki Museum in Higashimatsuyama, near Tokyo, in August this year, with *Fire* (1950), one of the 15 Hiroshima panels they painted together. Photograph: Kenjiro Mayama / Reuters

ings. His wife Toshi had more formal training in Western-style painting and was influenced by Goya, Käthe Kollwitz and Marc Chagall. After their marriage in 1941, they were attracted by the Surrealists. After the Japanese surrender, they joined the Communist Party.

It was in 1948, in an abandoned house in the hills of Kamakura, that the couple had such divergent painting aims ("oil and water") was how Iri described their artistic relationship) decided to pool their forces and devote their lives to the depiction of Hiroshima, painting the agonies of the people rather than the city itself. The atomic bomb was still a forbidden theme in art, so they worked together in solitude.

Their first production was "a procession of ghosts" clad only in their own rags of flesh. Toshi remembered that some of these ghosts were red, having been daubed all over with mercury chrome. When this ran out, they were covered with boric acid, becoming white as the white shadows left in the city by people who had simply evaporated in the atomic flash. So began a lifelong project, that continued with *Fire* and *Water*. In the latter a mother cradles a dead child in her arms – even this sacred image had become an icon of human despair. In the eighth panel, *Relief*, Iri Maruki himself makes his one appearance in the vast sequences with shrunken arms outstretched towards the spectator. The last lines of my 1956 poem echo those scenes from contemporary atomic history:

"Their voices call to us, in pain and indignation:
This is what you have done to us."

"Their accusation is our final hope. Be comforted. Yes, we have heard you, ghosts of our indifference."

We hear your cry, we understand your warnings:
We too shall refuse to accept our fate."

Harm us with the truth of our betrayal
Until the earth's united voices shout refusal, sing your peace!

Forgive us, that we had to see your passion to remember

What we must never again deny:
Love one another."

James Kirkup

Iri Maruki, painter; born 1901; married; died 19 October 1995.

European styles has produced a work unique in the history of modern art. In order to accomplish such great works, the artists had to go down on their knees and paint on the floor, and possibly this view of their collaboration gives the panels, when viewed upright, a distinctive expression of informal form. During the 1950s they began to be displayed worldwide.

These first 10 panels I saw in London were on a long journey from Japan to the Soviet Union, the People's Republic of China, North Korea, West Germany, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand. It was fitting that, during one of the demonstrations in Australia against France's renewed atomic tests on Mururoa this year, a television documentary showed protesters carrying reproductions of Iri and Toshi Maruki's monumental figures of the ashened ghosts and spectres staggering with shrunken arms outstretched towards the spectator. The last lines of my 1956 poem echo those scenes from contemporary atomic history:

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Iri Maruki, painter; born 1901; married; died 19 October 1995.

"Let's play the music," Ornette Coleman said, "not the background!" It might sound like an innocuous remark, but with it Coleman summarised the hectic and lawless jazz revolution which he and the trumpeter Don Cherry led in the Fifties.

What Coleman and Cherry did was to remove the background from the music, and to dispense with improvisation on chord progressions, the root of jazz until that time. This was what became known as Free Jazz, a music without rules. Cherry, the drummer Ed Blackwell and the bassist Charlie Haden made up the Ornette Coleman Quintet and, as most jazz innovators do, they came under fire from the critics, who were ever protective of the established jazz style. The critics had more ammunition than usual, for at that stage Cherry and Coleman appeared to have little musical ability. They had no concern with tone or pitch and their musical knowledge was suspect, to say the least.

Cherry's playing seemed to be distilled from many sources, and at this period was the element in the quartet which new listeners could most easily key on to. But the free ensembles, the sloppy playing and the inconsistency of melody seemed an impertinence in the face of revered virtuosos like Duke Ellington and Bebop Goodman, and most particularly Miles Davis.

At the end of the Fifties the quartet made albums like *Something Else!!!*, *Change of the Century* and *Free Jazz*, now accepted as classics but then reviled as junk not very carefully cobbled together. Modern jazz had split into two directions. Coleman and Cherry offered a signpost to the future as they saw it.

Miles Davis, with his contemporary emotional and carefully engineered album *Kind of Blue*, pointed his signpost in the direction of an opposite future. Whereas Coleman and Cherry threw out the chord structure from their compositions, Davis had found, as his new album showed, a replacement for improvising on chords by improvising on modal scales, a method which allowed great freedom while keeping the soloists on a recognisable path. The debate about which method was best has caused anguish in jazz ever since.

Cherry's family moved to Los Angeles when he was four and his father became a bartender at the Plantation Club, where the boy heard visiting stars like Billie Holiday and Erskine Hawkins. "My sister and I would dance at my father's parties just before we went to bed," Cherry said. "The people would throw money and they would give us a taste. Then they'd take the rest and go out and buy a bottle. My grandmother married a wrestler named Tiger Nelson, who also played the piano. He used to take me with him to the various places he played. My mother had to buy me a horn, but my father didn't want me to play and get mixed up with musicians because of the dope thing. Sometimes I'd have to sneak out to play."

Cherry took time off school to practise, but was caught and sent to a truants' detention school. Here he met the drummer Billy Higgins, later an early member of the Ornette Coleman quartet. Cherry met Coleman for the first time in Los Angeles and they played their first job together in 1957. After their first record date the

cello and Colin Walcott. Cherry mastered several esoteric instruments including flute, bamboo flute, percussion instruments, a variant on the guitar and berimbau. He had learnt the piano as a child, but his recorded forays on the instrument are simplistic. In his early years he gave up the trumpet in favour of a pocket cornet – and incorporated African and Indian ethnic music into his own. He formed a band, Old and New Dreams, made up of men who had all played with Ornette Coleman and later had a band with the saxophonist Carlos Ward called Nu, which toured Britain in 1987.

Not an articulate trumpeter, he instead probed at the tone qualities he could get from his horn and used unorthodox devices to produce the sounds he wanted. He used chanted mantras and drones and latterly brought Arabic-Turkish music into his repertoire. Although he cited the trumpeters Fats Navarro, Clifford Brown, Miles Davis and Harry Edison as influences, there was seldom any palpable extraction from them in his work.

He later had a successful reunion with Ornette Coleman, but for the last year he had been ill at the home of his daughter, the popular singer Neneh Cherry, in Malaga.

Steve Voss

Donald Eugene Cherry, cornettist, bandleader; born Oklahoma City 18 November 1936; died Malaga, Spain 19 October 1995.

The Rev Professor Peter Hinckliff

The sudden death of Peter Hinckliff deprives the Anglican Province of South Africa of its leading historian, and Oxford of a professor of ecclesiastical history whose wide range and balanced judgement made him an invaluable colleague beyond the bounds of his disciplinary specialism.

Hinckliff was born in South Africa, where his father, an English priest, had worked since 1914. After graduating at Rhodes University he studied theology under Austin Farrer at Trinity College, Oxford, returning at Grahamstown, and from 1960 Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Rhodes University. Hinckliff influenced many future clergymen of different denominations, and through his preaching as canon and chancellor of Grahamstown Cathedral he played a notable part in the rising opposition within the Church to apartheid. This combination of preaching and academic work was the strong thread running through a public life which took very seriously the intellectual's responsibility to give reasoned argument in both contexts. The regard in which his preaching was held is reflected in the canons held at four cathedrals.

The deep commitment to the Church which fuelled his study of its history led to an interlude as secretary of the Missionary and Ecumenical Council of the Church Assembly (Mecca), but after Hinckliff had spent three years in London, Balliol College, Oxford, provided him with the ideal opportunity to combine his pastoral, administrative and academic gifts as fellow, chaplain and tutor in theology. His reserved manner fronted a quiet efficiency in getting things done with a minimum of fuss and his care and continuing friendship with former members strengthened that community.

After 15 years he relinquished the chaplaincy, but continued to nourish a brief flowering of theology at Balliol and took his turn as tutor of admissions.

His first loyalty was to the college, and his disappointment at its decision to give up its subject on his departure was plain. His health meant that he was already engaged a team of younger scholars but is now sadly deprived of its editor and inspiration.

He did not waste time on faculty chores of doubtful value. How-

ever, he was meticulous in discharging his share in its administration and his elevation to the long-vacant chair of Ecumenical Council of the Church Assembly (Mecca), but after Hinckliff had spent three years in London, Balliol College, Oxford, provided him with the ideal opportunity to combine his pastoral, administrative and academic gifts as fellow, chaplain and tutor in theology. His reserved manner fronted a quiet efficiency in getting things done with a minimum of fuss and his care and continuing friendship with former members strengthened that community. After 15 years he relinquished the chaplaincy, but continued to nourish a brief flowering of theology at Balliol and took his turn as tutor of admissions.

Hinckliff's writings during these Oxford years continued his exploration of Christianity in some of its intellectual cultures, happily exemplified in two twelve books showing range and versatility are no mean memorial to a life equally involved in pastoral care, mending bridges within the broad catholic spectrum of the Church of England, and such practical affairs as representing the university on General Synod. But it is the person who will be treasured by those who knew him best. A historian can be expected to be truthful and a churchman to speak out the truth that needs to be heard, but what cannot so easily be guaranteed: Peter Hinckliff was a good man.

Robert Morgan

Peter Bingham Hinckliff, church historian; born 25 February 1929; ordained deacon 1952, priest 1953; DD 1965; Subwarden, St Paul's Theological College, Grahamstown 1955-59; Lecturer in Comparative Religion, Rhodes University 1957-59; Professor of Ecclesiastical History 1960-69; Canon and Chancellor, Grahamstown Cathedral 1964-69; Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford 1972-92; Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford 1992-95; married 1955 Bunty Whitehead (three sons, one daughter); died Oxford 17 October 1995.

Some weeks ago the representative of a charming billionaire, who was giving me lunch in Geneva along with a certificate and a fat cheque, asked suddenly what was happening on the British religious scene. I nearly choked on my perch and chips. Then I floundered through hand-waving generalities until honour was satisfied. Only then did I begin to wonder whether the question really had a sensible answer.

Are there any general processes that can be discerned across all the Christian denominations? I know that between religions there must be other, larger trends such as the decline of rural Christianity and the rise of urban Islam; and within all the British religions there are also certain large patterns, as they all try to come to grips with such phenomena as feminism and the general disappearance of that large-scale unease about the future which was a backdrop to most classical religious thought. I know that nowadays we stressed middle classes worry far more about losing our jobs and domestic security than ever our parents did. But we do not expect death and desolation as imminent and ever-present possibilities, as people did before the development of medicine and fire insurance, or as they still do in wartime. This must have a strong effect on popular ideas of providence: but that is not an effect peculiar to this decade. Similarly, traditional religion is still coming to an accommodation with feminism, but that is a process which has been under way for a long time and still has a long way to go.

Narrow questions have a better chance of being answered, which is a good reason for asking them. And the narrower form of this question, about Christianity, does seem to me to have an answer which

suspect, not as it once did to thoughtful Anglo-Catholics, because a national church is too small a thing to make sense, but because it appears too large.

Some of this is a function of the general cultural revolt against intellectual authority which Lord Habgood has been talking about recently. Organised churches are, amongst other things, devices for the articulation of philosophical answers; this will never be among their more popular functions, since philosophy is a hard discipline. The more that all churches are forced into democracy by simple financial pressures, the more their central doctrinal apparatus will tend to decay. The effect will not be to make them more liberal, but more rigid, since boundaries will be set by political assemblies following their common sense. Anyone who doubts the potentially devastating effects of democracy on theological sophistication need only look at American Christianity.

The thesis of a general revolt against the centre is testable, and the Church of England has kindly arranged to test it for me. The elections to the General Synod are just concluding: the bowls of wronged archdeacons ring throughout the land. The new Synod will have to approve the Turnbull Commission's proposals for a central, streamlined decision-making body for the Church. If they do so, without fuss, then I am clearly wrong; but if there is a fuss, and the proposals get bogged down in procedural warfare, then the revolt against the centre has already gone further, faster than the centre can believe.

One of the reasons why the Church of England finds it so hard to defend establishment is that the idea of being a national organisation now seems slightly absurd and

The devastating effects of democracy faith & reason

Will the general trend of revolt against central authority be followed by the Church of England? Andrew Brown looks forward with interest to the Synod's vote on church reform.

reaches across all the denominations. There is a trend, and this is the steady loss of central authority. This has to some extent been obscured because journalists are prone to overestimate the reach and influence of central authorities – it is always easier to ascertain the views of a spokesman than of the people for whom he purports to speak.

With Roman Catholicism, the distinction is easier to make, so long as you keep in mind that what Catholics believe is not necessarily the same as what the Church teaches. What seems to be new this decade is the pervasive loss of authority and central funding across all the denominations. Just as in the political world, there is a reaction against all central discipline. The major ecclesiastical bodies seem to function in a vacuum but at the same time there are all sorts of low-level contacts between and among churches.

Andrew Brown was last month named the John Templeton European Religion Writer of the Year.

Births, Marriages & Deaths

BIRTHS On 16 October 1995, at St Mary's Paddington, to Camilla (née de Souza Turner) and Julian, a son, James Christopher Paul, a brother for Christopher.

ANNOUNCEMENTS for Gazette BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS (Births, Adoptions, Marriages, Deaths, Memorial services, Wedding anniversaries, In Memoriam) should be sent in writing to the Gazette Editor, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL, telephone 0171-293 2011 (24-hour answering machine) 0171-293 2012 or faxed to 0171-293 2016, and are charged at £10 a line, VAT extra. They should be accompanied by a daytime telephone number.

OTHER Gazette announcements (notices, functions, forthcoming marriages, Births, Deaths, Memorials) must be submitted in writing (or faxed) and are charged at £10 a line, VAT extra. They should be accompanied by a daytime telephone number.

ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS The Prince of Wales' forthcoming reception for members of Scottish Mainland Royal Teams at Balmoral Castle, Aberdeenshire, on 11 October, will attend a Variety Concert in aid of King George V Fund for Sailors at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, London WC2.

Changing of the Guard TOMORROW The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment, 1 Queen's Life Guards, at Horse Guards, 11.30am, band provided by the Irish Guards.

TOMORROW The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 10am.

BIRTHS Sir Malcolm Arnold, composer, 74; Mr Geoffrey Boycott, cricketer, 55; Lord Brian, former Senator of the College of Justice in Scotland, 72; Mr David Camrose, rugby player, 33; Mr Norman Clarke, Emeritus Secretary and Registrar, Institute of Mathematics, 79; Miss Maureen Duffy, writer, 62; Miss Carrie Fisher, actress, 39; Mr Simon Gray, playwright, 59; Lord Grieville, a former Senator of

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BUSINESS NEWS DESK: tel 0171-293 2530 fax 0171-293 2098

Investment Column

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Stock Market Report

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CITY & BUSINESS EDITOR: JEREMY WARNER

MARKET SUMMARY						
STOCK MARKETS						
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+27.2	+0.0	3303.0				
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directors



COMMENT

"Even a half-hearted attempt to square the circle by delivering on Tory tax-cutting pledges might make the economic pain of the recession a wasted sacrifice"

A crucial few billion for the British economy

It looks like a storm in a Treasury tea cup. Sir Terry Burns, the department's permanent secretary, thinks a few billion pounds' worth of tax cuts in the Budget are acceptable ahead of the election; the Treasury's chief economic adviser, Alan Budd, is against any cut in taxes which is not justified on economic grounds. Both men are doing their job – and £4bn or so is actually not all that much money when the usual error in forecasting the gap between government revenues and expenditure is more than £10bn.

Appearances deceive, however. This is a crucial battle for the British economy.

Economists are near-unanimous that basic macro-economic policy in Britain has been better under Chancellor Kenneth Clarke than it had been for decades. He raised taxes and interest rates when it had to be done. He also to a large extent managed to depoliticise the decisions. The monthly monetary meetings were one way of doing this. On fiscal policy, Mr Clarke has repeatedly committed himself to reducing government borrowing over time, so that a failure to achieve this would be a real embarrassment.

Unfortunately, pre-election politics is coming into play. The Chancellor is under huge pressure to take cosmetic measures on the public finances that will allow tax cuts.

Already we have seen signs of political influence on interest rate judgements. Mr Clarke famously turned down the Bank of England's advice to raise base rates in May.

He happened to get away with it, but he could just as easily have been wrong. As inflation rises, that possibility increases in likelihood. What will be his call on the Budget? An entirely political Budget, throwing economic caution to the winds, would seem unlikely, if only because Mr Clarke has made economic caution a political virtue in itself. But he still needs to square the circle by delivering on Tory tax cutting pledges at the time of the last election.

Even a half-hearted attempt to do so, however, might make the economic pain of the recession a wasted sacrifice and throw away the policy credibility that has been built so painstakingly during the past few years. Mr Budd is right: the few billion pounds do matter.

Is the grid sale worth all the trouble?

John Major must be scratching his head and wondering why on earth the Department of Trade and Industry is so keen on floating the National Grid. So far it has raised taxes and interest rates when it had to be done. He also to a large extent managed to depoliticise the decisions. The monthly monetary meetings were one way of doing this. On fiscal policy, Mr Clarke has repeatedly committed himself to reducing government borrowing over time, so that a failure to achieve this would be a real embarrassment.

The long wrangle over the sale has in itself served only to underline what a giveaway this company was in the first place. Worse still, it has focused attention on the salaries and

options of the grid directors, which exploded into a row over the special dividend they will receive as a result of the flotation. The dividend was a technical device to sort out the capital gains tax problems of the regional electricity companies. It was never meant for the directors, but Tim Eggar, the Industry Minister, was brushed aside when he tried to persuade them to forgo it.

Now some of the Recs that own the grid have had the brass neck to consider a special sweetener for their directors. They want to pay at least part of the tax on the grid shares their directors will receive as a result of the flotation, a perk that cannot be justified by any stretch of the imagination.

The grid owners themselves are divided, with some wanting to sell and a significant minority – such as Hanson and the Americans SEI – fighting to the last minute to keep their stakes. If nobody is particularly bothered about selling, and some are positively against it, why are Mr Eggar and his boss, Ian Lang, pushing ahead? Despite the controversy, there must be some political benefit from the £50 a head rebate for consumers. Furthermore, the Government has encouraged the sale because it is opposed to continuing ownership of the power transmission system by the regional electricity monopolies.

On paper, that is sensible. Indeed, some in the industry claim that the regulator, Professor Stephen Littlechild, has – as a gleam in his eye – the idea of eventually demergering the Prudential. The Prudential is in good company. Nearly three-quarters of the UK life industry was

found by Lautro to have something to answer for on the way it persuaded people to switch from occupational pension schemes to what turned out to be inappropriate personal ones. In some cases the wrongful selling was extremely serious and heavy fines were meted out. In most, however, the matter was settled discreetly, with the insurance company agreeing to improve. But Mick Newmarch was having none of this.

He proclaimed the Prudential to be whiter than white, and spent a small fortune on newspaper ads to spread the message. Lautro's investigators took a different view. Not that the Prudential was a big-league sinner, but it wasn't the only culprit in the life industry choir either. Mr Newmarch's obduracy turned what had become virtually a routine matter of redress into a battle of wills, against a regulatory despot he despised.

His sudden departure earlier this year was partly prompted by the controversy that surrounded the manner in which he exercised his share options. But there is little doubt that another contributing factor was loss of support among the Prudential's directors for his futile crusade. The succession by Peter Davis, as politically sensitive as Mr Newmarch was abrasive, paved the way for peace, and a lesson in the pitfalls of managerial hubris. With the regulatory authorities declaring formally that they intend taking no disciplinary action, a cloud has been lifted from this august institution. Once more it can look to the future.

Cloud over the Prudential is lifted

Having long held two fingers up to the regulators, Prudential was smartly switching its hand to a victory sign yesterday. But as it might, the settlement of its lawdry row over pensions mis-selling with Lautro, the former life company watchdog, looks like a pyrrhic victory, if at all. That it has emerged without a fine or a resounding slap on the wrist is beside the point. Finally it has been forced to concede what everyone else already knows, apart from Mick Newmarch, its former chief executive – that it had a pensions problem.

The Prudential was in good company. Nearly three-quarters of the UK life industry was

Pension transfers: Lautro ends 18-month investigation as insurer 'acknowledges' regulator's concerns

Pru escapes punishment

NIC CICUTTI

Prudential, the UK's largest insurance company, yesterday escaped discipline over bad pension transfer advice to its clients.

The decision by Lautro, the former life company watchdog, ends an 18-month investigation into Prudential's activities.

Lautro's decision to step in followed complaints that Prudential's clients were being asked to sign forms stating that no advice had been given in relation to their pension transfer decision.

But some industry observers claimed privately that the investigation owed more to the abrasive relationship of Mick Newmarch, its former chief executive, with City regulators. He had steadfastly denied that his company was involved in any mis-selling scandal. Prudential yesterday publicly "acknowledged" Lautro's concerns.

Mr Newmarch resigned at the beginning of this year in the wake of a separate Stock Exchange inquiry over whether he used insider knowledge in order to exercise share options worth more than £100,000. He was cleared of any offence.

Lautro's investigation was triggered in April last year on an informal basis after complaints that Prudential's 80,000 pension transfer clients had signed forms absolving its sales representatives of responsibility for any decisions made.

Prudential rejected all criticisms of its activities, claiming that its compliance procedures were so strict that more than half of all pension transfer applicants were rejected as unsuitable. It even spent £250,000 on a publicity campaign denying that it was one of the companies affected by the scandal in which up to 1.5 million people were wrongly advised to start up personal pensions or transfer

funds from company schemes into them.

Despite its protestations, the inquiry became formal in March, when the regulator's monitoring committee told the company it was worried about some of its sales activities. In the wake of Prudential's response it was decided not to go ahead with disciplinary action.

Lautro said: "As a result of [our] investigation, Lautro has expressed concerns to Prudential regarding certain aspects of its approach."

"[This was] in the light of Prudential's policy that transfer sales by Prudential's representatives should be given out without giving clients advice in favour of transfer."

"Prudential is carrying out a review of all its pension transfer business in line with guidelines set out by the Securities and Investments Board for pension transfer reviews generally. Prudential has acknowledged

Lautro's concerns. It responded by confirming that it would carry out the review and that it no longer operated the [previous] policy."

The watchdog added that now the investigation was over, Prudential would finally be allowed to leave Lautro to become regulated by the SIB, as it applied to do 18 months ago.

Under Mr Newmarch, Prudential argued in 1992 that it was not in favour of the new watchdog, the Personal Investment Authority, then being set up and would rather join the SIB instead.

Prudential welcomed Lautro's statement yesterday. A spokesman said: "We are pleased that the decision has been taken. We had given our response to a version of the report prepared at the end of last year. We have not changed our stance about being regulated by the SIB and are quite comfortable in belonging to it."



Resigned: Mick Newmarch and the regulators had an abrasive relationship
Photograph: Financial Times

Legal threat forces Virgin to drop ads

CLIFFORD GERMAN

Richard Branson's Virgin Direct financial services business last night dramatically dropped its current advertising campaign in the face of legal action by one of its rivals.

Virgin's recently launched Corporate Bond PEP was advertised by making unflattering use of four of its rivals' corporate logos.

The advertisements were withdrawn immediately after Bradford & Bingley Building Society sent a solicitor's letter threatening legal action if the campaign continued.

The space booked for Virgin's advertisements in the weekend press will now contain just a line or two of text explaining why the full advertisements have been dropped, and inferring that they have been too near the truth for comfort.

The campaign seized on Virgin's rivals and showed the Barclays Bank imperial eagle minus its feathers, the National and Provincial Building Society's provident yellow bee nose-diving into the ground, and Lloyds Bank's legendary black horse lying on its back with its hooves in the air.

Lloyds took the campaign's irreverence in relatively good part, according to Virgin's media spokesman, Will Holt, suggesting that Virgin target National Westminster Bank instead.

But Bradford & Bingley, perfunctory by that dapper double act, Mr Bradford and Mr Bingley, took objection to an advertisement showing them being unceremoniously swept off their feet by the force of the Virgin competition, their trademark bowler hats blowing in the wind.

Virgin believes that the response to its campaign shows that it was succeeding in its aim of making fun of its established rivals and targeting its own campaign at traditional customers of the banks and building societies.

Daiwa admits conniving with Iguchi

JOHN EISENHAMMER
Financial Editor

Daiwa Bank admitted yesterday that it had connived with Toshihide Iguchi, now under arrest in New York, to continue selling US bonds after he had confessed to massive hidden losses.

The revelation further inflamed the row between the US regulatory authorities and the Japanese bank, which has had its US operations placed under

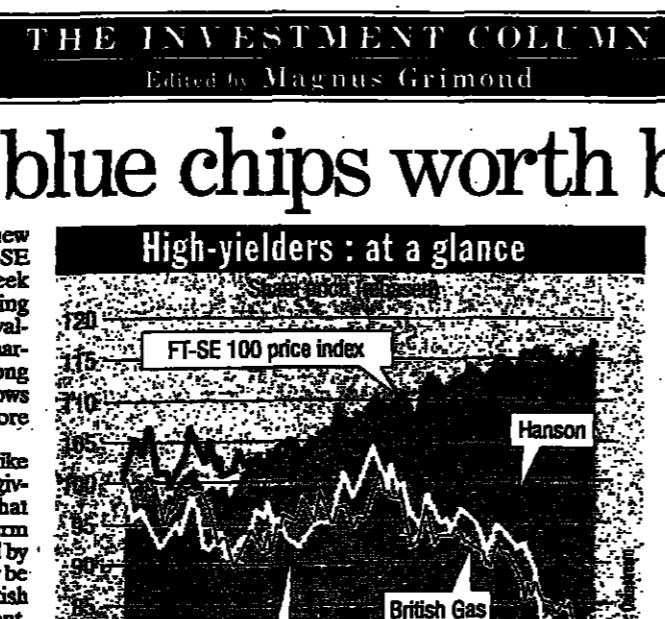
a cease-and-desist order. "It is a fact there were instructions to sell government bonds for the purpose of paying interest as an emergency step to prevent Iguchi from fleeing, but this was not a cover-up," Daiwa said.

Mr Iguchi, Daiwa's former senior bond trader in New York, pleaded guilty on Thursday to a series of crimes, including what he termed a "conspiracy with managers" to conceal a \$1.1bn (£700m) loss on unaudited

dealing. Daiwa said it had ordered Mr Iguchi to continue selling bonds to earn profits with which to make up the interest payments due on bonds that were apparently still on Daiwa's books but which in fact had been sold off.

If the whole thing had become open, it would have become difficult for Iguchi to stay in New York. He might have fled or committed suicide, which would have made it impossible for us to find out what happened," Daiwa said.

US authorities are investigating why the bank waited six weeks after it was alerted to the problem to inform the banking supervisor. US prosecutors allege that after Daiwa's president received Mr Iguchi's confession letter on 13 July, the bank falsely told the US Federal Reserve Board on 31 July that it still held \$600m in US government bonds that had been sold.



Investors dazzled by the new heights reached by the FTSE 100 index during the last week can be excused for thinking that there are few areas of value still lurking on the stock market. But a bit of fishing among leading companies still throws up three shares yielding more than 7 per cent.

On the face of it, a return like that looks highly attractive, given its comparability with what is available on medium-term gilts. Risks should be limited by the fact that there can hardly be three blue chips than British Gas, now yielding 7.2 per cent, Hanson at 7.6 per cent and P&O on a hefty 8.2 per cent.

But a high yield should set alarm bells ringing among investors. Normally it heralds bad news ahead and each of the Footsie high-yielders has been weighed down by problems over the past year, giving them the dubious honour of taking three of the bottom seven places among the worst-performing shares in the Footsie for 1995.

Arguably the company in worst shape is P&O, squeezed between a cut-throat construction market and a price war with rivals on its cross-Channel ferries. At the same time, soaring capital expenditure is doing nothing for a balance sheet already groaning under more than 80 per cent gearing.

There is obviously a clear worry that the 30.5p dividend, held for the past three years, may be cut in 1995. That said, P&O has substantial asset backing from its property assets and the turn in the shares cannot be far away.

Less risky are British Gas and Hanson. The former has been hit by a warning that large provisions could result from onerous North Sea gas contracts. More serious are fears that the regulator, Ofgas, could take a significantly harsher view when it announces a new price formula for the transportation and storage business next June.

Even so, although growth is likely to be sluggish, it is hard to see British Gas cutting its dividend. Similar considerations apply to Hanson, which has borne the brunt of the current disfavour with conglomerates and has not excited the market with its recent purchase of Eastern Electricity. None the less, given the current high ratings among engineering companies, Hanson could provide a cheap way into the sector.

Dobson price not right yet

Shares in Dobson Park Industries have remained comfortably clear of the 110p offer from its US mining equipment rival Harschleger since the bid was launched last month. The stock market's conviction that the offer is too low to succeed was only reinforced by yesterday's defence document from Dobson Park, which prompted a 1p rise in the share price to 125p. Dobson said it estimated that taxable profits had risen 41 per

cent to £14.8m in the year to last September, and is forecasting a 20 per cent uplift in the total dividend to 4.5p.

That looks a healthy enough rate of growth and Harschleger has still not fully addressed Dobson's strong and growing order book for its more advanced longwall mining equipment. Dobson has established a competitive edge against producers – including Harschleger – that are still dependent on making equipment for use in the declining room and pillar method of mining.

There is little question that the Americans need Dobson, particularly in their home market, where the percentage share of mining output from the longwall technique has grown from less than 20 per cent to around 30 per cent in 10 years.

Harschleger argues it could develop its own sites to make longwall equipment. Analysts, however, say it would be at least 10 years before it could compete head-to-head with Dobson. None the less, there remains significant industrial logic behind a merger of the two groups.

For the current year, analysts reckon profits will at least top £20m and could even be as high as £22m. At the upper end, Harschleger's terms would represent an ex-div p/e ratio of only 12.2.

With Dobson forecasting a further 16 per cent dividend increase to 5.2p for this year, shareholders should hold out for a better price. It also has automatic fax/phone changeover, which instantly determines between a voice and a fax call then adjusts accordingly. That way, your important customers will always be greeted by a friendly voice, not an unfriendly 'beep'.

Even if you're not around, the UX can be hooked up



No, of course we're not talking about bacon rolls, croissants and cheese sandwiches. We're talking about sheets of A4 paper.

You see, a UX fax machine from Sharp has a 15 page multi-sheet feeder, so there's no need to stand there watching over it. Simply place your document in the tray, press a button then press on with something else.

It also has automatic fax/phone changeover, which instantly determines between a voice and a fax call then adjusts accordingly. That way, your important customers will always be greeted by a friendly voice, not an unfriendly 'beep'.

And don't worry if you haven't got a brilliant memory. The UX fax has. It can store up to 15 of your most used numbers then automatically dial them at the touch of a button.

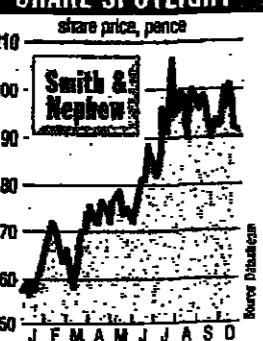
Why not save yourself some valuable time with a Sharp UX fax? Call free now on 0800 262958 quoting ref XIB1 and we'll feed you some more information.

SHARP
INTELLIGENT THINKING

market report/shares

DATA BANK

FT-SE 100	3,551.4	-27.2
FT-SE 250	3,939.5	+1.3
FT-SE 350	1,769.0	-10.4
SEAQ VOLUME	799m shares,	
	28,468 bargains	
Gifts Index	92.75	-0.16

SHARE SPOTLIGHT


A heavy week leaves dealers with a case of the jitters

Suddenly it all seemed too much. A week when shares stretched to new peaks ended on a subdued note with the FT-SE 100 index off 27.2 points at 3,551.4 in ragged trading.

At first it looked as though Thursday's weakness had been a temporary aberration as the index moved to within a few points of its all-time high.

But the expiration of the October futures contract, rather strangely, took the shine off the proceedings and shares turned decidedly jittery.

There was no wave of selling but some investors decided to lock in at least a little of the profits they have achieved in the bull run.

Of course if the rumoured mega-takeover bid had appeared the market would have been in much more robust form. But takeover activity was conspicuous by its absence and even the widely forecast strike for Cartmell,

the fund manager, failed to materialise.

Mercury Asset Management, the ex-Warburg investment arm which is regarded as a bid target, added to the caution by cutting its shareholding in one of the top takeover candidates, Royal Bank of Scotland.

MAM has reduced from almost 15 per cent to 12.8 per cent, prompting thoughts that the investment house is not convinced that corporate activity looks.

The current round of merger activity and the rip-roaring progress of the market has prompted many fund managers, although twichy, to resist the temptation to cash in.

However MAM's retreat from RBS was seen as an indication that it was not convinced by the bid talk and was bravely prepared to take a chance and risk the blunders any strike would bring. RBS' shares took the MAM sale poorly, falling 19p to 529p.

But it would be wrong to assume that the merger mania will disappear. Many took the view that the past two days, which have clipped Footsie by 41.6 points, were merely a pause for breath.

They expect shares to resume their advance, with or without mega bid(s), pointing to the wall of money already produced by the takeover spree and the likelihood of interest rate and tax cuts.

Merrill Lynch, the US investment house, is among the bulls; it let it be known it expects a correction - but not before Footsie reaches 3,700.

There is a belief the market should continue to push ahead until the spring, when it will start to come under the shadow of the next election.

Despite the lack of takeover spin yesterday some brave souls were still chasing bid stories. One of the most unlikely was a bid by drought-stricken Yorkshire Water for its electricity namesake.

It was enough to lift Yorkshire Electricity, which this week announced a hand-out package to keep the takeover wolf at bay, up to 905p. Yorkshire Water rose 6p to 646p.

And hope springs eternal at price war fears again took its toll. Asda, buying control

MARKET REPORT
DEREK PAIN

when the long-rumoured bidder Johnson & Johnson found another target, the shares rallied 2.5p to 191p.

Harts of London had another good session. The shares rose 25p to 615p after Barclays de Zoete Wedd made confident noises about its recent expansion, which has netted the Scottish group two more ports. The company was privatised in March 1992 at 110p.

SmithKline Beecham improved 8p to 652.5p following some bullish drug industry comments in the US. Figures are due next week. Other drugs were firm, including British Biotech up 4p to 833p and Medeva 10p to 286p.

Profit warnings were again a telling influence. Holmes & Merchant, a marketing group, slumped 5.25p to 6.75p and Surrey, a bookie, gave up 0.25p to 1p. The profit setback at Ferguson International, a packaging group, 25p to 343p.

Ex-Lands has been a disappointing performer since brothers Robert and Graham Bourne, who sold their Local London property business at the top of the market, moved in five years ago. The shares edged ahead to 24.5p against more than 50p at the start of the 1980s. There is talk of corporate action. One suggestion is that the group's Continental golf operation, embracing five courses, will be floated as a separate company. Profits, due next month, are likely to be a little below last year's £1.3m.

Roxspur, a maker of playground equipment, held at 7p against the 17p placing in March to help fund the £27.6m acquisition of the much larger Wills, a measuring equipment group. Figures are due and there are worries they will show merger expectations have not been met.

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BANKS, RETAIL
BREWERIES
BUILDING/CONSTRUCTION
COMMODITIES
DATA PROCESSING
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FOOD
FOOTWEAR
FURNITURE
GENERAL TRADE
HAIR CARE
HOUSEHOLD GOODS
INDUSTRIALS
INSURANCE
INTERNATIONALS
LEISURE & HOTELS
MANUFACTURING
MARKETING
MATERIALS
MEDICAL EQUIPMENT
METALS
MOTOR VEHICLES
OFFICES
OPTICS
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sport

There is nothing the British fan likes more than to wallow in the unconfined joys of what the Germans call schadenfreude

Just before half-time in Wednesday night's televised European Cup match, with Rangers already three-quarters of their way towards humiliation at the hands of Juventus, the Scottish champions won a corner. Up in the commentary gantry, Brian Moore said: "What we want now is for a big leap and a Rangers goal."

Well I have news for Brian. What most of Scotland wanted at that point was not a Rangers goal. It was for Richard Gough to fall over and Juve break again, score and wipe another quarter inch off the biggest, smuggest grin in the country: that on the face of the Rangers fan. And I have news for Terry Venables and Mark Hateley, too. The nation did not share the bout of self-loathing and dismay with which they greeted yet another European lesson for British clubs. Across the land (ex-

cept in those parts of Glasgow where a Union Jack tattoo is issued at birth) they were too busy lighting celebratory bonfires, joining impromptu street parties and raiding money boxes to finance the purchase of new Juventus shirts to shed a tear for our collective decline.

There is nothing the British football fan likes more than to wallow in the unconfined joys of what the Germans call *schadenfreude*: the deep pleasure to be gleaned from seeing your neighbour fall flat on their face. This has been a great week for *schadenfreude* enthusiasts. The tabloids may have described it as yet another seven days of disaster, but in the pubs, factories and offices of the nation, Legia Warsaw 1 Blackburn 0, Leeds 3 PSV 5 and Juventus 4 Rangers 1 were a trio of results which offered

unbridled opportunity to laugh at your mates.

Now that Uefa, Europe's governing body, has spread the European games across the week in order to maximise the television revenue, it is even better – there is barely a morning when you can't get on the phone and snigger. Brian and Ron Atkinson, incidentally, are not alone in their failure to recognise this sadistic streak in the football fan.

All our television commentators are guilty of the jingoistic assumption that the moment a British club plays abroad, the entire country puts aside its little local difficulties and unites behind them, behaving as a sort of Portillo Expeditionary Force, willing the lads to put one up Johnny European. And when our clubs fail, as they inevitably do, there is a compulsion among the pundits to behave

To be fair to Venables and his colleagues, *schadenfreude* addiction is a relatively new phenomenon. Back in the 1970s and 1980s when Liverpool, Nottingham Forest, Aston Villa, Everton, Aberdeen, even, were winning cups across the Continent, there was relatively little opportunity to wallow in someone else's failure. But since the five-year post-Heyday ban, British clubs' technique (or lack of it) has led to regular fires.

Since their Cup-Winners' Cup triumph in 1991, Manchester United have been singularly disastrous in this respect. Turks, Spaniards, Swedes, Russians, they lose to the lot of them. And every time they do, it provides hours of pleasure for their rivals: exotic and previously unknown shirts start appearing in stands when United come to visit; branches of the

Galatasaray Supporters' Club are formed all over the place; the T-shirt sellers make a minor killing.

Plus it sheds some glimmer of light into the lives of Manchester City fans, to tide them through yet another season of derby mauvings. Particularly since this pleasure is one they can uniquely call their own: the chances of their team qualifying for a drubbing in Europe and thus giving their red neighbours something to snigger about are as likely as Michael Howard defecting to the Labour Party. Just occasionally a British club defies stereotype and manages to win on the Continent. Liverpool and Forest, in particular, seem to have slipped happily into their old habits.

It sounds contrary, but most *schadenfreude* enthusiasts don't mind if their rivals win. When Leeds, for

Andrew lets the mask slip

There always was more to the England stand-off than met the eye. Steve Bale looks behind the clean-cut image

Nothing less became Rob Andrew than the manner of his going, a dirty business considering the England outside-half is known as "squeaky", as in squeaky clean. Wasps got rid of him because he was seen to be suborning their players from within.

The moment when Andrew, in the alternative capacity of Newcastle development director he had been trying to combine with playing on for Wasps, signed Dean Ryan – the Wasps captain, if you please – was the moment he discredited himself once again representing the London club.

And, by extension, rendered the tenure of his England place no longer feasible; hence his international retirement. As long as the Rugby Football Union keeps in place its 120-day qualification for transferred players Andrew will have to make do with second-team rugby, but in any case it was clearly time to get on with the job for which he is being paid so handsomely.

Moreover he can now do his wheeling and dealing openly – which will not make him any more popular but will at least have the virtue of honesty which we are told is what "open" rugby is all about. After his appointment at Newcastle, Andrew said he would not be after any Wasps players – when all the time this was precisely his intention.

How bitterly ironic that of all people even went so far as to warn Andrew off, only to become the first defector as Andrew's assistant development director. That Nick Phippewell is now taking the trail to Tyne-side is incidental, but further justification for Wasps that they had to do something publicly to give a proper priority to loyalty and team-building.

There is a shattering of illusions involved here and it is partly Wasps' fault for imagining that they could allow Andrew to carry on regardless. Those who have played alongside him this season would

admit that his mind has been elsewhere ever since he signed the famous £750,000, five-year deal to become "the Kevin Keegan of rugby".

Remembering, too, that Andrew was the chief English recruiting-officer when Kerty Packer's munitions were trying to make their own signings on behalf of the now-defunct World Rugby Championship during the summer, perhaps we should not be surprised. Yet it is worth also reminding ourselves that throughout his career Andrew has unfailingly presented the very best – squeaky clean – of images.

The contention that attached itself to him therefore had nothing to do with Andrew personally but to his worth as a player. That he should have ended with 70 caps, 60 more than his long-term rival Stuart Barnes, is all the justification he needs but it also betrays the conservative sensibilities of England management as much as England teams over a decade that he should first have been given so many chances and then become so indispensable that even Jack Rowell continued to play him.

The end result is that to this day England are searching for the elixir that will make them a genuine attacking force. Barnes, who for all his waywardness was always the better attacker, was never permitted one decent run, let alone a second chance, so we will never know if he might have brought the change.

On the other hand, what Andrew did he did exceptionally well, or at least he did once his faltering career had been kick-started by playing in partnership with Robert Jones on the 1989 Lions tour of Australia. As a kicker, he became as reliable, whether aiming for goal, touch or the open spaces, as any England have ever had, having previously been bit by space and vision. Andrew could not

Rowell's remarks yesterday – promise of his halcyon years at Cambridge. In the 1984 University match, his third, Andrew ran everything, even from the kick-off, and launched the Light Blues into an 18-point lead in 20 minutes. He was flat-tiring to deceive – which is not to denigrate a fine player, but simply to show that his ultimate

triumph was to appreciate his limitations and to concentrate on doing well what he did best. When Rowell became manager, he was challenged to radicalise the game – and with it England's – and did not succeed.

Privately this was an intense frustration for Rowell, who was a Barnes man but could not do

without Andrew's capacity for points accumulation even if his presence at outside-half in effect sabotaged everyone else's best efforts at producing a more creditable

Catt was producing a devastating performance as Bath were laying waste to Bristol, the first time in a season and a bit that he had given much indication playing for his club that he could become an international outside-half as opposed to full-back.

Conveniently for Rowell, the two go head-to-head at The Stoop this afternoon. If Catt were selected, an additional change would be required to fit in for him as full-back and for Andrew as place-kicker.

Enter Jonathan Cattell, also of Bath, playing the best rugby of his career – far better than when he was first capped two years ago.

expansive, higher-risk – ie alien – type of rugby.

In fact, there was no certainty

that Andrew would have been selected for the South Africa match on 18 November, though he was as usual when the squad trained at Marlow last Tuesday. The best Rowell would say on him amid yesterday's tributes was that he had "improved a lot" over the past year or so – scarcely a recommendation for a 32-year-old with 10 years and 70 games of international rugby behind him.

This is a shame because, sour though the aftertaste of his enforced departure from Wasps may be, there never was a more decent or affable fellow who played rugby for England. But when it came down to it, even Rob Andrew could not in honour and conscience serve two masters.



Playing for kicks: Rob Andrew launches the climactic World Cup quarter-final injury-time drop goal against Australia which made him a national hero

Photograph: Allsport

THE THREE CONTENDERS FOR THE ENGLAND STAND-OFF ROLE



In a sense Rob Andrew was always Jack Rowell's convenient excuse for England's failure to play the dynamic rugby of which he talked so much.

Now, with Andrew gone and a new outside-half about to succeed, there are no more excuses.

That said, it will be a heavy responsibility, on whichever of David Pears or Mike Catt wins the manager's favour and there is no certainty that either is yet capable of giving England's outside backs, as any England have ever had, having previously been bit by space and vision. Andrew could not

Rowell's remarks yesterday –

could be the replacement, Rowell said.

Until last Saturday Pears was the stand-off in town, kicking his goals and admirably dictating Harlequins' three-quarter play. It had

done well during the five matches winning ten, with which Quins started their new Division One campaign and the very fact that this injury-prone player was weak by week emerging unscathed was another credential.

But then Pears' progress came to a standstill half-way along with Quins' at Sale. This was a first example of a match when things went badly to floor and, not only could Pears do nothing to alleviate the unflinching pressure, he compounded unfavourably as creator and tandem with his venerable opposite number, Paul Grayson.

While this was happening, Mike

Grayson was producing a more expansive, higher-risk – ie alien – type of rugby.

In fact, there was no certainty that Andrew would have been selected for the South Africa match on 18 November, though he was as usual when the squad trained at Marlow last Tuesday. The best Rowell would say on him amid yesterday's tributes was that he had "improved a lot" over the past year or so – scarcely a recommendation for a 32-year-old with 10 years and 70 games of international rugby behind him.

This is a shame because, sour though the aftertaste of his enforced departure from Wasps may be, there never was a more decent or affable fellow who played rugby for England. But when it came down to it, even Rob Andrew could not in honour and conscience serve two masters.

Wasps start their voyage of discovery

DAVID LLEWELLYN

Today Wasps find out if there is life after Rob Andrew and Dean Ryan. They could not have a harder voyage of discovery than the one facing them at Sudbury against Leicester.

Second-placed Leicester, led by Roy Underwood while captain Dean Richards completes his two-match ban, will arrive full of confidence with the news that Ryan has been replaced at lock by the previously out of favour Richard Kinsey, who has to overcome the England second row, Martin Johnson.

For Wasps, Chris Braithwaite has the unenviable task of following Andrew at stand-off. His partner at scrum-half will be Andy Gomersall. The relegation of Steve Bates, the final member of the Sudbury "gang of four", has nothing to do with his future defection to Newcastle. According to the Wasps coach, Rob Smith, there is a rota for the No 9 spot.

Bates himself said: "It's dis-

appointing not to play, but I recognise that Wasps have to look to the future, and that lies with the likes of Gomersall and Co." Nick Phippewell, who is also heading to the North-east, is the only one to survive the cut and turns out to prop for the fourth-placed side.

It promises to be a match of two halves at The Stoop where the Harlequins stand-off, David Pears, comes face to face with his rival for the vacant England No 10 spot, Bath's Mike Catt. Even the omission of the England hooker Brian Moore in favour of Simon Mitchell for the visit of the league leaders takes a back seat.

The England manager, Jack Rowell, yesterday labelled Pears the heir apparent to Andrew, but the succession promises to be hotly contested.

In Wales, the Fijians open their tour with a testing fixture against Wales A at the Brewery Field, Bridgend. Lawrence Little, the brother of the New Zealand centre, Walter, makes his debut for the tourists.

HUNTINGDON

HYPERION

2.15 Omidjoy 2.45 Sensitive King 3.15 Run For Dante 3.45 Spartan Silver 4.20 Spring Rhythm 4.50 Banana Cove

GOTHING Firm. 4x-hand, level course, 1m 32.0

■ RACECARD: Sensible King (30) J. Jones 2.15. S. Gomersall 2.45. D. Pears 3.15. M. Catt 3.45. D. Grayson 4.20. C. Bates 4.50.

■ RACEINFO: 1st junction Al and Ab604. Huntingdon railway station (service from London, Kings Cross) is 1 mile away. ADMISSION: Members £12; Tattersalls £8; Non-members £10; Car Park: Free.

SIS All races

WINNERS IN THE LAST SEVEN DAYS: Run For Dante (3.15) won at Peterborough on Tuesday.

LONG-DISTANCE RUNNERS: Boingo Boingo (2.15) & James Pegg (3.45) both won 1000m by 10 lengths from Nicky Phippewell, who was beaten by 10 lengths from Gomersall. Drivetime American Sun (3.45) & Twin Creek (3.15) have been sent to the 1000m race at Gloucester on Saturday.

■ RACECARD: 1st junction Al and Ab604. Huntingdon railway station (service from London, Kings Cross) is 1 mile away. ADMISSION: Members £12; Tattersalls £8; Non-members £10; Car Park: Free.

2.15 HENKEL CONDITIONAL JOCKEYS SELLING HANDICAP HURDLE (CLASS E) £2,400 added 2m 5f 110yds

1. 52222 BROADBARD (14) Wm 6 12.0 P. McLaughlin 2. 52222 DESERT CHALLENGER (27) J. Jenkins 5 10 12.0 B. Bowley 3. 52222 MIDWEST HOPE (34) B. Rickards 8 10 12.0 B. Bowley 4. 52222 ADDRESSED (28) P. Williams 4 10 11.5 D. Currie 5. 52222 ROYAL PRINT (29) M. P. Morris 4 10 11.5 D. Currie 6. 403 LAYMAN LOW (30) R. Sherrard 4 10 11.5 D. Currie 7. 52222 TWIN CHECKERS (31) M. Horrigan 4 10 11.5 D. Currie 8. 08 KANGAROO (27) S. Cington 8 11.0 P. Whaley 9. 52222 ROYAL THIRLWELL (32) N. Chaloner 4 10 11.5 D. Currie

■ RACECARD: 1st junction Al and Ab604. Huntingdon railway station (service from London, Kings Cross) is 1 mile away. ADMISSION: Members £12; Tattersalls £8; Non-members £10; Car Park: Free.

2.45 JAGUAR NOVICE HANDICAP CHASE (CLASS G) £4,000 added 2m 4f 110yds

1. 52222 SENSITIVE KING (30) J. Jones 2.15. S. Gomersall 2.45. D. Pears 3.15. M. Catt 3.45. D. Grayson 4.20. C. Bates 4.50.

■ RACECARD: 1st junction Al and Ab604. Huntingdon railway station (service from London, Kings Cross) is 1 mile away. ADMISSION: Members £12; Tattersalls £8; Non-members £10; Car Park: Free.

3.15 PEUGEOT NOVICE HURDLE (CLASS E) £2,800 added 2m 4f 110yds

1. 52222 RUN FOR DANTE (29) J. Jenkins 5 11.5 D. Currie 2. 52222 DESERT CHALLENGER (27) J. Jenkins 5 10 12.0 B. Bowley 3. 52222 MIDWEST HOPE (34) B. Rickards 8 10 12.0 B. Bowley 4. 52222 ADDRESSED (28) P. Williams 4 10 11.5 D. Currie 5. 52222 ROYAL PRINT (29) M. P. Morris 4 10 11.5 D. Currie 6. 403 LAYMAN LOW (30) R. Sherrard 4 10 11.5 D. Currie 7. 52222 TWIN CHECKERS (31) M. Horrigan 4 10 11.5 D. Currie 8. 08 KANGAROO (27) S. Cington 8 11.0 P. Whaley 9. 52222 ROYAL THIRLWELL (32) N. Chaloner 4 10 11.5 D. Currie

■ RACECARD: 1st junction Al and Ab604. Huntingdon railway station (service from London, Kings Cross) is 1 mile away. ADMISSION: Members £12; Tattersalls £8; Non-members £10; Car Park: Free.

3.45 HENKEL TEROSON AUTOMOTIVE HANDICAP CHASE (CLASS E) £6,500 added 3m 110yds

1. 111221 JAMES PEGG (28) M. P. Morris 8 11.5 D. Currie 2. 111221 SPANISH SILVER (23) J. Jenkins 8 11.5 D. Currie 3. 111221 SPANISH SILVER (23) J. Jenkins 8 11.5 D. Currie 4. 450432 SPANISH SILVER (23) M. P. Morris 8 11.5 D. Currie

■ RACECARD: 1st junction Al and Ab604. Huntingdon railway station (service from London, Kings Cross) is 1 mile away. ADMISSION: Members £12; Tattersalls £8; Non-members £10; Car Park: Free.

4.20 FORD NOVICE HURDLE (CLASS E) £2,800 added 2m 5f 110yds

1. 401221 SPANISH SILVER (23) K. Bailey 5 11.5 J. Currie 2. 401221 SPANISH SILVER (23) K. Bailey 5 10 12.0 J. Currie 3. 401221 SPANISH SILVER (23) K. Bailey 5 10 12.0 J. Currie 4. 0 - SEE ALSO RAKUS (22) M. Jenkins 5 10 12.0 J. Currie 5. 009775 LETS GO NOW (20) M. Jenkins 5 10 10.0 J. Currie 6. 009775 LETS GO NOW (20) M. Jenkins 5 10 10.0 J. Currie

■ RACECARD: 1st junction Al and Ab604. Huntingdon railway station (service from London, Kings Cross) is 1 mile away. ADMISSION: Members £12; Tattersalls £8; Non-members £10; Car Park: Free.

4.50 ROVER HANDICAP HURDLE (CLASS D) £2,000 added 2m 5f 110yds

1. P00234 ROYAL PRINT (22) G. Morris 6 11.0 M. Richards 2. 011141 DESERT CHALLENGER (27) C. Morris 6 11.5 J. Harvey 3. 222221 ROYAL PRINT (22) C. Morris 6 11.5 J. Harvey 4. 222221 ROYAL PRINT (22) C. Morris 6

SPORT

'It would have been disappointing to have ended my career last week at Swansea and I don't want to find myself walking away from the game at Old Trafford'

JONATHAN DAVIES

talks to Ken Jones

Page 27

Leicester start to pay players

Rugby Union

STEVE BALE

Leicester, the English champions, yesterday acted to safeguard their assets by putting their players on semi-professional contracts worth £1,000 a month for the rest of the season. A first-team squad of 20 are being offered a total of £6,000 each.

The extreme turbulence in the game was re-emphasised when Steve Bates, Wasps' long-serving scrum-half, became the latest to defect to Newcastle, though his acceptance of Sir

John Hall's shilling is somewhat less contentious than those of Rob Andrew and Dean Ryan. They have been told they will not be chosen again.

Andrew is one reason for Leicester's pioneering announcement. Unsettled by offers from other clubs, headed by Andrew's newly enriched Newcastle, they have decided to pay their players, albeit quite modestly, despite the Rugby Football Union's moratorium on club professionalism.

The moratorium is now thoroughly discredited, though Leicester are taking the pre-

caution of initially contracting their players for off-the-field promotional activity rather than for playing. Bristol last week said they would embrace "full professionalism" as soon as the RFU would allow - which, if Tony Hallett of the RFU is to be believed, is right now.

In any event, some of the aspects covered by the moratorium are widely expected to be abandoned at the end of the month, among them the 120-day stand-down period for transferred players, which was the reason Andrew, Newcastle's development director, carried

on playing for Wasps until they no longer wanted him.

In addition Hallett, the RFU secretary, has indicated in advance of the findings of the union's professionalism commission that, in order to give the likes of Leicester a defence against the depredations of Newcastle, clubs will no longer be prevented from drawing up their own contracts.

Peter Wheeler, Leicester president and former England captain, met Hallett yesterday. "Our players have been told we are offering them contracts that will come into effect as soon as

they sign," Wheeler said. "We want to hold on to our players and the only way to do that is to tell them they have a future with us."

"We are going to fund the contracts by getting off our backsides and working harder to gain sponsorship and backing. The RFU has left us defenceless in the current season and this is our response. The moratorium is no good if players are still moving clubs."

Like Ryan, Bates, a 32-year-old teacher, has been taken on by Andrew as a development officer, which means he would

qualify for a salary of £150,000 over three years. The difference is that the Welsh-born scrum-half, capped once by England, does not intend starting until July.

In view of the rumpus over Andrew's recruitment of Ryan, followed by Nick Popplewell, Bates yesterday kindly undertook not to purloin any more of Sudbury's finest in the interim. A Wasps since 1981, he had already informed the club that this was his final season. "I've been at the club for a long time and wouldn't want to leave under any sort of cloud."

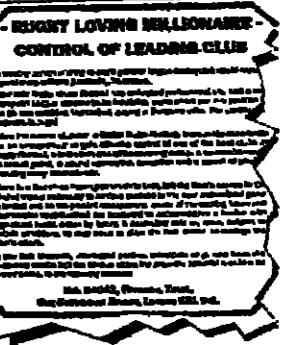
This is not to say he will not

Leading club up for sale in the FT

Anyone with a few million to spare fancy taking over a rugby club? Sir John Hall did - and went out and bought Newcastle - and now one of the finest clubs in the land, under the anonymity of a newspaper box number, is offering itself up to someone similar, writes Steve Bale.

An advertisement in the Business Opportunities section of today's *Financial Times* states: "Now that rugby union football has embraced professionalism and a new European league appears inevitable, clubs in a position to do so can establish themselves among a European elite. The commercial potential is huge!"

Given the current situation in British rugby football, there is the opportunity for an entrepreneur to gain effective control of one of the best clubs in rugby football, a club which has a fine coaching set-up, a successful record in re-



Striking shot: Colin Montgomerie hits off the fourth tee on his way to his Dunhill Cup victory over Germany's Sven Struver at St Andrews yesterday

Report, scores, page 31. Photograph: David Ashdown

Skerrett puts accent on Welsh optimism

Rugby League

DAVE HADFIELD

It says much about the contemporary Welsh approach that to play England in the semi-final of the Centenary World Cup today stayed in the Principality until the last possible moment.

Wales messed up the organisers' arrangements by staying in Cardiff and only coming north yesterday afternoon. It is no coincidence that they chose to do it that way; there has rarely been a team which draws so deeply on national identity.

It is all the more remarkable that this should be the case for a side containing several "Anglos". Regardless of what happens

at Old Trafford this afternoon, the in-comers have proved that Welshness is what you do on the field, not in your accent.

Two English-born players provide a vivid illustration of that. Jestyn Harris, Oldham-bred despite his first name, has been one of the stars of the tournament so far and would have the choice of a couple of positions if he had opted for the land of his birth rather than the land of his fathers.

Kelvin Skerrett is as Welsh as Yorkshire pudding, but has the happy knack of producing precisely what his adopted country requires of him. Against France he inflicted damage carrying the ball. Against Western Samoa, when something different was

needed, he increased his tackle count and still did untold damage in possession, setting the tone for an inspired forward effort that won the match and sent Wales into the semi-finals brimming with confidence.

"We feel unstoppable now," is how their team manager, Mike Nicholas, describes their state of mind. The question is whether they can translate that mood from South Wales to the north of England. Their best work has been done on home turf, but they won the European Championship by beating France in Paris last season.

Clive Griffiths, the Welsh coach, was able to name Scott Gibbs and John Devereux in his side after fitness tests yesterday. The England coach, Phil Lander, and two of his Keighley players, Nick Pinkney and Daryl Powell, heard that their club came within an hour of a winding-up order from a former director yesterday. They will have put that worry out of their minds, but Pinkney is England's one unknown quantity at this level.

The 24-year-old centre has abundant pace and his try-scoring record is impressive. It is almost entirely compiled against moderate opposition, however, his two good tries against South Africa notwithstanding.

A more pressing concern could be the confidence or otherwise of Martin Offiah. England need him to rediscover his old swagger, especially as Wales

have one of the most effective wingers of the tournament so far in Anthony Sullivan.

Lander has decided against including Gary Connolly among his substitutes following his recovery from pneumonia.

There are those who would have started with Tony Smith rather than having him on the bench. If Powell can do a typically solid job on Jonathan Davies for the first hour but England still need a breakthrough, Smith, with his extra speed, could be the man to provide it.

The general key to an English success is the superior mobility and tactical acumen of their forwards. If they can get out of the trenches long enough to use those qualities, they will win.

ENGLAND v WALES

At Old Trafford	
Representatives	England: Brian Moore; Wales: Alan Williams
Referee	John Hallett (Bath)
Scorers	England: Tony Smith (10); Wales: Kelvin Skerrett (10)
Attendance	10,000
Substitutes	England: Tony Smith (Castelford), Martin Offiah (Huddersfield), Daryl Powell (Wigan), Gary Connolly (St Helens), Steve Bates (Newcastle), Steve Jones (Warrington), Steve Jackson (Salford), Steve Rothery (Hull), Steve Tandy (Salford), Steve Ward (Wigan). Wales: Dafydd Williams (Cardiff), Steve Lewis (Wigan), Steve Jones (Warrington), Steve Jackson (Salford), Steve Rothery (Hull), Steve Tandy (Salford), Steve Ward (Wigan).
Referee	E Ward (Australia)

Kick-off: 3pm BBC1

Graf tackles her tax as sponsors rally round

Tennis

JOHN ROBERTS

reports from Brighton

Steffi Graf, whose father is in prison accused of tax fraud of tens of millions of marks on her earnings, has engaged Price Waterhouse, one of the world's biggest financial consultants.

This includes assisting her in all tax matters relating to the current investigation and representing her interests with the tax authorities, a spokesman at the company's Berlin office

said. Price Waterhouse's other clients include Lloyds Bank, House of Fraser, Burtons, Mirror Group, Guinness and Esso.

Graf was interrogated twice by the German tax authorities before competing in the international women's tournament here this week, a visit which ended abruptly when the 26-year-old Wimbledon champion was eliminated in her opening match by Mariana de Swardt, a South African qualifier, ranked No 54 in the world.

Although Graf will lose her £700,000 sponsorship deal with

Opel, the car company, at the end of the year, she has been promised continued annual support by Adidas sportswear (£200,000), Rexona deodorants (£400,000), Wilson rackets (£300,000) and Ion racket strings (£65,000), who have all added to her career prize money of more than £11m from tennis. "We think Steffi is a victim in this affair," a Rexona spokesman said.

The 18th and last Brighton tournament has rumbled on in Graf's absence. De Swardt treated us to another impressive

demonstration of her might before losing in the quarter-finals yesterday, breaking the strap in the centre of the net when double-faulting in the concluding game of her match against Kristie Boogert, of the Netherlands.

De Swardt amused the crowd by flexing her muscles while the court maintenance crew repaired the damage. But the tale of the tape did not have a happy outcome for the South African, who slipped from 30-15 to lose the contest.

Boogert skipped for joy after

completing a 6-1, 1-6, 6-4 victory with a forehand winner. In the semi-finals today, Boogert plays the American fourth seed, Mary Joe Fernandez, a 3-6, 7-5, 6-3 winner against Barbara Paulius, of Austria.

Magdalena Maleeva, the third seed, appears to have devised a personal handicapping system, twice recovering from opening sets of 1-6 en route to the semi-finals. Having turned events in her favour when playing Germany's Barbara Kittner on Thursday, the Bulgarian made a similar come-

back against Helena Sukova yesterday, defeating the sixth seed, 6-1, 6-3.

Although no longer troubled by a back injury which threatened her participation here, Maleeva's serve is suffering from a lack of practice.

Michael Stich, the German player ranked No 12 in the world, was carried off the court on a stretcher after tearing a ligament in his left ankle at the CA Trophy men's indoor tournament in Vienna yesterday.

Results, Sporting Digest, page 31

CHRISTMAS IN LAPLAND

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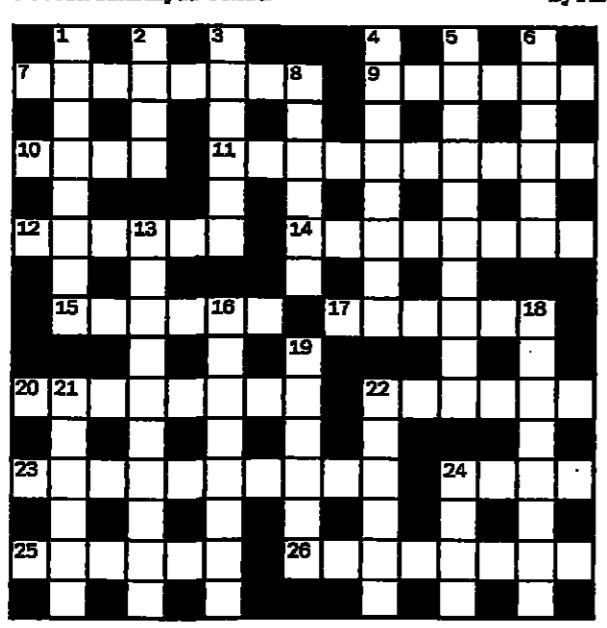
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THE INDEPENDENT CROSSWORD

No 2811. Saturday 21 October

By PH



The first five correct solutions to this week's puzzle opened next Thursday receive hardback copies of the excellent Chambers Biographical Dictionary, worth £35. Answers and winners' names will be published next Saturday. Send solutions to Saturday Crossword, P.O. Box 4018, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5BL. Please use the box number and postcode. Last week's winners were: DS Harry, Oldham; Mrs P Kidd, Wolverhampton; RAF McHattie, Ayr; D Hubert, Darlington; Mrs Ann Turner, West Malling, Kent.

ACROSS

- 7 Trench soldier: English one never losing heart (8)
- 9 No longer so young: angry, losing head about ultimate in disobedience (6)
- 10 Hard-working student pulls back: (4)
- 11 Showing soriety, owing arose drunk (10)
- 12 These characters can't votation and are entering church, right? (6)
- 14 Bob attempted to encircle one end of plot with furrows (8)
- 15 Article collating articles in French, English and German (6)
- 17 Boredom that would be only slightly changed some church music? (6)
- 20 Someone not present ordered to come into a gathering (8)
- 22 Waiting one's turn, we hear; to be playing pool? (6)
- 23 Churchman to investigate about rioting and beer (10)
- 24 Examine both sides of the street (4)
- 25 Group surrounding English ambassador or show suppressed anger (6)
- 26 What one did in the aisles, all but enthralled by dry witicism? (8)

Friday's solution

CONSCIENCE ASKS
RESONAR ANALYST
ISOLATE
LAW IT IS FREE
SPLITTING CHAIRS
P U V A D P
SOUTH EASTERNER
S V I E I A U
PREMOLARS NOTED
A R N I C H A A E
COSTARICA RESIN
E E L E P M H C
DEEM INTERSTATE

DOWN

- 1 Onset of summer - now autumn - and then this? (4-4)
- 2 At home, in dry shade (4)
- 3 Salesman's attitude showing improvement (6)
- 4 Light-hearted about judge being heartless? (8)
- 5 Snatch of opera - one presented in endless variety etc. in new arrangement (10)
- 6 Not certain one should be holding on in Paris (6)
- 8 Hold back the others after one's brought in (6)
- 12 Cut up rotten race bet - and make worse! (10)
- 16 Former spouse inclined to be occupying a lot of space (8)
- 18 Short skirts torment the clerical profession (8)
- 19 Decide bail or custody for chap in debt? (6)
- 21 About to enter farm-building without crops? (6)
- 22 Edges of coastline only redefined island, as was (6)
- 24 Scrabble piece student used during game (4)

Last Saturday's solution

ESPECIAL IMPERIE
A A D E N A R
PRIC INNOVATION
D O G E C P
MILKOMETER HOPE
H E H S E
BERYL GOETTERNS
E F E
LEMONADE ALARM
N L E E U
PUP AEROENGINE
I U S V A R D
EVERYTHING AEGON
E A I C E P W
BIOLOC EARPHONE

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